

9062

T H E

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE,
VISITATION CHARGES,
SPEECHES, AND MISCELLANIES,
OF THE RIGHT REVEREND
FRANCIS ATTERBURY, D.D.
LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.
WITH HISTORICAL NOTES.

How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!"
POPE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON,
PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS:
AND SOLD BY C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

MDCCLXXXIII.

THE FIRST OF THE VOLUME

A.D. 1843

THE EDITOR of the Volume
 has been informed, with a
 view to the interests of the
 of the contained four
 of the Volume, which
 have been all founded
 in the several authentic
 to the public, the
 will appear to the
 of the Volume.



It is to be observed, however, and not
 the immediate object of this publication
 which the reader will easily believe, when
 as assured that it is of great importance
 at the late of the Volume, the
 of the Volume, the
 and the of the Volume, the
 of the Volume, the

LONDON

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS
 AND SOLD BY C. DILLI IN THE TOWN

1843

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of these Volumes acknowledges that, with a zealous admiration of the fine talents of Bishop ATTERBURY, he once entertained some degree of prejudice against him, which he since discovers to have been ill founded; and apprehends, from several authenticated pieces here offered to the publick, that the Bishop's character will appear to have been misrepresented and injured.

Belles Lettres, however, and not Politics, are the immediate object of this publication; which the reader will easily believe, when he is assured that it originated from having purchased at the sale of the Hon. Topham Beauclerk's library the pathetic narrative of the last illness and death of Mrs. Morice. In consequence of this acquisition, Mr. Chauncey (a gentleman to whom the Editor is the more obliged as he was totally unknown to him) very kindly contributed some original letters to Mr. Williams, which had many years since

accidentally fallen into his possession ; and which, having been principally written about the same period with those printed in a quarto pamphlet at Edinburgh, 1768, *that* pamphlet was procured ; and the number of letters, augmented by a few addressed to Dean Moss, which were bought at Northampton in a collection of Dr. Zachary Grey's MSS. seemed sufficiently considerable to form a volume.

The Editor, however, did not think it advisable to print them, till he could obtain every possible information towards illustrating the life and character of a Prelate of such distinguished eminence. That admirable repository of literary treasures, *The British Museum*, he found, contained some original letters of Bishop Atterbury, which Dr. Birch (had his life been spared) intended to have published. These, by the permission of the Honourable Curators, he transcribed ; and has since enlarged the number from single letters dispersed in a variety of publications. He is not ashamed to own that he obtained some curious articles from the perishing volumes of Curll*.

When

* The memory of Edmund Curll has been transmitted to posterity with an obloquy he ill deserved

When the present work was so forward as to be publicly announced, a delay in the printing of it was occasioned by further communications from various friends of the Editor (and, he is proud to add, of the Bishop's nearest relations) which have more than doubled his store of original matter; and by this means the publick have a volume added, which they will have no cause to regret. The correspondence of Atterbury with the Lords Orrery and Stanhope, with Swift and Prior, and his pamphlet on the Test Act, are now for the first time printed; with Four admirable Visitation Charges, of which that to the diocese of Rochester, in particular, is of such uncommon excellence, that it would alone have been sufficient to have established our Author's reputation as a Writer and a Divine.

His memorable Speech in the House of Lords may also be said to be now first faith-
served. Whatever were his demerits, they were amply atoned for by his indefatigable industry in preserving our national remains. Nor did he publish a single volume, but what, amidst a profusion of baser metal, contained some precious ore, some valuable reliques, which future collectors could no where else have found.

fully published, as the slightest comparison with that erroneously printed in the "State Trials" will evidently shew. This Speech the Bishop feelingly opens, by complaining of the uncommon severity he had experienced in the Tower; which was carried to so great a length, that not even his son-in-law, Mr. Morice, was permitted to speak to him in any nearer mode than standing in an open area, whilst the Bishop looked out of a two pair of stairs window. His confinement was extremely rigorous. Nor did the severity of his treatment cease even with his banishment. The same vindictive spirit pursued him in foreign climes. No British subject was even permitted to visit him without the King's sign manual, which Mr. Morice was always obliged to solicit, not only for himself, but for every one of his family whom he carried abroad with him, for which the fees of office were very high.

When Atterbury first entered upon his banishment, Brussels was the place destined for his residence; but, by the arts and instigations of the British ministers, he was compelled to leave that place, and retire to Paris.

There

There being solicited by the friends of the Pretender to enter into their negotiations, which he carefully avoided; that he might be the more out of their reach, he changed his abode for Montpelier in 1728, and resided there about two years.

How far the Bishop might have been attached in his inclinations to the Stuart family, to which he might be led by early prejudices of education, and the divided opinions of the times, is not necessary here to inquire. But that he should be weak enough to engage in a plot so inconsistent with his station, and so clumsily devised (to say the least of it, and without entering into his solemn asseverations of innocence) is utterly inconsistent with that cunning which his enemies allowed him. The Duke of Wharton, it is well known, was violent against him, till convinced by his unanswerable reasoning.

It has been said that his wishes reached to the Bishoprick of London, or even to York or Canterbury *. But those who were better acquainted with his views knew that Winchester would have been much more desirable

* See vol. I. p. 131. vol. II. p. 39.

to him than either of the others. And there are those now living, who have been told, from respectable authority, that that Bishoprick was offered to him whenever it should become vacant (and till that event should happen, a pension of £.5000. a year, besides an ample provision for Mr. Morice) if he would cease to give the opposition he did to Sir Robert Walpole's administration, by his Speeches and Protests in the House of Lords. When that offer was rejected by the Bishop, then the contrivance for his ruin was determined on.

In his Speech in the House of Lords (see vol. II. p. 157.) the Bishop mentions his being "engaged in a correspondence with two learned men [Bp. Potter and Dr. Wall] on settling the times of writing the Four Gospels." Part of this correspondence the Editor has seen; and is in hopes of obtaining permission to publish it. The same subject the Bishop pursued during his exile, having consulted the Learned of all nations, and had nearly brought the whole to a conclusion when he died. These laudable labours are an ample confutation of Bp. Newton's assertion, that Atterbury "wrote little, whilst in exile,
"but

“but a few criticisms on French authors*.” When his body was brought over to be buried in Westminster-abbey, it was accompanied with his MSS. which underwent a strict examination. By the memorandum which immediately follows this advertisement, it appears that the Bishop's papers were actually seized; but as no literary work of his is now to be found in the State Paper-office, this valuable treasure (it is feared) is irrecoverably lost.

Thus far the Editor has given an unvarnished narrative of the means by which this publication has been prepared. It would have been more methodical, but that his materials have accumulated as they were passing through his hands. And he is now happy to announce, that the immediate descendant of Atterbury's first and greatest patron (heir to his great-grandfather's virtues and liberality, as well as to his title and profession) has within these few days very politely communicated so large a stock of valuable unpublished letters to Bishop Trelawney, that, not finding it possible to make room for them but in a

* See vol. II. p. 87.

separate

X ADVERTISEMENT.

separate publication, he no longer with-
holds the present volumes from the world,
not doubting but they will meet with a fa-
vourable reception.

May 1, 1783.

J. N.

Copy

Copy of a Paper that was folded up in the late Bishop of Rochester's Will *, and sealed up therewith in a blank cover (endorsed or superscribed *The Bishop's Will*) opened before Mr. Morice, at his examination, May 1, 1732, and acknowledged by him.

DELAFAÏE †.

JN^o COURAND †.

“MEMORANDUM, June the 30th, 1729.

I GIVE to William Walter all my wearing apparel and linen whatsoever.

I would have all my paper books, letters, and writings, put into the said Walter's hands, to be delivered by him to Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice.

My box of Sermon notes I direct to be burnt without delay.

I desire Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice to give to Osbaldiston and his wife such part of the *batterie de cuisine*, and furniture, which I have at Paris, as they shall not think fit to carry over to England with them and use themselves.

* Which is printed in this volume, p. 299.

† Under Secretaries of State.

I give

I give to Mr. Salkeld four hundred livres, besides the quarterly allowance now due to him ; and desire Mr. Morice and Mrs. Morice to do him any further service in their power.

I desire Mr. Morice to review carefully all my papers, letters, and writings, and destroy all such as ought not to be seen.

I give to my ever honoured friend the Dutches of Buckingham my diamond ring ; thanking her, with my last breath, for all the instances of her goodness to me, and not doubting but she will continue them also to Mrs. Morice.

I humbly beg of his Grace the Duke of Ormond, that he will, when he has occasion, take Mr. Salkeld into his family, whom he will find to be faithful and serviceable to him.

I would have the picture of Father Courayer, now in the hands of Mr. Leonard at Paris, given to the University of Oxford, if they shall think fit to put it up in the schools gallery.

I give to Mr. Pope any book he shall think fit to choose out of my small collection, to be preserved by him in memory of me.

CON-

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

LETTERS to and from Bishop ATTERBURY.

LETTER		Page
I.	From Mr. Whitfield	1
II.	To Mr. Whitfield	3
III.	From Mr. Smalridge	5
IV.	To his Father	9
V.	From his Father	11
VI.	From Mr. Newton	14
VII.	From Mr. Smalridge	16
VIII.	To Dr. Smalridge	19
IX.	To Sir T. Rawlinson	21
XI.	From J. G.	23
XII.	To Sir C. Duncombe	24
XIII.	From Mr. Bromley	26
XIV.	To Mr. Plaxton	29
XV.	To Dean Swift	30
XVI.	To Mr. Pope	35
XVII.	To the same	37
XVIII.	To the same	39
XIX.	From Mr. Pope	41
XX.	To Mr. Prior	47
XXI.	To Dean Stanhope	48
XXII.	From Dean Stanhope	50
XXXIII.	To Dean Stanhope	51
XXIV.	From his Brother	53
XXV.	To his Brother	56
XXVI.	To the same	57
XXVII.	To the same	59
XXVIII.	From his Brother	60
XXIX.	From Mr. Pope	62
XXX.	To Mr. Pope	66
XXXI.	To the same	72
		xxxii.

XIV CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

LETTER	Page
XXXII. To Mr. Pope	77
XXXIII. To the same	81
XXXIV. From Mr. Pope	84
XXXV. To Mr. Pope	85
XXXVI. From Mr. Pope	88
XXXVII. To Mr. Pope	90
XXXVIII. From Mr. Pope	91
XXXIX. To Mr. Pope	94
XL. To Dean Moss	97
XLI. To the same	100
XLII. To Mr. Pope	101
XLIII. To Dean Moss	104
XLIV. To the same	105
XLV. To Mr. Pope	111
XLVI. From Mr. Pope	113
XLVII. To Mr. Pope	115
XLVIII. To his Son	118
XLIX. To General Dillon	120
L. To Lord Marr	128
LI. To the Pretender	129
LII. From General Dillon	132
LIII. To Lord Townshend	134
LIV. To Mr. Pope	136
LV. From Mr. Pope	139
LVI. From the same	144
LVII. To John Cameron of Lochiel	148
LVIII. Sir H. Maclean, Lochiel, and Clan- ronald, to the Pretender	151
LIX. Memorial by the Marquis of Seaforth and Clanronald	153
LX. Memorial given in to the Bp. of Ro- chester by Sir H. Maclean and Lochiel	155
LXI. The Pretender to the Marquis of Sea- forth, Sir H. Maclean, Clanronald, and Lochiel	159
LXII. Answer to the Pretender by Sir H. Maclean and Lochiel	160
LXIII. Sir	

CONTENTS OF VOL. I. XV

LETTER	Page
LXIII. Sir H. Maclean to Lochiel	162
LXIV. The Pretender to Lochiel and Sir H. Maclean	163
LXV. To Sir H. Maclean	164
LXVI. Lord Inverness to Lochiel	ib.
LXVII. To Mr. Williams	166
LXVIII. To the same	167
LXIX. To the same	ib.
LXX. To the same	168
LXXI. To the same	169
LXXII. To the same	170
LXXIII. To Mr. Thiriot	171
LXXIV. To the same	173
LXXV. To the same	175
LXXVI. To the same	177
LXXVII. To the same	179
LXXVIII. To the same	182
LXXIX. To the same	186
LXXX. To the same	188
LXXXI. To the same	189
LXXXII. To Mr. Williams	192
LXXXIII. To the same	194
LXXXIV. From Mr. Williams	196
LXXXV. To Mr. Williams	211
LXXXVI. To the same	212
LXXXVII. To the same	214
LXXXVIII. To Mr. Morice	216
LXXXIX. To Mrs. Morice	220
XC. From Mr. Morice	222
XCI. To Mrs. Morice	224
XCII. To Mr. Williams	227
XCIII. From Mr. Morice	230
XCIV. From Mrs. Morice	232
XCV. From Mr. Morice	233
XCVI. From the same	236
XCVII. Mr. Evans's Diary of a Journey and Voyage from Westminster to Bourdeaux and Toulouse	238

XVI CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

LETTER	Page
xcviii. Mr. J. Evans to his Brother in London	244
xcix. To Mr. Pope	245
c. Mr. J. Evans to his Brother	251
ci. To Mr. Pope	259
cii. To * * * * *	260
ciii. To Mr. Dennis	262
civ. To Monf. Rollin	263
cv. To Mr. ———	266
cvi. Mrs. Williams to her Son	267
cvi. To Mr. Williams	269
cvi. To Mr. Pope	273
cix. The Bp. of Rochester's Vindication of himself, Smalridge, and Aldrich	276
cx. To Mr. Williams	293
cx. To Mrs. ———	295
cxii. Anecdote in a spare leaf before Sir N. Brett's translation of Father Paul	297
cxiii. The Bishop's Will	299

MISCELLANIES.

i. Dr. Smalridge's speech to the Upper-house of Convocation, when he presented Dr. Atterbury as Prolocutor, 1710.	303
ii. Dr. Atterbury's Speech on his Election to the office of Prolocutor, 1710.	312
iii. Dr. Atterbury's Speech at Oxford, on the day of his admission to the Deanry of Christ Church, 1711.	319
iv. Dr. Atterbury's Speech, when he presented Lord Harley to his degree of M. A.	327
v. Antonius Musa's Character, represented by Virgil, in the person of Iapis	329
Remarks on it, by Dr. Templeman	367
Remarks, by the Editor, on Atterbury's Iapis	372
Additions and Corrections	377

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Afterwards Bishop of ROCHESTER.

LETTER I.

To Mr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, Student of
Christ-Church in Oxford [probably from
Mr. WHITFIELD *, to whom the following
Letter is addressed.]

SIR,

Covent Garden, Dec. 1, 1687.

I Received your poesy † this morning; for
which I return my thanks. It hath
given me and Sir Thomas Travill, who gives
you his service, very good diversion, and is
able to bear the test without the consideration

* W. Whitfield, of Christ Church, took his
degree of M. A. June 3, 1684.

† Those probably on a lady's fan.

B

you

you put me in mind of in the latter end of your letter. In your guesses about the answer to Mr. Dryden you are in the right, only as to that particular that it was Mr. Brown's; but it was not that which I meant, that being verse, and come out this day, which you shall have by the next coach. I have not read it, so that I can give you no previous character of it, if I durst.

My lord Scarfdale has lost his regiment; which is given to the Duke of St. Albans: who succeeds him in his Lieutenancy of Derbyshire is not yet known. The prevalency of my Lord Mayor's * party is known very much by this, that the King hath been persuaded, through their intercessions, to permit taking down Cornish's quarters †. I am in very great haste, your most humble servant and real friend.

* Sir John Peake.

† This was the celebrated patriotic sheriff, whose name is so familiar in our history. He was tried and convicted of being concerned in the same plot for which Lord Ruffel, Sydney, and others, suffered; and was executed two days after his trial, Oct. 24, 1685. To add to the ignominy of his sentence, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, within sight of his own house. His quarters were exposed on Guildhall, and from the above passage appear to have remained there above two years.

LET-

FROM MR. ATTERBURY.

3

LETTER II.

Mr. ATTERBURY to Mr. WILLIAM
WHITFIELD, at Salisbury-house, Strand.

SIR,

Jan. 21, 1687-8.

I Ask your pardon, that through want of
leisure and absence from town I could
not comply with your desire till now. Gio-
vanni della Casa archbishop of Benevento was
the Pope's Nuntio at Venice in 1548, as you
will find in Sleidan's Commentaries, lib. xxi.
who there mentions that piece. He was re-
puted, and is now, an excellent poet, and
one of the most polite writers of his age, and
is quoted by all critics in that kind as such;
nor do I find that piece objected to him by
any of the Italians, how ill soever the Tra-
montanes might relish it. I remember to
have somewhere read, that, being to present
a petition to the Pope, by mistake he gave
him a copy of bawdy verses, which was said
to be the reason that he did not rise to
greater preferment. I do not find that work
ever answered; but you may be fully satis-
fied, by consulting the *Indices Prohibitorii*, or

B 2

Expur-

Expurgatorii, which, after other editions, are printed in folio, at Geneva 1677. The book I have not now by me. The impression of Casa's poem, in 1545; no place named, but by the paper and print I judge at Basil; but there is a very fine impression at Florence, 1550 or 51; with public knowledge, no question. The title is *Tutte le Opere del Berni ed altri*. These are the only editions I have seen. His other poems and prose in Italian are often printed; but the best edition is that with Menagius's notes, at Paris, 1567. His Latin works are printed at Florence, 1667. For church-matters or controversies, he meddled not with them, otherwise than as a political minister, nor ever writ any thing in that kind. This is what occurs at present to, Sir, your most obedient servant,

F. A.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Mr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

[Probably from Mr. SMALLRIDGE.]

Sept. 1, 1690.

I Thank you heartily for your accounts relating to Bury's * case, and will satisfy myself. I need not do it in many words. The facts I have sent to my Lord †; and should have been glad you had not tied me up in the circumstances, wherein upon that account I am religious. Pr'ythee give me a little more liberty; it is on your account, as well as mine, I desire it; and I should be very sorry to lose the occasion. Two things I would know further; One is, Who drew up the propositions to be censured, since the two Professors did not? The other is, Whether by the larger statutes (for in those of common use I can find no room for punishing the authors of heretical books) there is

* Arthur Bury, Rector of Exeter college, Oxford, whence he was ejected, 1690, by Bishop Trelawney, the visitor of that college, for writing a book, called, "The naked Gospel," in which he was supposed to favour the Socinian scheme. See Wood's Ath. Ox. II. 949.

† Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Exeter.

no way to fall upon the person, be it by expul-
sion or any other censure? If there be,
why is it not followed, since the Apology* is
sufficiently provoking? Let me hear by
the next post after you receive this. I give
you no further account of my matter till I
have made an end; but only thus much:
After J. James's letter † to me, which
I thought slight enough, I told him I knew
he did not want understanding, and would
not believe he wanted friendship, letting him
know withal it was not a thing I valued but
on the account I acquainted him with at
Oxford: he has, on that score, pressed it;
and my Lord thinks it beneath me, but has
promised him to write to me about it (which
he says he desired of him, to satisfy me he
had done me right). I say what is fit to be
said to the Doctor on that hint; but stay for
my Lord's letter, to resolve whether I will
have it or no, if (as I suppose) I may; per-
haps I shall close with his opinion, and re-
fuse it; but at present I judge I shall tell
him freely my reason why I would have it,

* "An Apology for writing the Naked Gos-
pels." See Wood, *ubi sup.*

† John James, D. D. at that time chancellor of
the church of Exeter.

and

and then leave him to judge of my reason, and dispose on't as he pleases; for I will by no means have it pass for an obligation. It is a greater to be denied. I thought to have said nothing of this business of mine, and self runs into every line. I hear your friend Duke* has been at Gloucester, preached against Sir John Guise, and fled the town. I send this by an honest warm fellow, W. Wotton, Schoolmaster of this town, and brother to a student† of our house. If you are civil to him with a due care of your health, I will not complain of it. The Dean of Bristol ‡ sent me the decree || by post: pray, when you see him, thank him for it; and tell him, if he is not furnished from better hands with the passages of this town, I am ready to return him the obligation. We are like at the assizes to have two very pretty tryals here; one is Wotton's, he brings his action against

* Richard Duke, M. A. of Trinity-College, Cambridge, who had obtained a Prebend of Gloucester, in 1688; and "who," says Swift to Stella, "was one of the *wits* when we were children; but turned parson, and left it." His life has been written by Dr. Johnson.

† John Wotton, of Christ Church, took the degree of M. A. July 2, 1689.

‡ Dr. W. Levett, principal of Magdalen-hall.

|| Against Dr. Bury, of which see Wood, *ubi sup.*

a man for saying he was expelled St. John's for drinking the Devil's health. Sufficiently false the story is. The other is one Mr. Heath, a parson too, who brings his action against a man for saying he is a B—. This is false too; I believe it will appear so upon tryal; but there are foul stories will come out upon mitigation of damages (I doubt) of having rascally bedfellows, soliciting them, &c. so that he will be ruined unless the judge keeps them from all such sort of evidence. This man, Sir, has given out he is got between me and my Bishop. He is wise at least, you will own, in saying so. I do not hear that any more than I believe it; but shall be at the tryal, and give an account of it you may be sure; he deserves that for his vanity. I hear nothing from Wh——* of late. Remember me to King†, and answer my last. Adieu.

* Most probably Whitfield.

† Another contemporary wir, a student of Christ Church, and at that time M. A. afterwards LL. D. Advocate of Doctors Commons, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty and Keeper of the Records in Ireland, and Vicar General to Lord Primate Marth. Dr. King's life also has been written by Dr. Johnson. His Original Works were collected, by the Editor of these Letters, in three volumes, 8vo.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Mr. F. ATTERBURY to his Father*.

Oxon, Oct, 24, 1690.

My pupil, I never had a thought of parting with, till I left Oxford.—I wish I could part with him to-morrow on that score; for I am perfectly wearied with this nauseous circle of small affairs, that can now neither divert nor instruct me. I was made, I am sure, for another scene, and another sort of conversation; though it has been my hard luck to be pinned down to this. I have thought and thought again, Sir, and for some years: now I have never been able to think otherwise, than that I am losing

* Dr. Lewis Atterbury, then Rector of Milton, or Middleton Keynes, in Bedfordshire; he was unfortunately drowned near his own house in 1693. The present Extract is preserved by Mr. Budgell, not only to shew what opinion our great Genius had of Mr. Boyle, but likewise as an evidence what the consciousness of his own abilities forced him to think of *himself*, while he was yet a young man.

time every minute I stay here. The only benefit I ever propose to myself by the place is studying; and that I am not able to compass. Mr. Boyle takes up half my time, and I grudge it him not; for he is a fine gentleman; and while I am with him I will do what I can to make him a man*: college and university business take up a great deal more; and I am forced to be useful to the Dean in a thousand particulars; so that I have very little time.

Sir, your most dutiful son,

FR. ATTERBURY.

* Mr. Atterbury was as good as his word: The late Earl of Orrery, who was a fine gentleman when he was put into his hands, came out of them a man, in the best and truest signification of the word. To his Tutor he probably owed a good part of that fine relish he had for the writings of the antients. BUDGELL.

LET.

LETTER V.

From Mr. LEWIS ATTERBURY to his son
FRANCIS, at his Chambers in Christ-
Church, in Oxford.

Milton, Nov. 1, 1690.

I KNOW not what to think of your
uneasiness. It shews unlike a Christian,
and favors neither of temper nor considera-
tion. I am troubled to remember it is habi-
tual. You used to say, "When you had
your degrees, you should be able to swim
without bladders." You seemed to rejoice
at your being moderator, and of your *quan-
tum* and sublecturer; but neither of these
pleased you; nor was you willing to take
those Pupils the house afforded you, when
master; nor doth your lectures please, or
noblemen satisfy you. But you make your-
self and friends uneasy: cannot trust Provi-
dence.

Do your duty, and serve God in your sta-
tion, until you are called to somewhat better.
Man's ways are not in himself, nor can all
our projecting change the colour of one of
your

your hairs, which are numbered, and a sparrow falls not to the ground without a divine oversight. What may we think of our stations? You need not doubt but I could wish you all the great things you are capable of; but I can neither secure them to you nor myself; but must leave all to time and Providence. I am not wanting in pains and prospect, and deny myself more in toiling and sparing than you ever did or will do, and all I see to little purpose, when it is of no better effect with you. It hath cost me several journeys to settle things with my brother; and your brother knows no more than he heard from me or his wife, for it was done in his absence, and he knows not (nor they) that I designed for you. Besides, I have obliged myself to be his bailiff as long as I live; and for Rissington, it cost me long and wet journeys, besides expence. Madam Bray* is very civil to me, without the Dean's interposing. I met her at the Wells. If she would give you the next turn, on my death or resignation, it would be somewhat; but you may enjoy it better, and without charge,

* The Brays were patrons of the rectory; to which Dr. Atterbury had been presented in 1654.

or loss of any thing in Oxford, under my title: it may close with every preferment elsewhere better, when not charged with this. I know, and have been assured, that she had rather have me there than Chetwode*, and he hath another argument (besides his own expence) to incline him to peace, in that I may make him pay my charges, and refund our main profits. If you can do any thing to make him sensible of it, it may do well. For matching, there is no way for preferment like marrying into some family of interest, either bishop or archbishop's, or some courtier, which may be done, with accomplishments, and a portion too; but I may write what I will, you consider little, and disquiet yourself much. That God would direct and season you with his fear, is the earnest prayer of your loving father,

LEWIS ATTERBURY.

* Knightley Chetwode obtained, in 1686, the Rectory of Great Riffington, where he built a large handsome house for his successors. He commenced D.D. 1691; obtained the adjacent rectory of Little Riffington in 1702; was installed Dean of Gloucester in 1707; and died April 4, 1720.

I paid

I paid postage to London for your two last letters according to your new orders, and suppose you were excused for that stage, as I was not charged for yours to London from Oxford. I intend to be in London the 11th instant.

LETTER VI.

Mr. NEWTON to Mr. ATTERBURY.

London, Nov. 15, 1699.

DEAR MR. ATTERBURY,

I Received the surplice this night, by Moore's coach; for the trouble I have given, and the care you have taken in this matter, I give you a thousand thanks. I should be glad to receive your directions how to pay the money it cost. Lieutenant Colonel Rycaut, sometime Deputy Governor of Cork, has enlarged himself, and got out of the Tower; which my Lord Lucas thinks reflects so much upon his diligence, that he offers £1000 to any body that shall apprehend him; and Rycaut's warder, who is supposed to have been instrumental in his escape, is taken into custody.

today. My Lord Godolphin took his place this day at the Treasury-board, in the room of Sir John Lowther, who is to be principal secretary of state, and an earl *. Sir Scrope How †, it is said, will succeed him in the office of Vice Chamberlain. Dr. Sherlock's book ‡ is variously talked of. It is commonly said, that he has not well differenced our present case, and that of submission to Oliver's government. I am not a judge of any thing but his law; and though I am not a good judge of that neither, yet I am lawyer enough to know that it is absurd to talk of a patent of naturalization, and to say that an act of parliament cannot be repealed by consequence, &c. Adieu. 10 o'clock.

Your most humble servant,

JAMES NEWTON.

* This was an idle report of the day. Henry Lord Viscount Sidney was appointed Secretary of State; and Sir John Lowther did not obtain a peerage till May 28, 1696, when he was created Viscount Lonsdale.

† Of whom see Collins's Peerage, 1779, vol. VII. p. 324.

‡ "The case of the Allegiance due to sovereign Princes stated and resolved, &c. 1690." 4to. by Dr. William Sherlock, who obtained, in 1691, the Deanry of St. Pauls.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To Mr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

[Probably from Mr. SMALRIDGE.]

Feb 23, 1690-91.

I AM like to be in earnest, when I talk of staying till April before I go to Exeter; for I hear nothing from my Lord* yet, though the Fellow's dead. I wrote to him about a week or more since, to thank him for his good intentions, which Dr. James had acquainted me with; and gave the Doctor too an account that I did so. The Doctor wishes I had not (not for my sake I suppose), and supposes my Lord intended to give me the first notice of it himself. He tells me I am very much obliged to my Lord, for he has been much importuned for some of his relations (if so, I must have an eye upon these relations) and others. He says too, there is another falling; perhaps then my

* Bishop Trelawney.

Lord

Lord stays to satisfy two at once. Newey* has writ to Dr. James; and he says my Lord is satisfied with his reasons; but perhaps that is more than he knows. You are resolved to bestir yourself, you say, in your office in the house †, foresee some trouble and ill-will, and are yet resolved for the good of the house: a hero! I suppose you expect to do little good but upon the Westminster. No gruffness, I beseech you; use them civilly, and stick to your point. As to your other business, I heartily wish myself to recover the misfortune of beginning at the wrong end. Nicholson ‡ is the best Expounder of our Catechism. I know Tully has a good Catechism in Latin, if you bate his scepticism; a point, I suppose, you will take time enough to settle. I would not use many books of that kind, unless I had time to make one out of them for my own use; and then indeed I would follow a method, which should be wholly my own

* Thomas Newey, of Christ Church, M. A. 1682; one of the Proctors in 1689; D. D. 1701; Chancellor of the church of Exeter in 1704, and Præcentor in 1706.

† Q. Moderator, or Master? See p. 11.

‡ W. Nicholson. Bishop of Gloucester. He published his Exposition of the Catechism in 1655; and died Feb 15, 1671.

too. Your main work, I think, will lie in the Commandments and Creed. For the first, I never found anyone better than Thomas Aquinas, nor do I easily believe shall ever look much further, at least there is my staff. I need not tell you of the Bishop of Chester* and some others in the second; but two I will mention, that may otherwise perhaps escape you. One is Gill on the Creed: the best use I have made of him is to know the Heretics who have opposed it, and their opinions. Perhaps others have done it better; but I have not heard of them. And the other is Dr. Jackson†, in three volumes; they were for the main preached as sermons. He has a hard sort of a style, but was a gallant fellow, take my word for it; though some of Oley's‡ commendations (who put them

* Dr. John Pearson. See his book on the Creed.

† Thomas Jackson, D. D. Dean of Peterborough, and President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. His Works (with a Life of him by E. Vaughan, a Fellow of the same College) were published by Barnabas Oley, B. D. Fellow of Clare-hall, and Vicar of Great Gransden in Huntingdonshire, in three volumes, folio, 1673.

‡ When he published Jackson's Works, Oley lamented "the feebleness of his memory, which
" has sometimes been so nullified (but for a very
" little moment, I bless God) that I could not re-
" member

FROM DR. ATTERBURY.

them out) would make one sick. If I were in my own study, and among my own papers, perhaps I might give you some better hints. At present these are enough to tire you; the rhetorical part I need say nothing of to you; nor perhaps need any one else. Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

Dr. ATTERBURY to Dr. SMALLRIDGE.

DEAR GEORGE,

Friday Noon. [1706.]

I Happened, about a fortnight ago, to dine with Mrs. Astell*: she spoke to me of my sermon †, and desired me to print it;

“member the name of any one in my parish, “where I have been vicar forty years.” He was turned out of his Fellowship living for his adherence to the Crown, but restored on the King’s return; after which he was promoted to a prebend at Worcester, and the Archdeaconry of Ely. He died Feb. 20, 1685-6. Besides Jackson’s Works (which Oley inscribed to his patron Archbishop Sheldon), he published Herbert’s Country Parson, with a Preface. See Walker’s *Sufferings of the Clergy*, p. 141. and Bentham’s *Ely*, p. 279.

* Mrs. Mary Astell, an ingenious and pious lady, as appears by many of her publications: she died at Chelsea, May 11, 1732. Her life is printed in the first volume of the *Biographia Britannica*, 1778, p. 312. where is also an *imperfect* copy of this letter to Dr. Smallridge.

† On the election of the Lord Mayor in 1706.

and after I had given her the proper answers, hinted to me, that she would be glad of perusing it: I complied with her, and sent her the sermon next day. Yesternight she returned it, with this sheet of her remarks, which I cannot forbear communicating to you, because I take them to be of an extraordinary nature, considering they come from the pen of a woman. Indeed, one would not imagine a woman had written them. There is not an expression that carries the least air of her sex from the beginning to the end of it. She attacks me very home, you see, and artfully enough, and under pretence of taking my part against other Divines, who are in Hoadly's * measures. Had she as much good-breeding as good-sense, she would be perfect; but she has not the most decent manner of insinuating what she means, but is now and then a little offensive and shocking in her expressions; which I wonder at, because a civil turn of words, even where the matter is not pleasing, is what her sex is always mistress of: she, I think, is wanting in it. But

* Who had just before attacked the celebrated sermon on 1 Cor. xv. 9. in "A Letter to Dr. Francis Atterbury, concerning Virtue and Vice, 1706."

her

her sensible and natural way of writing makes amends for that defect; if indeed any thing can make amends for it. I dread to engage her; so I may write a general civil answer to her, and leave the rest to an oral conference. Her way of solving the difficulty about swearing to the Queen is somewhat singular.

You will bring this with you to Henry Brydges's * to-morrow. Perhaps I may call upon you between twelve and one, in order to our going thither together; if I were sure you would be at home, I would. But if I do, and find you are gone abroad, there is no inconvenience in it: I can follow you alone.
Yours. Adieu.

LETTER IX.

Dean of CARLISLE to Sir T. RAWLINSON.

MY LORD,

Oct. 7, 1706.

QUIET at home, and conquest abroad, are two of the greatest blessings that can happen to a people; and these have remark-

* Second son of James Lord Chandos, and brother to the first Duke of that name. He was afterwards Archdeacon and Prebendary of Rochester, and Rector of Agmondestham, Bucks; and died May 9, 1728, at the age of 54.

ably distinguished the year of your Lordship's magistracy * ; which, as it hath been a continued scene of victories and successes, so it began and ended without any of those unnatural struggles for the chair which have so long and often disturbed the peace of this great city.

That those passions, which seem now to be somewhat calmed, may be entirely laid asleep, and never more awakened ; that the city may flourish in trade and wealth, and all manner of outward advantages ; particularly, that it may never want such magistrates to guide and govern it, as your Lordship and your worthy Successor †, is the sincere wish and hearty prayer of, my Lord, your most obedient humble servant,

FR. ATTERBURY.

* Sir Thomas Rawlinson was Lord Mayor in 1706. The present letter was an address prefixed to a Sermon preached on the election of his successor.

† Sir Robert Bedingfield, whose niece was married to Dr. Atterbury's brother.

LET-

LETTER XI.

J. G. to Dr. ATTERBURY, Archdeacon * of Totness, at Exeter, Devonshire.

DEAR ATTERBURY,

May 9, 1707.

YOU are very just to me in believing that I am extremely pleased to hear of any thing that tends to your satisfaction and advantage: my Lord has acquitted himself very honourably and very kindly in this matter; and you are now become so easy in your private fortune, as to have your whole mind at liberty for public concerns. I suppose Dr. Kennet's † design, in the book ‡ you mention, is nothing else but to make use of this favourable juncture, for the better vending some old collections he had by him; and if

* As Dr. Atterbury had then the *higher* title of "Dean of Carlisle," this superscription is remarkable.

† Dr. White Kennet, then Archdeacon of Huntingdon, and afterwards successively Dean and Bishop of Peterborough.

‡ Either the third volume of the "Complete History of England, 1706," folio; or the "Register," which was posthumously published, from his MS. Collections, in 1728.

another hand were employed upon the same occasion, it would be much more acceptable to all persons for whom you have any value. Kennet tells me there is a private paper handed about concerning convocation-matters*; but it is published no farther than the Bishop's party, on whose side it is writ. The two turns† you left to my care are supplied. Strafford told me you intended to stay another week; and that made me resolve to wish you joy of your canonry at Exeter, as indeed I am heartily glad of it, being very faithfully and affectionately yours. My wife is pretty well, and gives you her service and joy. J. G.

LETTER XII.

Dean of CARLISLE to Sir C. DUNCOMBE †,

MY LORD,

June 11, 1709.

I SEND this Sermon, now printed, to your Lordship, at whose earnest and repeated desire I preached it; for whom I profess my-

* See a list of these papers, Biog. Brit. vol. I. p. 346.

† At St. Paul's possibly; see Letter XIV.

‡ Sir Charles Duncombe was Lord Mayor of London in 1709. This letter was prefixed to a Spital Sermon at St. Bride's.

self, on many accounts, to have a particular regard; and whom I shall at all times be ready in all Christian services to obey.

Illness and other reasons, with which it is unnecessary to trouble the world or your Lordship, have so long retarded the publication of this discourse, that it may seem less proper and seasonable in one or two passages of it: those I mean, where a near prospect of peace is mentioned. For it hath pleased God, since it was preached, to remove that great blessing further from us, and place it more out of sight: not, I hope, without a merciful intention of giving us, in his good time, what we have not now asked in such a solemn manner as became us; and of enhancing the value of the gift, by the delay of it. I am sure, how long soever we may wait for it, it will be bestowed much sooner than we shall deserve it.

My Lord, the subject of this discourse is charity; and the design of it is to stir up the minds of those whom God's good Providence hath blessed with great abundance; and, by that means, with a power of blessing many others. On this account (without other considerations) I could not have pitched on a
 5 name

name, to which I might have inscribed it more properly than that of your Lordship. I offer it to you, my Lord, with all the respect that becomes me; and with hearty wishes, that the earthly felicities you possess may, by your wise and good use of them, lead to the enjoyment of those which are eternal. I am your Lordship's most obedient humble servant, / FR. ATTERBURY.

L E T T E R XIII.

Mr. BROMLEY * to Dr. ATTERBURY.

S I R,

Sept. 23, 1710.

I AM to thank you for two Letters, which came safe to me; the first dated Thursday the 14th, the other the 21st instant; and am much pleased to find what the first promised is now performed. This must give great satisfaction to our friends, who were before desponding upon the continued delays, which gave such advantage to our enemies, that I fear some speedy alteration in the com-

* William Bromley, esq. one of the representatives for the university of Oxford, in the parliaments of 1700, 1701, and 1705. He was elected Speaker of the House of Commons, Nov. 23, 1710; and died Feb. 6, 1732.

missions

missions of peace and lieutenancy will be necessary, to recover the ground they have gained against the elections. I shall be glad by so good a hand as yours to convey my congratulations to Mr. St. John and Sir Simon Harcourt, which I always intended them as soon as I should hear of their promotions*. Will you give me leave at the same time to mention to you the recommending, to Mr. St. John, Mr. John Newcomen for one of his clerks? He was in that employment for two years, under the Earl of Sunderland†. He was not put in upon the score of his principles (which I am assured are very good), but for his money, having purchased it. I am not acquainted with him, but he is nephew to Dr. Morton‡ (an honest Prebendary of Durham); and at his desire, and upon the earnest solicitations of several of our friends in the North, I did recommend him

* Mr. St John succeeded Mr. Boyle, as Secretary of State, two days before this letter was written; Sir Simon Harcourt was made Attorney General (for the second time) Sept. 27.

† Secretary of State, from Dec. 3, 1706, till June 14, 1710.

‡ John Morton, D. D. Rector of Bolden, afterwards of Egglestcliff, and at last of Sedgfield, and Archdeacon of Northumberland. He died Nov. 10, 1722, aged 78.

to

to Lord Dartmouth*, but was too late in my application for him. If Mr. Secretary, upon his enquiry, hears a good character of him, and will be pleased to entertain him, it will be very obliging. I have a true value and friendship for both these gentlemen; and therefore their preferments are very acceptable to, Sir, your very affectionate and faithful servant,

W. BROMLEY.

Our ringing of bells in this neighbourhood, and particularly at Coventry, began yesterday, and has continued all this day and this evening. Lord Leigh has fired his guns three times; I mention him, because Dyer † took no notice of them as part of Dr. Sacheverell's entertainment ‡.

L E T-

* Who had succeeded the Earl of Sunderland.

† Dyer circulated at that time a *written* letter of news, in the same manner as the parliamentary minutes were a few years ago to be met with in all coffee-houses. It was entitled to little credit, if Mr. Addison's representation may be trusted. Honest Vellum, in "The Drummer," "cannot but believe that his master is living" (among other reasons) because the news of his "death was first published in Dyer's Letter." A son of the news-writer (Thomas Dyer, Esq. of Gray's-Inn) left £20,000. in 1748, to Christ's Hospital.

‡ In the beginning of May, 1710, Sacheverell entered upon a triumphant progress to take possession

LETTER XIV.

Dean of CARLISLE to Mr. G. PLAXTON*.

REV. SIR,

Bridewell, Sat. Morn. Jan. 20, 1711.

THE inclosed came safe to me last night, from Dr. Williams, the Bishop of London's Chaplain. As I remember, you mentioned a desire of a turn at St. Paul's. If one will be grateful to you, and you please to let me know so much, I will transmit your name to the Chaplain. It is the third Sunday, and the 21st day of January. Return the inclosed. I am, Rev. Sir, your very faithful and most humble servant, FR. ATTERBURY.

session of a living in Wales. He was magnificently entertained at Oxford by the University, and received in the other great towns he passed through with loud congratulations.

* The Rev. George Plaxton, Rector of Donington in Shropshire, whose "Natural Observations" made in the parishes of Kinardsey and Donington are printed in Phil. Transf. vol. xxvi. p. 2418. and were ridiculed by Dr. King, in "The Welsh Schoolmaster," a humorous paper in "The Useful Transactions." See his Works, 1776, vol. II. p. 67.—Mr. Plaxton was also Rector of Berwick in Elmet, in Yorkshire; whence "he went into the South, and, acting imprudently, went to ruin." Dr. Burton, as cited in British Topography, vol. II. p. 444.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Bishop ATTERBURY to Dean SWIFT.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

Bromley *, April 6, 1716.

MY gout kept me so long a prisoner at Westminster this winter, that I have fixed at Bromley this spring much sooner than ever I yet did; for which reason my meeting with Dr. Younger † will be more difficult than it would be had I been still at the Deanry ‡.

The best (or rather the worst) is, that I believe he can say nothing to you, upon the matter about which you write, which will please you. His deanry is of the old foundation; and in all such foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than residentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the first of the chapter, but such,

* In Kent, where the Bishops of Rochester have an episcopal palace.

† John Younger, D. D. of Magdalen College, Oxford. He obtained the Deanry of Salisbury in 1705.

‡ Of Westminster, which has long been connected with the bishopric of Rochester.

whose presence is not necessary towards the dispatch of any one capitular act, the senior residentiary supplying their absence, in every case, with full authority. Thus, I say, the case generally is in the old deanries, unless where the local statutes may have expressly reserved some peculiar power or privilege to the deans of those churches. But none of them, I dare say, have a negative, either by common law, custom, or local statute. Thus much to shew you, that a nice search into the peculiar rights of the dean of Sarum will be needless, if not mischievous to you.

The three deanries * which I have had are all of the new foundation, by Hen. VIII. or queen Elizabeth. In the charters of all there is a clause, empowering the dean to make, punish, and unmake, all the officers. In the statutes of one of them (Carlisle) the dean's consent, in all the *graviores causæ*, is made expressly necessary; and in the other two, nothing from the foundation of those churches ever passed the seal without the dean's *sigillatur* first written on the lease, patent, presentation, &c. which is a manifest and uncontested proof of his negative. As to the power of proposing, that I apprehend not to be ex-

* Carlisle, Christ Church, and Westminster.

clusive to the other members of chapters. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal person, and supposed best to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fittest to be transacted. But if any one else of the body will propose any thing, and the rest of the chapter will debate it, I see not how the dean can hinder them, unless it be by leaving the chapter; and that itself will be of no moment in churches where his absence doth not break up and dissolve the chapter; as it does, where his consent to any thing there treated of is expressly required before it can pass into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed such a negative, he is generally allowed to make all proposals; because it would be to no purpose for any one to make a proposition, which he can quash by a dissent: but this is not, I say, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon the whole, the best advice I can give you is, whatever your powers are by statute or usage, not to insist on them too strictly in either of the cases mentioned by you, unless you are very sure of the favour and countenance of your visitor. The lawyers, you will

will find, whenever such points come before them for a decision, are very apt to disregard statutes and custom in such cases; and to say, that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body, without considering whether the dean be among the minority or no. And therefore your utmost dexterity and address will be necessary, in order to prevent such a trial of your right at common law; which it is ten to one (especially as things now stand) will go against you. If the refractory part of your chapter are stout, and men of any sense, or supported underhand (the last of these is highly probable), you had better make use of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at present to a decision. These are the best lights, and this the best advice, I can give you, after a long experience* of the natural consequence of such

*“The impetuous and despotic manner in which Dr. Atterbury resolved to carry every thing, made his opponents more tenacious of their rights, and inclinable to make fewer concessions, the more he endeavoured to grasp at power. His friend Dr. Smalridge, who succeeded him both at Carlisle and Christ Church, is said to have lamented his hard fate, in being forced to carry water after him, to extinguish the flames which his litigiousness had every where occasioned.” STACKHOUSE.

D

struggles,

struggles, and a careful search into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and disputed on the one side and the other. I wish I could say any thing more to your satisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all such cases, the best instance I can give you of my friendship, is not to deceive you.

There is a statute* in the latter end of king Henry the Eighth's reign worthy of your perusal. The title of it relates to the leases of hospitals, &c.; and the tenor of it did, in my apprehension, seem always to imply, that, without the dean, master, &c. nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine; and say, that statute (notwithstanding a constant phrase of it) determines nothing of this kind; and, at the most, implies it only as to such deanries, &c. where the dean, master, &c. have the right of a negative by statute or usage. And few lawyers there are who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myself farther on that head; but, when you peruse the statute, you will see what I mean; though,

* 33 Henry VIII. c. 27.

FROM BP. ATTERBURY.

35

after all, it does not, I believe, include Ireland. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in England.

I am sorry you have any occasion to write to me on these heads, and much sorer that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive those who have furnished me with this knowledge, by involving me designedly into those squabbles! I thank God, I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the enquiries of your letter; and therefore add not a word more, either in English or Latin, but that I am, with great esteem, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XVI.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Dec. 1716.

I Return your * preface, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please

* The General Preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, first printed in 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

every one who reads it: and since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give because you ask it: and which I would not give though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often and patiently to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion perhaps, but I am sure without the least prejudice: being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to
polire

polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you or if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is as much as any man can be, Your, &c.

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XVII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I Hoped to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc* * with

* A Tragedy written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (and much the best performance of that age) by Sackville afterwards Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, and Thomas Norton, one of the translators of the Psalms. It was then very scarce, but was reprinted by Mr. Doddsley, under the inspection of the ingenious Mr. Spence †, in 1736. But that edition is of no

† The malevolence of Curll, in an Epistle to Mr. Pope, 1737, thus vented itself on this occasion against four characters of distinguished reputation :

- “ 'Tis kind indeed a Livery Muse to aid,
 “ Who scribbles Farces to augment his Trade.
 “ Where You and Spence and Glover drive the nail,
 “ The Devil's in it if the plot should fail.”

with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands; out of which, I think my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it; I have delivered up my trust. I am not sorry your Alcander * is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page, and put it with your leave among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay for every thing else to which he is pleased to turn himself.

value, owing to its having been printed from the republication of a spurious copy, published without the consent of the authors. In the same imperfect manner it appeared in the first edition of Mr. Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays; but has since been more carefully given to the world, in the last edition of that work.

* An heroic Poem written at 15 years. "Alcander," says Dr. Johnson, "was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury." This letter does not seem to imply quite so much as Dr. Johnson (from Warton's Essay on Pope, p. 83.) here gathers from it. Some of the anonymous examples of the Bathos in Mr. Pope's Essay on that subject are said to have been part of that poem. Warton, Ib.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at Bromley; and there is no request you can make to me, that I shall not most readily comply with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, every where, most affectionately and faithfully, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XVIII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Have nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject*, with an account of which the printed papers have furnished me, but what you have already said to yourself.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your

* "In this year Pope's father died suddenly, in his 75th year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his son has given of him." Dr. JOHNSON.

own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power, to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you, that there is no man living, who wishes you better, or would be more pleased to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be revised, and augmented in several places, as the title-page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will shew you the several passages altered and added by the author, beside what you mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer and the majesty of Virgil with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me in the first of these any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatness, and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring.

What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's*,
I now begin to think a serious truth, and
could almost venture to set my hand to it,

"Hæc quicunque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit
"Mæoniden ranas, Virgilium culices."

But more of this when we meet. When I
left the town, the duke of Buckingham†
continued so ill that he received no messages.
Oblige me so far as to let me know how he
does; at the same time I shall know how
you do, and that will be a double satisfaction
to your &c.

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

MY LORD,

Nov. 20, 1717.

I Am truly obliged by your kind condole-
ance on my Father's death, and the
desire you express that I should improve this

* Dr. Samuel Barrow, the Physician, in the
verses prefixed to the Poem.

† John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire
and Normanby. His Grace got the better of the
illness here alluded to; and lived till Feb. 24,
1720-21.

incident

incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain!) of the same tender nature: "*Genitrix est mihi*"——and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

"——*nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*"

A rigid Divine may call it a carnal tie, but surely it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

"*Ignaram hujus quodcunque periculi*

"*Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*"

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure;
for

for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity. Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old; for I loved reading, and my father had no other books. There was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the Second; I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read*. I am afraid most

Seekers

* "In 1723, Pope appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correspondence. Atterbury had honestly
re-

Seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as out-witted*. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

recommended to him the study of the popish controversy, in hope of his conversion; to which Pope answered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles, or his judgement. In questions and projects of learning they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders. His letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude: *Perhaps*, says he, "it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester." At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a Bible." Dr. JOHNSON.

* Thus Crafhaw, the intimate friend of Pope, being deprived of his fellowship for refusing the Covenant, was reduced to great straits, and by Catholic artifices perverted to the church of Rome; not converted, but rather, as Pope says, out-witted.

As

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides, it is a real truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I began my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls Ambition: I don't know why it is called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather *sloping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my political and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politicks, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments

instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholicick, in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute Prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholicick, or a French Catholicick, or a Spanish Catholicick, but a true Catholicick: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties! You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks,
ever your, &c.

A. POPE.

LET-

LETTER XX.

Bishop ATTERBURY to Mr. PRIOR.

Deanry, New-year's day, 1717-18.

I Make you a better present than any man in England receives this day: two poems * composed by a friend of mine, with that extraordinary genius and spirit which attend him equally in whatever he says, does, or writes. I do not ask your approbation of them. Deny it, if you can, or if you dare. The whole world will be against you; and should you therefore be so unfortunate in your judgment, you will, I dare say, be so wise and modest to conceal it. For, though it be a very good character, and what belongs to the first pen in the world, to write like nobody; yet, to judge like nobody, has never yet been esteemed a perfection.

When you have read them, let me see you at my house; or else you are in danger, lame as I am, of seeing me at yours. And the difference in that case is, that, whenever you have me there, in my present

* The "Solomon" and "Alma" of Prior.

condition,

condition, you cannot easily get rid of me; whereas, if you come hither, you may leave me as soon as you please, and I have no way to help myself, being confined to my chair just as I was when you saw me last. If this advantage will not tempt you rather to make than receive the visit, nothing else will.

Whether I see you or not, let me at least see something under your hand, that may tell me how you do, and whether your deafness continues. And if you will flatter me agreeably, let something be said, at the end of your letter, which may make me for two minutes believe that you are half as much mine, as I am your faithful humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXI.

Bp. ATTERBURY to Dr. STANHOPE *.

MR. DEAN, Bromley, Sunday-noon, Jan. 1, 1718-19.

IT is high time that Mr. Archer should be licensed; and I wish I had an opportunity of discoursing him and Mr. Sherlock for

* This truly amiable Divine was born at Herthorn, in Derbyshire, March 5, 1659-60; and was edu-

for half an hour, about the methods of restoring the use of public baptisms, in *all* cases but *that* mentioned in the rubrick. My mind is much bent upon it; and I wish also I had your opinion and assistance in the matter.

I shall be here till Wednesday morning, and should be glad to see them any afternoon; or, if they had rather come to Westminster, let me know some time before-hand, and I will be free from other company. I wrote to you on this head to Canterbury, I think, about three months ago. I desire you will quicken them, that there may be no further delay; and am, Reverend Sir, your very affectionate brother,

FR. ROFFEN.

educated successively at Uppingham, Rutland, and Eaton, whence he was elected to King's College, Cambridge; became B. A. 1681; M. A. 1685; Vicar of Lewisham 1689; D.D. July 5, 1697; Vicar of Deptford 1703; and Dean of Canterbury the same year. He was also Chaplain to King William and Queen Mary, and to Queen Anne; and died, universally beloved, March 18, 1727-8.

E

LET-

LETTER XXII.

Dean STANHOPE to Bishop ATTERBURY.

MY LORD,

Lewisham, Jan. 1, 1718-19.

MR. Sherlock and Mr. Archer had waited on you sooner, but that the former was confined for two or three weeks, with a complaint in one of his eyes. They both desired to wait on you at Bromley, hoping to find you more at leisure there; and I will contrive, if possible, to send them to-morrow or Tuesday. I can very truly say, that I am in no degree the occasion of this delay; and would now wait on your Lordship with them, were it not my misfortune to be confined by illness. The *private baptisms* I have long discouraged, and, by Mr. Sherlock's help, brought so many to church, that for several years past, I may venture to say, the number of those at *home*, in my time, bear no proportion to what used to be in that of my predecessor at Deptford. Those at Lewisham, I believe, are scarce one in three months, nor have been a long time; and of them, the great distance from the church is generally the

FROM BP. ATTERBURY. 51

the inducement for allowing it. But I shall be highly content with your Lordship's express prohibitions to indulge the liberty, which creates much trouble, and turns to little advantage. And had I not at first been countenanced by my superiours, I had resisted this practice from the beginning; and am perfectly willing to do it now. But I will trouble your Lordship no longer, than to profess myself, with all possible duty, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE STANHOPE.

LETTER XXIII.

Bishop ATTERBURY to Dean STANHOPE.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

Jan. . . 1718-19.

I AM perfectly satisfied, by your letter, and by what Mr. Sherlock has said to me, that all care will be taken (as I find a great deal has been already) to bring all the children to be baptized at church, who are not really in danger of death.

I thank you heartily for what you have done, and shall do further in this matter; and, having your kind assistance towards making things perfectly regular at Deptford,

E 2

doubt

doubt not but, by God's blessing, I shall be able to effect what I purpose in all other parts of my diocese, as I have done it in several already.

Mr. Sherlock desired something under my hand, that he might shew to those who pressed him to give private baptism to their children.

I told him, if the addition of the particular clause to that purpose, which I now insert in every licence, were not sufficient, I would do in that kind whatever he should desire.

Should you happen to come to town before I return to Bromley, I will adjust that matter with you.

I know your bringing things to bear at Deptford will be of great influence towards my succeeding in the attempt every where else; and therefore I press this point so earnestly upon you.

You have always had worthy good men for your curates; and, in my opinion, never had better than now. And their zeal and firmness in the case will make every thing easy both to you and me. I am, with an hearty regard, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate brother,

FR. ROFFEN.

L E T -

LETTER XXIV.

Dr. LEWIS ATTERBURY* to Bp. ATTERBURY.

DEAR BROTHER,

April . . . 1720.

IT is reported that the Archdeacon [of Rochester] is dead, and I have sent my servant to inform me, whether it is so or not.

* Dr. Lewis Atterbury, elder brother of the Bishop, was born at Caldecot, in the parish of Newport-Pagnel, in Buckinghamshire, the second of May, 1656. He was educated at Westminster School, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, between whom, and our Divine's father, Dr. Lewis Atterbury, there was a friendship and intimacy. In the eighteenth year of his age he was sent to Christ-Church in Oxford, and matriculated in that university the tenth of April, 1674, under the tuition of Dr. George Walls. The twenty-first of September, 1679, he was ordained Deacon at Christ-Church, by Dr. John Fell, Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of that college. He commenced Master of Arts the fifth of July, 1680; and, the year following, was ordained Priest, at Bugden, by Dr. Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. In 1683, he officiated as Chaplain to Sir William Pritchard, Knight, then Lord Mayor of London. In February, 1684, he was instituted Rector of Sywell in Northamptonshire; which living he afterwards resigned, upon his accepting of other preferment. The eighth of July, 1687, he accumulated the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Civil Law. In December, 1688, he married Penelope,

not. I have since considered all that you said to me yesterday, and, both from reason

nelope, the daughter of Mr. John Bedingfield. In 1691, we find him Lecturer of St. Mary Hill in London; and, not long after his marriage, he settled at Highgate, where he supplied the pulpit of the Reverend Mr. Daniel Latham, who was very old, and had lost his sight. Upon the death of this gentleman, Dr. Atterbury was unanimously elected, the sixteenth of June, 1695, by the trustees of that chapel, to be their preacher; being, at the same time, one of the six Preaching Chaplains to the Princess Anne of Denmark, at Whitehall and St. James's: which place he continued to supply, after that Princess's accession to the throne, and likewise during part of the reign of King George I. In September, 1707, he was presented, by the Queen, to the rectory of Sheperton in Middlesex, the incumbent thereof being deprived for neglecting to take the oaths within the time limited by law. On the third of March, 1719, he was collated by Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of London, to the rectory of Hornsey in Middlesex; in which parish the chapel of Highgate is situated. When he first settled at Highgate, observing the difficulties of the poor for want of a good physician or apothecary, he successfully applied himself to the study of physic, and practised it gratuitously among his poor neighbours. Dr. Atterbury never rose to any dignity in the Church, as might have been expected from the power and interest of his brother. He published several Sermons and other pieces, of which an accurate list may be seen in the Biographia; and, after his death, two volumes of his Sermons were published, 1743, by the Reverend Mr. Edward Yardley, Archdeacon of Cardigan.

and

and matter of fact, still am of opinion, that there can be no just matter of exception taken.

I shall only lay down two or three instances which lie uppermost in my thoughts. Your Lordship very well knows, that Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury*, had a brother for his Archdeacon; and that Sir Thomas More's Father was a Puisne Judge, when he was Lord Chancellor†. And thus, in the Sacred History, did God himself appoint, that the safety and advancement of the Patriarchs should be procured by their younger brother; and that they, with their Father, should live under the Protection and Government of Joseph. I instance in those obvious examples, only to let your Lordship see, that I have canvassed these matters in my own thoughts; and I see no reason but to depend on your kind intentions, intimated in your former letter, to your most affectionate brother and humble servant,

LEWIS ATTERBURY.

* From 1070 till 1093.—Anschibillus was made Archdeacon in 1075.

† On the disgrace of Wolsey, in 1530, the great seal was intrusted to Sir Thomas More, who was the first layman that enjoyed that honour, which he resigned in 1533, and was executed in 1535. His father, Sir John, outlived him 35 years.

LETTER XXV.

The BISHOP to his BROTHER.

Bromley, Wednesday, April. . . . 1720.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOUR Letter directed to Westminster found me here this morning. I hope to be at Westminster to-morrow. In the mean time you may assure yourself of any thing that is in my disposal. At present the Gentleman * you mention is well, and likely to continue so. His distemper is the same as mine, though he has it in a worse degree. However, he is 16 or 17 years younger than I am, and may probably therefore outlive me. When he was in danger of late, the first person I thought of was you. But there are objections against that, in point of decency, which, I own, stick with me; and which, after I have laid them before you, you shall allow, or over-rule, as you think fit. It had been a much properer post for

* Thomas Sprat, M. A. (son to the famous Bishop of that name). He was Archdeacon of Rochester; and a prebendary of Westminster, Winchester, and Rochester. He died May 10, 1720.
my

my Nephew *, if God had pleased to spare his life. You need not mention any thing of this kind to me; for you may depend upon it, you are never out of the thoughts of your ever affectionate brother,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXVI.

The BISHOP to his BROTHER.

DEAR BROTHER.

Deanry, Tuesday Night.

I Hope you have considered the matter of the Archdeaconry, and do at last see it in the same light that I do. I protest to you,

* Dr. Lewis Atterbury had three sons; of whom the first and second died in their infancy. The third, named Bedingfield Atterbury, was born Jan. 8, 1693, and, after a school education at Westminster, was admitted at Christ-Church, Oxford, and matriculated April 9 1712. There he studied till he commenced A. M. June 20, 1718, and took Deacon's orders. Those, who knew him, give him the character of a sober, modest, and ingenious young Gentleman: but the hopes, which his Parents and Friends conceived of him, were soon disappointed, for he died of the small-pox, December 27, 1718. The mother, grieved for the loss of a favourite son, did not many years survive him, for she died on the first of May 1723.

I cannot

I cannot help thinking it the most unseemly indecent thing in the world, and I am very sure, the generality of those, whose opinions I regard, will be of that opinion. I was so far from apprehending that such a station, under me, would be in the least welcome to you, that I discoursed of it, and proposed it to another person * some time ago, and am entered very far into engagements on that head; and, had you not written to me, I do frankly own, that I should never have spoken a word to you about it. Believe me, when I tell you, that this is a plain state of the fact; and, should you at last come to be of my opinion, I dare say, you will not, at long run, think yourself mistaken. I am sure, I shall not be at ease till you are in some good dignity in the church; such as you, and I, and all the world shall agree, is every way proper for you. I am, dear brother, yours most affectionately,

FR. ROFFEN,

* Dr. Brydges. See the next Letter,

LETTER XXVII.

The BISHOP to his BROTHER.

DEAR BROTHER,

May 20, 1720,

THE person, to whom I told you I had gone very far towards engaging myself for the Archdeaconry, was Dr. Brydges*, the Duke of Chandos's brother; and him I am this day going to collate to it. I hope you are convinced by what I have said, and written, that nothing could have been more improper, than the placing you in that post, immediately under myself. Could I have been easy under that thought, you may be sure, no man living should have had the preference to you. I am, dear brother, yours most affectionately,

FR. ROFFEN.

* Dr. Brydges was an old and intimate acquaintance of the Bishop. See above, p. 21. He died May 9, 1728.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr. LEWIS ATTERBURY to the BISHOP.

DEAR BROTHER,

I AM obliged to you for the favour of your last, and more particularly for giving me a reason for your disposal of the Archdeaconry and Prebend annexed, when you was not obliged to give any reason at all. I cannot yet imagine what indecency there can be to have raised your elder brother in place under you, which doth not bear more hard supposing the person to be the brother of a Duke. There is some shew of reason, I think, for the non-acceptance, but none for the not giving it. And since your Lordship was pleased to signify to me that I should over-rule you in this matter, I confess it was some disappointment to me; though, since you did not think fit to bestow it on me, I think you have given it to one of the most deserving persons I know of, who will add more to the honour of the place, than I could have received from it. I hope I shall be content with that meaner post in which I am; my time, at longest, being but short
in

in this world, and my health not suffering me to make those necessary applications others do : nor do I understand the language of the present times, for, I find, I begin to grow an old-fashioned gentleman *, and am ignorant of the weight and value of words, which in our times rise and fall like stock. I did

* After this period, the infirmities of old age, and a stroke (though a gentle one) of the palsy, made him less constant in the pulpit, and occasioned his going frequently to Bath, where he died, after a short illness, on the 20th of October A. D. 1731. In his will, he gave some few books to the libraries at Bedford and Newport, and his whole collection of pamphlets, amounting to upwards of 200 volumes, were by the directions in it sent to the library of Christ Church, Oxford. He charged his estate for ever with the payment of 10*l*. yearly to a school-mistress, to instruct girls at Newport-Pagnel, which salary he had himself in his life-time paid for many years. He remembered some of his friends, and left a respectful legacy of "an hundred pounds to his dear Brother, in token of his true esteem and affection," as the words of the will are ; and gave the whole remainder of his fortune (after the death of his only grand-daughter, who survived him little more than seven months) to the Bishop's son, Mr. Osborne Atterbury, who at the time of his uncle's death was in the East Indies, but returned in 1732, and after some time was ordained by his father's great rival Bishop Hoadly ; and in June 1746 obtained the living of Oxhill, Warwickshire.

not think that Dr. Brydges would have took up with an Archdeaconry, when his brother can make him a Bishop when he pleases: though, had your Lordship put me in that post, I should not have endeavoured to have over-ruled you a second time. I am your affectionate brother and humble servant,

LEWIS ATTERBURY.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have some time ago received the sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestall by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticize from Virgil to these Tales*; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be

* Arabian Tales; see p. 66.

had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you. The fate of the South-sea scheme has much sooner than I expected verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come; but no man prepared for it, no man considered it would come "like a thief in the night," exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself: the thirst of gain was their crime, that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant*) I

* "In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and he for a while thought himself *the Lord of thousands*. But this dream of happiness did not last long, and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss only of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that." Dr. JOHNSON.—Mr. Pope did not sell out; and the stock he had was at one time valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds.

would

would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim; who, after half his estate was swallowed by the *Directors* of those days, resolved that *half* to be *more than the whole* *.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist ?

* Mr. Pope seems to have been much pleased with this application of Hesiod's aphorism. He used it in a letter to Mr. Digby, as appears by that gentleman's answer : " I fear there are few
 " besides yourself that will be persuaded by old
 " Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*.
 " I know not whether I do not rejoice in your
 " sufferings; since they have shewn me your
 " mind is principled with such a sentiment; I assure you I expect from it a performance greater
 " still than Homer." In a former letter, Mr. Digby says, " They tell me you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account
 " I judge you the richest man in the South-sea,
 " and congratulate you accordingly."

In his " Imitations of Horace," Book II. Sat. II. 133. describing his own situation, Mr. Pope says,

" In South-sea days not happier, when furmis'd
 " The lord of Thousands, than if now *excis'd*;
 " In forest planted by a Father's hand,
 " Then in five acres now of rented land.
 " Content with little, I can piddle here,
 " On brocoli and mutton, round the year."

" Men

"Men shall groan out of the city, and
 "hiss them out of their place.

"They have dreamed out their dream,
 "and awaking have found nothing in their
 "hands."

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the South-sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's: He says, the Government and South-sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunacy (as is usual in the case of lunatics), and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased

F

in

in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first; for I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased, is that you continue your favour toward me; the best I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgement, your, &c.

A. POPE.

LETTER XXX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday-night last; it has found its way into my hands as well as legs;

fo

so that I have been utterly incapable of writing: this is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written I fear *vacillantibus literis*, as Tully says Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine* about the monument was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanry towards the end of October, by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may in few words say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

"IOHANNI DRYDENO.

"Cui Poesis Anglicana

"Vim suam, ac Veneres debet;

"Et siquâ in posterum augebitur laude,

"Est adhuc debitura:

"Honoris ergo P. &c."

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as you yourself, something I

* In some Letter which has not been preserved.

will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his busto above—may not lines like these be graved just under the name?

“ This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
 “ Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd bust.
 “ What else the Muse in marble might express,
 “ Is known already; Praise would make him less.”

Or thus,

“ More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits
 “ reign,
 “ Praise is impertinent, and censure vain.”

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you if you should not once in your life-time again think of it*.

And now, Sir, for your “ Arabian Tales.” Ill as I have been almost ever since they came

* Neither of the Bishop's proposals was adopted. Under the bust of this admirable Poet is inscribed,

“ I. DRYDEN.

“ Natus 1632; mortuus Maii 1, 1700.”

And below that,

“ JOHANNES SHEFFIELD, Dux Buckinghamiensis,
 “ posuit.”

to

to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste: they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of Eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance (at least to my Northern understanding), that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens: which at first glance may surprize and please a little: when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images; but I think the purchase is made at too great an expence: for to read those two volumes through liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the intec-tion. I will never believe that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do, which I dare say I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the

pretended author of them *, I cannot tell; observing how full they are in the description of dress, furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of some Woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect of the South Sea; sorry I mean as far as your loss is concerned: for in general I ever was and still am of opinion, that, had

* Not the *pretended Author*, but the real translator from an Arabic MS of the tales, which is in the French King's library. What was translated in ten small volumes is not more than the tenth part of the original. The Eastern people have been always famous for this sort of composition: in which much fine morality is conveyed; not indeed in a story always representing life and manners, but such as the Eastern superstitions made pass amongst the people for such. Their great genius for this kind of writing appears from these very tales. But the policy of some of the later princes of the East greatly hurt it, by setting all men upon composing them, to furnish matter for their coffee-houses and places of resort; which were enjoined to give this entertainment to the people, with design to divert them from politics, and matters of state. This collection is so strange a medley of sense and nonsense, that one would be tempted to think the col-

had that project taken root and flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichever way it had leaned must have borne down all before it.—But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, “Peace be to its manes!”

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would

collector was some coffee-man, who gathered indifferently from the best and worst. The contrivance he has invented of tying them together has led him into such a blunder that often one could not be surprized at anything. The tales are supposed to be told to one of the Kings of Persia of the ancient race before Mahomet, and yet the scene of some of them is laid in the court of Harown Alraschid the twenty-sixth Chalif, and the fifth of the race of Abbasides. These are amongst the best, and, indeed, it is no wonder. He was, of all the Chalifs, the most munificent, and the greatest encourager of letters; so that it was natural for men of genius in after-times to do this honour to his memory. But the Bishop talks of *Petit de la Croise*. M. Galland was the translator of the *Arabian tales*. The name of the other is to the collection, called the *Persian tales*, of which I have nothing to say. **WARBURTON.**

have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries ! a thought, under which a good and good-natured man, that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade my self, be perfectly easy. Adieu and believe me ever, your, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXXI.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourself gladder you are well than I am ; especially since I can please myself with the thought that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them !

I thank you for the sight of your verses * ; and, with the freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them if they were any body's else but yours, yet, as they are yours and to be owned as such, I can

* The Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt. See p. 73. In Pope's Works is a Letter to Mr. Pope on the same subject, from Lord Chancellor Harcourt.

scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet*; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame; but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which, the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be

* The Epitaph, as finally settled, stands thus:

“To this sad shrine, whoe’er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov’d, the son most dear:
Who ne’er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy’d.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-lov’d Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And with a Father’s sorrow mix his own!”

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation. I cannot but wish that, of this inscription, the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense. Dr. JOHNSON.

The sixth line was originally,

“Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc’d to
“speak.”

more

more careless than you would otherwise be in your compositions.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords* to-day, and must prepare

* In a case where Bp. Atterbury as Dean of Westminster, and four Prebendaries of that church, were appellants, against a decree obtained in chancery by five other Prebendaries and Dr. Freind the Master of Westminster School, directing certain issues to be tried at law. The Bishop prevailed; the decree was reversed on the 16th of May, 1721; and the new dormitory was, in consequence, directed to be built in the College-garden, as a more proper place than where the old one stood.

The following memorial, which was presented to king George the First, Dec. 8, 1718, was most probably penned by Atterbury: "The Bishop of Rochester Dean of Westminster, and the Chapter of that Church, humbly represent to your majesty, that Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory founded the college of Westminster, which has in all times since been highly favoured by your Majesty's royal ancestors, and has bred up great numbers of men useful both in Church and State; among whom are several who have the honour at present to serve your majesty in high stations. That the dormitory of the said college is in so ruinous a condition, that it must of necessity be forthwith rebuilt; the expence of which building (besides other charges, that may thereby be occasioned) will, according to the plan now humbly presented to your majesty, amount to upwards of five thousand pounds. As a foundation for the raising of this sum, a legacy has

pare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever your, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

P. S. I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS. * which I could not find when you left

has been left by one †, who was a member of this college: and there is good reason to believe, that divers persons of quality, who owe their education to this place, may be disposed to favour this design, if they shall be incited by your Majesty's royal example. The said Bishop and Chapter therefore humbly hope, that your Majesty will, as an encouragement to learning, be pleased to bestow your royal bounty on this occasion, in such measure as to your Majesty's high wisdom shall seem proper."

* Of Huetius, bishop of Avranches, left after his death. He was a mean reasoner: he once attempted it in a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a *demonstration*; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise of *the weakness of the human understanding*: a poor system of scepticism; indeed little other than an abstract from *Sextus Empiricus*.

WARBURTON.

† Sir Edward Hannes. King George I. gave 500/. King George II. 1000/. the Parliament 1200/. and Mr. Morrice (the son-in-law of Bp. Atterbury) 500/. See the further history of this Dormitory in Widmore, p. 168.

me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reasoner of that philosophic farce is a Gallo-Ligur, as he is called—what that means in English or French, I cannot say—but all he says is in so loose and slippery and trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

“Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis!

“Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes—”

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth, and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can), we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my Reason, with a dog for his Instinct, to-morrow.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted-room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner unless when company, to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

“—inversum contristat Aquarius annum?”

“If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry.” Excuse me for employing a sentence of Scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanry this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touched on, had not

not your friendly letter been so full of it? One civil thing that you say in it made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not bestowed it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them because you forget nothing:

“ With such a grace you entertain,

“ And look with such contempt on pain, &c.”

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words [*appear* and *clear*] that the couplet but one after that does—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus,

“ So lightnings in a stormy air

“ Scorch more, than when the sky is fair.”

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements: and you will say true; for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior * to his grave; else I would have done it, to have shewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me †.

He

* Who died at Wimple, Sept. 18, 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 25th.

† Two severe Epigrams against Atterbury have been ascribed to Prior, and are both inserted in the late collection of his works. One of them, admitted by Warburton into Pope's Works, 1751, but since rejected, runs thus :

“ Meek Francis lies here, Friend. Without stop
or stay,

As you value your peace, make the best of your
way.

Tho' at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
And in the King's Bench should a verdict be
found

That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you, without right, on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.”

The other was occasioned by the funeral of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Prior survived but a few months :

“ I have no hopes,” the Duke he says, and dies ;

“ In sure and certain hopes,” the Prelate cries :
Of these two learned Peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Priest or Layman ?

The

He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser: and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet * he wrote for his own Epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health, at Lord Bathurst's: may my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself. I am, &c.

FR. ROFFEN.

The Duke he stands an Infidel confess,

"He's our dear Brother," quoth the lordly Priest.

The Duke, though Knave, still "Brother dear"
he cries;

And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies?

* "To me 'tis given to dye, to you 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even,
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!"

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning; yet I foresee it will not reach you till Wednesday morning: and before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I say? I recall that word, for it implies desire: and God knows that is far from being the case. For I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the Arrii or Sebofi of my neighbourhood: characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption, they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place*, and, by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle,

* This either the Bishop forgot to do; or the first Editor of the Letter neglected to preserve it.

G

which

which is a very agreeable one if my memory does not fail me.

I am surprized to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon. He has been sick, I know, of some late transactions; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophecy it will be quite off by the beginning of November; a letter or two from his London-friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal*, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope, the prophet will now and then remember he has a "bed and a candlestick†." In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God, as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: and I would willingly compound the matter with the

* In this paper he was in the following year severely attacked by Bishop Hoadly.

† 2 Kings, iv. 10.

gout,

gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse; but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, "I have no pleasure in them."

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakspeare * shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text; I have had some reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having *other work to do*, and *other things to think of* †, but none that will inter-

* Mr. Pope's edition of Shakspeare was published in 1721, in six volumes, 4to: "On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds, twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation." Dr. JOHNSON.

† It is very easy *now* to apply a meaning to these remarkable expressions.

fere with the offices of friendship, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die, your, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd sett of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a * dead man † to a dead man ; and even that the new ‡ patron, to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu !

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

MY LORD,

Feb. 8, 1721-2.

IT is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer " Amicus

* Mr. Addison. † Mr. Craggs. ‡ Lord Warwick.

" omnium

“omnium horarum,” but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the Deanry, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well; easy, resigned, and happy, you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of A. POPE.

LETTER XXXV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr. Addi-

G 3

son;

son *; send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another Lord, to whom I

* These verses were originally sent in MS. to Mr. Addison in 1715. An able vindication of Addison was written by Mr. Jeremiah Markland, then a young man, and afterwards the celebrated critic. Both were printed together, by Curll, so early as 1717. And perhaps this circumstance may furnish a clue to what has been so ably discussed by Judge Blackstone, in the "Biographia Britannica," under the article *Addison*. The epistle to Arbuthnot was not published till January, 1735. That to Augustus, with some others, appeared in 1738.—"I have seen Mr. Pope's best performances, and find that he pleases the town most when he is most out of humour with the Court. He has made very free with his gracious Majesty, in the Epistle to Augustus. But he had lost his favourite Bill; even my Lord Harvey had carried a point against him; and while he is angry, he will never be idle. In this last epistle † he seems to have recanted all he had before said of Addison." MS. *Letter from Mr. Clarke to Mr. Bowyer, July 6, 1738.*

† — (Excuse some courtly strains)

"No whiter page than Addison remains;
 "He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 "And sets the passions on the side of truth;
 "Forms the soft passions with the gentlest art,
 "And pours each human virtue in the heart."

Ver. 215—220.

have

have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleased every man, without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part, I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneered at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice; and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you, I cannot say: but it pleases me to have an opportunity of shewing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man* that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language;

* This was effectually done by an elegant epitaph.

and yet was not displeased sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanry, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you ; and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which I think you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true Friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noise and daily bustle for the publick be now over *, I dare say a good man is still tendering its welfare ; as the sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should

* Alluding to the dissolution of the Parliament, four days before.

under-

understand the value of it: but I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Visiter, but your Lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what I think I never shall, my veracity and integrity) I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South-sea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled anew by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolish as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination soever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed*: but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is in *angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must still be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in any post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

* In his offices at Christ Church, and in his several Deanries.

In

In the mean time the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise. Let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy * manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be so taken up, God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

MY LORD,

March 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself

* In his Lady's last sickness; whom, it is remarkable, he never expressly mentions in any one of his letters; though in p. 94. he seems to speak about her with much tenderness. She died April 20, 1722.

on

on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twittenham is a fresh instance of partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast like Nebuchadnezzar of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment: for indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

“ Oh, keep me innocent, make others great!” And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck

to remember in that great Poet Quarles, (not that I forget 'the Devil at bowls *; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.)

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the Fathers of the Desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work †)

“ That in Eliah's banquet you partake,

“ Or sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.”]

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord Carteret or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in

* One of the quaintest of Quarles's Emblems.

† Paradise Regained.” I suppose this was in compliment to the Bishop. It could hardly be his own opinion. WARBURTON.

a nut-

a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, my Lord, no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own Sons of the Church) your obedient,
&c. A. POPE.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach, to write to you; the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes *: I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy, however not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore

* His lady was then in her last illness. See above, p. 91.

wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter. I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting: for I will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to Statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only; a president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to Greatness some time ago—"Tuas tibi res habeto, Ego—
 "met curabo meas." The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level: and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them
 now:

now: for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue, and less pride: and then I will court them as much as any body; till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though, I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking—when I sat down to write, I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge; I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the West door of it: as far from Kings and Kæfars as the space will admit of.

I know not but I may step to town tomorrow, to see how the work goes forward; but if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter, but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege
of

FROM BP. ATTERBURY. 97

of Franking * (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us. FR. ROFFEN.

L E T T E R XL.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Dean Moss †.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Bromley, Monday morning.

I Have made a shift (notwithstanding my mind at present is far otherwise employed) to

* Which had been suspended by the dissolution of the parliament.

† Robert Moss was born at Gillingham in Norfolk 1666; admitted fizar at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 1682; B. A. and Fellow 1685; B. D. 1699; acquired great reputation both as a disputant and preacher; was a candidate for the place of Public Orator, which he lost by a very few votes; preacher at Gray's Inn, 1698; assistant preacher to Dr. Wake at St. James's, 1699; chaplain in ordinary to King William; created D. D. 1705, when Queen Anne visited the University of Cambridge. Upon the resignation of Dr. Stanhope 1602, the parishioners of St. Lawrence Jewry invited him to accept their Tuesday lecture; and on the death of Dr. Roderick the Queen nominated him to the Deanry of Ely, in May 1712; and, it is supposed, would have advanced him to the Bishoprick had he survived Bishop Moore. This was the highest, but not the last, promotion he obtained in the church; for in 1714 the rectory of Glifton, or Geddleston,

H

in

to run over the pamphlet * you sent me, which I had not seen before, having been here now for eleven days, and out of the way of all such papers.

Your guess as to the hands from whence it came may be right : however, I cannot but suspect a little that some of my own Bench had the direction of it. You know which of them † it was that declared in the debate, “ that Heathens themselves ought to be encouraged by Laws made in their favour, “ if they were useful to the Government.” And that is the darling notion of the book from one end to the other. - Let it come from whence it will, it is a detestable piece, written with so much insincerity, and such con-

in Hertfordshire, was given him by Dr. Robinson, Bishop of London. He died, aged 63 years, March 26, 1729, totally debilitated by the gout and other infirmities, and was buried in the presbytery of his own cathedral under a plain stone with a simple inscription. I have a Life of him in MS. by his relation Dr. Z. Grey ; which probably may be hereafter printed.

* A pamphlet occasioned by an act for granting liberty to the Quakers to use an affirmation instead of an oath, which was passed in 1722.

† It was Dr. Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough. Bp. Atterbury spoke warmly against the bill ; and joined in the Protest, which he probably drew up, as he did many others at that period.

tempt of Religion, as cannot but give every good man that reads it grief and indignation. But this is the hour of Darknefs, and of the Power thereof.

It is certain the writer deserves to be chastised; and I am glad you think of undertaking that work. For myself, the melancholy circumstances I am in (and how long I shall continue in them God knows) will not suffer me to turn my thoughts that way, to any purpose. However, I will be as useful to you in the attempt as I am able to be, especially, if it pleases God to remove the cloud that at present hangs over my mind. I have no guess at the time when I shall be able to stir from hence; that depending all together on an event, the issue of which I must attend, but can no ways foresee. But should I be able to come to the Deanry, or see you here, and discourse you on that subject, I will do it most gladly; being from the bottom of my heart concerned to see such notions countenanced in a Christian state, and the abettors of them preferred and applauded.

Good Mr. Dean, I can say no more to you now, but that I will, as I have opportunity, consider the Book a little, and give

you my thoughts of it (such as they are) when I see you.

In the mean time, I pray God to prosper your good intentions; and to raise up from among the Clergy men of the like ability, zeal, and courage, who may stand in the gap, and resist that spirit of irreligion which is breaking (or rather has broken) in upon us. I am always affectionately yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLI.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Dean Moss.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

Bromley, May 4, 1722.

YOU have heard in how melancholy a way my time has been taken up*, and do not wonder at my not answering yours. I am not yet recovered from my double indisposition of body and mind. However, I intend to be at the Deanry some part of the approaching week, and should be glad to see you there at any time after four o'clock on Monday next, or before ten on Wed-

* By Mrs. Atterbury's illness, which had terminated in her death but a few days before. She died April 26. See p. 91.

nesday.

nesday. I do not judge as you do as to the time's being past for answering that piece. I should think it were better to defer it still longer; and not (as I before said) to trace him *κατὰ πόδα*: for he does not deserve it; but to single out the places most exceptionable, and, after exposing them, take an occasion from the whole to advance somewhat that is new and affecting on the subject; and carry on the charge still farther against that pernicious, however countenanced, Sect. But of this you are the best judge. I am, Sir, your affectionate brother and humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither last night, the water being ^{so} rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning, after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for

the future ; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impressi^on upon me that will not soon be effaced.

Lord Bolingbroke has pressed me terribly to see him at Dawley, and told me, in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twittenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it ; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless ; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sun-dial, " Vivite, ait, fugio." I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like : If they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which

which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like, for that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; though I know the generality of the world, who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure, without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease; else I should not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I, for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thrush, have been severally endeavouring

youring to call off my attention, but both in vain; nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me. I am, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLIII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Dean Moss.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

June 6, 1732.

I HAVE been out of order ever since I saw you; a great cold I caught, by exposing myself too much to the blast of an East wind, gave me a new fit of the gout, which is not yet entirely gone off. However, I have perused your papers* as attentively, and to as much purpose, as my want of health and books (in this place) would permit. And you shall certainly have them returned to you, by a sure hand, before you set out for Ely on Monday next. In the mean time, I beg you to recollect who it was you saw at the Dean-

* Dr. Moss's answer to the pamphlet mentioned in p. 98. It does not appear to have been ever published. By a MS. letter from Dr. Webster to Dr. Z. Grey, I find that it was offered to a book-seller in 1732 for ten pounds.

ry, or coming out of the Deanry, at or about the time that Mr. Walpole was there, or when he parted from me, about three weeks ago. I have a reason for this enquiry, which you shall know if I live to see you again. In the mean time be as particular in this matter as your memory will give you leave; and let me have a few lines from you about it as soon as you can conveniently. If you put your Letter into the hands of Frank Winkles, Clerk of the Works at Westminster-Abbey, he will take care of conveying it to your affectionate brother and faithful servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLIV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Dean Moss.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

Bromley, June 9, 1722.

I THANK you for your letter, and will trouble you no farther on that head. You shall know my meaning in that enquiry if I live to meet you upon your return from Ely.

As to your papers, I have read them thrice, and with some attention; such as my present indisposition and want of books at this place

7

would

would permit me to use. And I began to set down in writing some small remarks on particular places: but I found them to be of so little moment in themselves, and yet likely to be so numerous, that as I could not well go through with the trouble of putting them down in paper, so I was glad, upon a review of them, to find that that labour seemed needless: for they related chiefly to the manner of expression, which, though it be not such here and there as perhaps I should have pitched upon (for every man has his particular cast of words and turn of style), yet may for all that be better than what I should have substituted, as being more suitable to the way of writing you have proposed to yourself, and which you have all along uniformly pursued, and, in my judgement, to very good purpose. However, as the gravity and weight of your expression is the distinguishing character of it, I could wish that some passages (they are very few), which seem to carry the least air of levity in them, might be altered or omitted, such as that of *paying compliments to a mask*—that of *spinning glass*; and one or two more, I think, of the like kind; which, when you read them over again
for

for the press, you cannot miss. In other respects, I almost every where perfectly approve your manner of writing, as well as reasoning. Only I cannot but wish (as I said to you at first) that you had paid less respect to the performance, and considered it in a much slighter and more contemptuous manner ; and only taken occasion from thence to say what you thought proper to be offered to the publick, without pursuing him *pedetentim* through all his cavils and evasions. But since you have thought fit to take that way (which will also have its use), I see not how what you have written in the whole can be shortened in the parts, so as to answer your professed design in writing. And this I say after endeavouring, here and there, to contract what you had said, and finding that it would not be of a piece with the rest, nor answer your purposes, if I did so.

Therefore, though I am sorry the piece is so large, yet I see not how it can be conveniently abridged ; and am sure, that, long as it may be, whoever reads it attentively will find in every part of it what will make him good amends for his trouble.

The

The matter of fact about the Petition * itself is of importance, and absolutely necessary to be told; and I doubt not but the Bishops concerned will be easy on that head; I am sure they ought to be: and, if they are not, that itself is a new reason why they should be put upon publicly owning what was transacted in secret; if that point can be gained, and made consistent with the decency and duty that is to be paid them.

Your defending a rejected Petition, and an expunged Protest †, can surely be attended with no just objection, since you pretend to know nothing of the debates and proceedings within doors, beyond what Joshua himself has printed; nor to consider any arguments but his against that Petition and those Reasons. The Lords might have such as induced them to reject and expunge; and yet this pretended Quaker may not have hit upon them.

As to the statutes supposed to give the Quakers the name of Christians, you allow

* That of the London Clergy against the Quaker's Bill. It is printed in the Political State, vol. XXIII. p. 112. Dean Moss was the first who signed it.

† This Protest is also printed in the Political State, p. 185.

too much in what you say on that head : for there is not a single passage in any act of parliament, but that you have cited, where the word Christian is used concerning them ; and that only says, they shall subscribe a profession of *their Christian belief*, which they may do, nay and even be orthodox in that belief ; and yet, if they either hold opinions directly destructive of those articles of faith they profess, or renounce the known institutions of Christ, be for all that no Christians ; nor does any act of parliament ever style them so.

I shall say nothing to you about the instances of the Lord Advocate's petitioning in 1588, but this ; that Gibson observed, there was no mention of its being presented even in the larger entries of Sir Symonds Dewes's printed account of that session ; which assertion, whether it be true or no, I have not enquired, as not thinking it very material.

That part of your Book which relates to the divine institution of an oath, and that other which concerns the duty of the magistrate with respect to Religion, are what need not have been offered in answer to that shuffling writer ; but, since you have been at the pains of drawing them up, they ought not, I am sure, to be lost : for those points are
treated

treated by you with great solidity and prudence ; and your way of stating them will be of good use.

I had some trouble in marshaling your separate papers, which, either by me, or you, or both of us, were put much out of order. I suppose, I have, as I now send them back, restored them to the order in which you designed them. If, after all, you accuse me for not having done what you had hopes I would have done, in relation to your MS. I have two things to say for myself, and can say both of them very sincerely. The first is, that ill health has been for these two months past my perpetual portion ; and that, mixed with some melancholy and shocking accidents of life, has hindered me from employing my mind in earnest on any subject of consequence ; though, I thank God, I am now going to be more at ease than I was in those particulars.

Another thing that hindered me putting down my thoughts at large, was a resolution to see you again, and discourse over all matters verbally ; and I had appointed, in my mind, yesterday for that purpose ; and had disposed all my matters, and ordered my coach, for that little journey. But I was
pre-

prevented by incidents that it is not now worth while to trouble you with; and must now be necessarily confined here for a few days longer.

I wish you a good journey to Ely; and hope for your return about the beginning or middle of August. Whenever it is, you will let me know of it; and then, if I am in a condition of doing farther service (farther do I say? I have done none hitherto), I will not decline it. In the mean time, and always, look upon me as your very affectionate brother and faithful servant, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

June 13, 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my enquiries, how you got home and how you do, and whether you met with Lord —, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you or from him on that head; as I suppose I might have done if you had found him.

I am

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton: but do not know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what passed in the coach about Sampson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time; but some time other I wish you would review and polish that piece. If, upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make), you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the Ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of Tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that, at this time of day, I know is not to be got over. I am, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

July 27.

I Have been as constantly at Twittenham as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Dutchess's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know all my thoughts without disguise: I must keep clear of flattery; I will: and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope your Lordship will not be so unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fear she seems touched with, [that the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend;] your Lordship may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and christian plainness, tell her, that no man

* The Dutchess of Buckingham.

can have any other advantage; and that all offerings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as to confirm what I have represented to her, that an inscription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it. And so I hope she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserved, and my integrity also, which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never so much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not so much as I ought. I am pleased with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian cento, and then I re-
collected

collected the *disjecti membra poetæ*. I will not pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civilest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought first to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, especially the Moralists, &c. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to your, &c. A. POPE.

L E T T E R XLVII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Dutchess* just as you desired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine: and if it had not been so,

* Dutchess of Buckingham.

you yourself should not have induced me to give it. Whether and how far she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say; especially in a case where she thinks the Duke's honour concerned; but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to morrow to the Deanry, and I believe I shall stay there till I have said "Dust to dust," and shut up that * last scene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to stay there at this time of the year; and I know I shall often say to my self, while I am expecting the funeral,

"O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam! quandoque

"licebit

"Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivæ vitæ!"

In that case, I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus intreating me,

"At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ

"Offibus & capiti inhumato

"Particulam dare——

* This was the Funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in August, 1722. POPE.

"Quanguam

“*Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa;*

“*licebit*

“*Injecto ter pulvere, curras.*”

There is an answer for me somewhere in Hamlet to this request, which you remember though I do not. “Poor Ghost, thou shalt be satisfied!”—or something like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I should always, could I always be here—

“—Sed me

“*Imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive, valeque.*”

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, though at twenty miles distance from you,

“*Te veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.*”

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLVIII.

Bp. ATTERBURY to his Son at Oxford.

DEAR OBBY,

[Of uncertain date.]

I THANK you for your letter, because there are manifest signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and by consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, tho' of a trifling nature, pass thro' your pen negligently: get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much care may give a stiffness to your style, which ought in letters, by all means, to be avoided. The turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first lines of yours, which have an air of poetry, and do naturally resolve themselves in blank verse. I send you the letter again, that you yourself may now make the same observation; but you
took

took the hint of the thought from a poem, and 'tis no wonder therefore if you have heightened your phrase a little, when you were expressing it. The rest is as it should be, and particularly there is an air of duty and sincerity in it, that, if it comes from the heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me: with these good qualities, an incorrect letter would please me; and without them, the finest thoughts and language would make no lasting impression upon me. The Great Being says, (you know) "my son, give me thy heart—" implying, that without it all other gifts signify nothing: let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any thing, either in a letter or common conversation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the most slight and trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment, which (as far it deserves to be practised by a man of probity) is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise throws away truth for good breeding; I need not tell you how little his character gets by such an exchange. I say not this as if I sus-

pected that in any part of your letter you intended only to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in good earnest from the beginning to the end of it, as much even as I am, when I tell you that I am your loving father, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XLIX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER * (under a fictitious name) to General DILLON.

SIR,

April 20, 1722.

I Ought to acknowledge in form the several papers I have successively received from you, if I were capable at present of doing

* This letter, and the two which follow it, are ascribed to Bp. Atterbury on the authority of the highest court of judicature in the kingdom; and are placed a little out of the regular order of their dates, as introductory to his commitment to the Tower. It appears, by the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, "That when the Bishop was taken into custody, vast numbers of letters and papers were found in his house, bearing date before the year 1712; but from that time downwards few of any consequence, except what are here printed.

One was from the Dutches of Ormond, dated January 14, 1721, in which are these words: "I resolved to send what I received; for though it
" had

doing any thing regularly ; but indeed I am not, as Hatfield well knows, and why I am not.

“ had not happened to belong to the person I addressed it to, I was sure it could not be put into better hands.”

This passage makes it highly probable, that the Bishop used to receive letters from abroad directed by fictitious names ; which is still further confirmed by the following circumstances :

In the cypher which Laver owned to be received from Sir William Ellis, the Bishop of Rochester is designed by the name of Justus.

Neynoe declared, that in the letter which Kelly shewed him from Dillon's Secretary, there were compliments to the Bishop of Rochester by the name of Naunton.

Among the Bishop's letters was found one directed to Mr. Dubois, not signed with any name, nor dated from any place. It was in the following words: “ Sir, Forgive my silence. You easily conceive the difficulties I am under in that regard. I write this only to assure you of my sincerest and unalterable respect ; and refer you to the worthy bearer for news, and for every thing, which otherwise I should have found some way or other of writing to you myself. I have heard nothing from you since the letter I had about two months ago by Mr. Johnson, to which I immediately in his hand returned my answer. A rumour has reached me of your having written hither since ; but I can find nobody that owns he has seen your letters. I am always, Sir, your truly obedient, and most humble servant.”

The Committee observed, That Johnson was the name by which Kelly constantly went, as appeared to

not. Some time must pass before I am any way capable of business; in the mean time
you

to them from several affidavits : and that he was at Paris the 16th of December, 1721. N. S. and set out in two or three days after for England, as appeared from the pocket-book taken upon him : and the letter to Dubois seemed to intimate such a correspondence as made it unsafe to write openly, and without disguise.

Among the Bishop's papers was found another letter, dated Rouen, Jan. 15th, 1722, without any name; and the superscription torn off. Which letter is mentioned to be sent by an honest gentleman; and the writer of it desires to know how he may direct; and desires to be directed to by the name of Wishart, at Mr. Arbuthnot's, at Rouen, which is probably a fictitious direction, no name being subscribed to the letter. He likewise mentions a former letter, sent under cover to their common friend Sir Red. Who Sir Red. is, did not appear to the Committee; but they found one Sir Red. Everard inserted in Plunket's cypher, and designed by the fictitious name of Fly.

Among the Bishop's papers were likewise found two letters from Captain Charles Halstead of Greenwich; the person who was sent to Bilboa, to transport the late Duke of Ormond to England.

Some letters were intercepted, which there was good reason to believe were from the Bishop of Rochester; and one of these letters being signed T. Jones, and another T. Illington, the Committee laid before the House the evidence they found of the Bishop's being designed by those two names, collected from circumstances, which, being in themselves seemingly minute, and of little consequence,

you are in the right to press the gentlemen concerned by all manner of ways you can think

quence, were for that reason more frankly confessed by those who were obstinate in concealing stronger proofs; and yet at the same time led directly to the discovery of the person meant by those names.

On the 11th of May, Motfield (who is the same with Musgrave, that is, the Lord Marr) sent a letter to Mr. Illington, enclosed under cover to Kelly; in which, after acknowledging the receipt of Illington's letter of the 20th of April, he adds, "I did not expect so soon after to have heard of a loss you have had since; for which I condole with you, and nothing which concerns you so near can fail touching me, as in friendship it ought. It is, though, becoming us, as it is our duty, to submit with resignation to what the just and great God thinks fit to order for us in this vain and transitory world; but you know such things so much better than I, that I will not trouble you with saying any more upon it."

This last paragraph seems to point out the character and function of the person to whom the letter was writ.

Motfield adds, "I would fain hope that your own distemper will soon give you ease;" which agrees with the circumstance of the Bishop's being ill of the gout at the time of his wife's death.

The packet was directed to Mr. Chivers, and consisted of three letters, one to Chivers himself, signed J. Jones; another to Musgrave, signed T. Illington; a third to Mr. Jackson, signed 1378; which number are found by the decyphers to denote the proper name of a person beginning with
the

think of, to furnish what, by being hitherto not supplied, has rendered the thing impracticable. They were desirous of having that matter entirely in their own manage-

the letter R, in the cypher made use of in these three letters, the order of which was alphabetical. All the three letters were dated the 20th of April, and appear by the matter to be from the same person, which prove 1378 to be the same with Jones and Illington. The letters to Mulgrave and Jackson were enclosed in that to Chivers.

The person who dictated these letters speaks of himself as being in ill health, in great pain, under some sad and melancholy circumstances, which made him incapable of doing any thing regularly at that time, but which he expected would soon blow over; which agrees with the Bishop's circumstances at that time, whose wife was extremely ill, and died six days after; and he himself, as has been observed before, was at that time afflicted with the gout.

The Committee observed further, from this letter to Dillon, that the Bishop had contracted a great intimacy and familiarity with a professed Roman Catholic, who appeared openly in arms against King William in Ireland; and, being obliged to leave that country at the capitulation of Limerick, had ever since adhered to the same cause in foreign parts, and was then more active and industrious than any other of the Pretender's agents in these kingdoms. He was a lieutenant-general, and had a command of one of the Irish regiments in the French service. It appears also by the Report, that, after Kelly's being taken into custody, the management of the Bishop's correspondence was undertaken by Carte the Historian.

ment,

ment, and I not unwilling that they should have it, being always diffident of success on my part upon interpositions of that kind; and therefore it gave me no concern to be so freely excused from any share (as I was for a great while) in that trouble. At last, indeed, when the point was found upon trial to be more difficult than they expected, I was pressed to undertake the matter; but so late, that I did not think it reasonable for me then to interpose; nor can I yet undertake any thing of that kind, it being what (since some former mismanagement wherein I was deeply concerned) I have constantly declined, hoping that I might not be altogether unuseful to the service, if I went on to promote it in my own, that is, in another way. I still hope so, and that a little time (which must be employed in doing nothing but soliciting supplies) will give me room for entering into measures that may be somewhat more significant than those formerly taken; this *I shall endeavour* *, being
at

* The Government having reason to suspect the Bishop to be concerned in a plot in favour of the Pretender; he was apprehended, Aug. 24, 1722, and committed to the Tower. Various methods, it is said, were attempted, and various times

at present perfectly tired by the distracting measures which have been taken from several quarters, by persons no ways equal to the

times fixed, for putting the plot in execution. The first intention was to have procured a regular body of foreign forces to invade these kingdoms, at the time of the elections for members of parliament. But the conspirators, being disappointed in this expectation, resolved next to make an attempt at the time it was generally believed his Majesty intended to go to Hanover, by the help of such officers and soldiers as could pass into England, unobserved, from abroad, under the command of the late Duke of Ormond; who was to have landed in the river, with a great quantity of arms, provided in Spain for that purpose. The Tower, at the same time, was to have been seized, and the city of London made a place of arms. But this design also being disappointed by many concurring events, the conspirators found themselves under a necessity of deferring their enterprize till the breaking-up of the camp: during which interval, they laboured, by their agents and emissaries, to corrupt and seduce the officers and soldiers of the army; and depended so much on their defection as to entertain hopes of placing the Pretender on the throne, though they should have no assistance from abroad. What share our Prelate was suspected to have had in this conspiracy, appears from the Report, which charges him with carrying on a traiterous correspondence, in order to raise an insurrection in the kingdom, and to procure foreign forces to invade it. In support of which accusation the three letters here printed were produced. The Bishop's Speech in his own Defence shall appear in the present volume.

work,

work, and at the same time not agreeing among themselves. This is all I can say at present, but that I am, with the same entire respect and fidelity I ever was, Sir, your most, &c.

T. JONES.

I have communicated the copies of Mr. Mansfield's and Jacob's letters, which besides the G..... (whereof they had a copy) were the only ones of those transmitted, that I was directed, or indeed thought proper so to do. Though I have for some time thought that nothing of importance should be trusted to the post, and am resolved myself not to send that way; yet the death of Lord Sunderland* makes such a caution more indispensably necessary, for you may depend upon it that those in power here will now enter into measures of more severity and strictness, and employ all their diligence, as well as power, on such occasions.

* He died April 19, 1722, the day preceding the date of this letter.

L E T.

LETTER L.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER (under a fictitious name) to Lord MARR, under the name of MUSGRAVE.

SIR,

April 20, 1722.

I Received from Mr. Hatfield (after a long intermission of such favours) a letter which was very welcome to me. I have also considered carefully what he had to offer to me in particular, and entirely agree with what is proposed; but my present sad circumstances (of which he has already informed you) will not suffer me to be active soon, or even set forward the affairs entrusted with me in so speedy a manner as I could wish. The best is, that as I cannot act openly, so neither is there, I think, any immediate need of it, some time being requisite towards ripening matters, in order to fix the C.....'d, which, if hastily begun, may be attended with suspicions and other Inconveniences; but you may depend upon it, that the.....s committed to my care shall be forwarded in due time to the persons
con-

concerned, as also all such other s. as I judge, and at the time I judge, they will best promote the service. What is to be wished for, is, that the person whom I am to act with would come to town, and his doing so may be facilitated better from your side, than by any thing that can be done here; by that time he comes, I hope I shall be able to take my part with him. I add no more now, being very unfit to say even thus much, but that I am, with entire respect and confidence, Sir, &c. T. ILLINGTON;

L E T T E R L I.

The Bp. of ROCHESTER to THE PRETENDER.

To Mr. JACKSON, under the cover of Mr. GORDON le fils, Banquier à Boulogne sur Mer.

S I R,

April 20, 1722.

I AM sorry to find by yours; which Hatfield brought, that you know our circumstances on this side so well, because that knowledge does not, I apprehend, give you any advantageous opinion of us; however, let that be as it will, it is not fit you should be deceived, and rely on more than will be

K

made

made good to you. If you guess at my right mind, I dare say it was agreeable to your own; and that you could not but see through the forwardness of all those unsupported, pretending people. Notwithstanding this opportunity is elapsed, I agree with you, another may offer before the end of the year, though not perhaps every way so favourable. However, it became me to speak strongly on that head, especially at the time when the was drawn, which was long before it was transmitted, for it was kept back a great while, in hopes that deeds might have accompanied words, and sent at last rather to justify the writer in respect to that part he had undertaken, than to push on any design in so unprovided a condition. I find I was not mistaken, and am glad it was not so, though every word of that passed the view and approbation of the persons concerned; but they were to be, and shall always be by me, treated tenderly; though nothing shall engage me to enter deep with them for the future. I had taken this resolution before Hatfield's return, and am pleased to find that you concur with me in opinion. As soon as God restores me to my health, and some

other melancholy circumstances are blown over, which will be as soon as there is any occasion for me, I will not be idle. In the mean time give me leave to withdraw myself seemingly from any engagement of this kind; I shall return to it, I doubt not, with more ability to promote the work*: not that I will decline any proper occasions that may offer themselves to converse freely with the men, and in the manner, I have been used to do, for it is fit upon all accounts I should do so; but by little and little that confidence will cool, and make room, I hope, for somewhat of a more solid and important nature. I dictate this in great pain; and for that reason, and because I am not at present in any readiness to go further, shall add only my faithful assurances of an entire and unalterable respect for you. R.

* The restless Bishop of Rochester, disappointed in his hopes of a primacy, with superior abilities, a classical purity of language, and an austere dignity of action, stood forth the champion of a constitution which he attempted to subvert, and of a church whose principles he possibly disbelieved... The Archbishoprick of York was refused him in one reign; and it is said that he entertained hopes of being bribed with that of Canterbury in the next. Dr. MATY.

LETTER LII.

General DILLON (under the name of DIGBY)
to Bishop ATTERBURY, under the disguise
of a female name.

To Mrs. WESTERN *, inclosed to Mr. GEORGE
WILLIAMS, at Mrs. HARBIN's over against
Somerfet-House.

DEAR MADAM,

Saturday, July 3⁵, 1722.

I Cannot on any reasonable grounds com-
plain of your silence, though long it ap-
pears, because I am informed of the situa-
tion of your health, and the concerns your
family are in, *by bankrupts and law-suits* †.
Permit me, however, to fulfill a part of my
duty, in presenting you my best respects, and
unalterable attachment to you and yours. I
wish this may find you so far recovered from
past mischances, as that you may be once
more in a humour of affording me a comfor-
table line. I have *all the stock I bought*
lying by, and I intend it shall remain so,

* This name is clearly proved in the Report to
mean the Bishop.

† The few words printed in *Italics* are all that
were attempted to be disguised in the present let-
ter; and those are sufficiently explained in the Re-
port.

until

until you advise me of a proper time to dispose of it; being fully convinced that, in the slippery age we live in, I cannot confide to any better than you. I hear many say, that *our stocks* will infallibly rise again to a good height, by Mr. Walpole's wife and able management; from whence I should hope not to be so much a loser in reserving mine. Still my lights at this distance can be but very imperfect: therefore, *dear Madam*, I will earnestly pray your direction, when you find leisure to grant me this favour, as also of forgiving this trouble, for which I offer amends in any manner I can be of service to you. The few acquaintances of yours I converse with in these parts are well; and rely, as I do, on your friendly advice, in a most particular manner, about their concerns in the *funds*. They desire you will be pleased to admit Mr. Skinner * to receive your commands, who is directed to call upon you, and explain some particulars too tedious for a letter. He seems to be very ready at business, and will obey your orders punctually. I am, with the greatest esteem and sincerity, dear Madam, your most humble and most obedient servant, DIGNY.

* Who in other letters is called Stanley.

LETTER LIII.

Bishop ATTERBURY to Lord TOWNSHEND.

MY LORD,

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I am thankful for the favour of seeing my daughter any way, but was in hopes the restraint of an officer's presence in respect of her might have been judged needless, at a time when her husband is allowed to be as often and as long with me as he pleases without witness, especially since we have been parted now for near eight months *, and must soon, if the Bill takes place †, be parted for ever.

My Lord, I have many things to say to her, in relation to herself, her brother ‡, and my little family affairs, which cannot with ease, to her or me, be said in presence of others; and I dare say your Lordship does not apprehend that the subject of our conversation will be of such a nature as to deserve to be

* The Bishop was apprehended Aug. 24, 1722.

† It passed the House of Commons on the 9th of April; and received the royal assent May 27.

‡ This is the only passage in any of the Bishop's letters (except the one immediately addressed to him) in which his son is mentioned.

in any degree watched or restrained. She has been the comfort of my life, and I shall leave her with more regret than I leave my preferments (though when I am stripped of them I shall have nothing to support me). Nor is there scarce any loss, besides that of my country, which will touch me so nearly.

Your Lordship, who is known to be a tender father*, will feel what I say; and consider how far it is fit to indulge me in so innocent a request. It is a little thing I ask; but nothing is little that can give any relief to a man in my sad circumstances, which deserve your Lordship's compassion, and I hope will obtain it.

I am, with all respect, your Lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

* "This nobleman is beloved by every body that knows him." MACKY.—"I except one!" SWIFT.—"Slow in his parts, rough in his manner, impatient of contradiction; the humane, generous, and benevolent Lord Townshend was inelegant in his language, often perplexed in his arguments; but always spoke sensibly, and with a thorough knowledge of the subject." DR. MATY. He retired from public business in 1730, and died in June 1738.

LETTER LIV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will compleat them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot*, and thanks
for

* Some hints, probably, towards his defence.—
“Tell Dr. Arbuthnot” (says Pope in a letter to Gay) “that even pigeon-pies and hogs-puddings
“are thought dangerous by our governors; for
“those that have been sent to the Bishop of Ro-
“chester are opened, and prophantly pryed into
“at the Tower. It is the first time that dead
“pigeons

for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said, to be to

“ pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprize at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend’s I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch: I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man, but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment, like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!”—A few extracts from a letter on this occasion by Dean Swift (who had been passing the summer *à la bagatelle* in the North of Ireland) may perhaps be not unacceptable: “ Strange revolutions since I left you: a Bishop of my old acquaintance in the Tower for treason; and a Doctor of my new acquaintance [Dr. Bolton] made a Bishop. . . . I escaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preston, directed to me, was opened in the post-office, and sealed again in a very slovenly manner; when Manley found it only contained a request from a poor curate. This hath determined me against writing treason. . . . It is said that Kelly the parson is admitted to Kelly the squire; and that they are cooking up a discovery between them, for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned, that the best trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence.

“ As

to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing*, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at

“ As much as I hate the Tories, I cannot but pity
 “ them as fools. Some think likewise, that the
 “ Pretender ought to have his choice of two caps;
 “ a red cap or a fool’s cap. It is a wonderful thing
 “ to see the Tories provoking his present Majesty;
 “ whose clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper,
 “ have been so signal, so extraordinary, so more
 “ than humane, during the whole course of this
 “ reign; which plainly appears, not only from
 “ his own speeches and declarations, but also from
 “ a most ingenious pamphlet just come over, re-
 “ lating to the wicked Bishop of Rochester.”

Dr. Swift to Robert Cope, Esq.

* He did call upon him; though to very little purpose. See above, p. 43.

the

the Deanry, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider.—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will I know readily and not without some degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

“Some natural tears he dropt, but wip’d
“them soon:

“The world was all before him, where to
“chuse

“His place of rest, and Providence his Guide.”

LETTER LV.

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

April 20, 1743.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past, and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended

ed you in your journey, to which I had brought that person * to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tye which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you; no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to

* The mother of Mr. Pope, with whom Bp. Atterbury appears to have been no small favourite. When he was for the last time at Twickenham, Mr. Pope tells Mr. Digby, " There are certain old
 " people who take up all my time, and will hardly
 " allow me to keep any other company. They
 " were introduced here by a man of their own sort,
 " who has made me perfectly rude to all my con-
 " temporaries, and will not so much as suffer me
 " to look upon them. The person I complain of
 " is the Bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me
 " (from something he has heard of your character
 " and that of your family, as if you were of the
 " old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides
 " of paper to you, and to tell you (what these
 " sort of people never tell but with truth and
 " religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,
 " yours, &c."

any

any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way, I dare tell my esteem and affection of you to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me; and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? you may more eminently and more effectually serve the publick even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon*: is it not the latter, the dis-

* Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment; but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace; and the best of Tully's after his return from exile. WARBURTON.

graced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But God knows I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by Party rage), and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent

lent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation*, in study, I shall always want you and wish for you: in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester†. I am, &c. A. POPE.

* "How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
"How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower,"
are the words of Pope, when describing a number of his select friends; and among these, as Dr. Warton observes, Atterbury was his chief intimate.

"Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,"
Pope elsewhere says, in words characteristic of the very gesture our Bishop used when he was pleased."

† On this head, see, *particularly*, vol. II. p. 79.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

[May,] 1723.

ONCE more I write to you as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last*! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good night. May you

* One more very affecting letter will be found in vol. II. p. 79. It is without a date, but must have been written, I apprehend, in the very beginning of June.—In Mr. Pope's Letters to a Lady, June 3, 1723, he says, "I am at present under the afflicting circumstance of taking my last leave of one of the truest friends I ever had, and one of the greatest men, in all polite learning, as well as the most agreeable companion, this nation ever had."—On the subject of Friendship, Mr. Pope had declared, in a former Letter, "I have ever believed this as a sacred maxim, that the most ingenious natures are the most sincere; and the most knowing and sensible minds made the best friends. Of all those that I have thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have ever found the most distinguished in capacity, the most distinguished in mortality; and those the most to be depended on, whom one esteemed so much as to desire they should be so."

enjoy

enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best ; sometimes present a dream * of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future ; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies ; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Posterity : and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but

* “ Life's vain amusements, amidst which we
“ dwell ;

“ Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim
“ God of hell !

“ said a heathen poet, as he is translated by a
“ Christian Bishop, who has first by his exhorta-
“ tions, and since by his example, taught me to
“ think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he
“ is gone !” Pope to Mr. Blount, June 27, 1723.

L

a cen-

a censure or critique on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they

they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life *, as one just upon the edge of Immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects †. No-
thing

* The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris, Feb. 15, 1732. POPE.

† Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pope was convinced, before the Bishop's death, that during his banishment he was in the intrigues of the Pretender: though, when he took his last leave of Mr.

thing is worth your looking back ; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness, your, &c.

A. POPE.

LETTER LVII.*

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to JOHN CAMERON of Lochiel.

S I R,

May 27, 1725.

THERE being matters of great consequence on which I should be extremely glad to have your opinion and advice,

Pope, he told him, " he would allow him to say " his sentence was just, if he ever found he had any " concerns with that family in exile." **WARBURTON.** — That he had such concerns, is too evident by the letters which are next to be exhibited.

* This and the nine following articles are reprinted *literatim* from a pamphlet which first appeared at Edinburgh in 1768, 4to, under the title of " The Private Correspondence of Dr. Francis " Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and his " friends

vice, together with that of some others, I send you my servant, to beg the favour of you to come to Paris, if you can, and as soon as you can possibly, there being no time to be

“ friends in 1725; [then] never before published.”
 “ The pamphlet was thus introduced : “ Bishop
 “ Atterbury, in one of his private letters to his
 “ friend Mr. Pope, observes, that the world mis-
 “ took his character. ‘ To be quiet,’ says he,
 “ and live to myself, with the few, the very few
 “ friends I like, is the point, the single point, I
 “ now aim at; though I know, the generality
 “ of the world, who are unacquainted with my
 “ intentions and views, think the very reverse of
 “ this character belongs to me.’ Letter to Mr.
 “ Pope, April 6, 1722.

“ With what equanimity Bishop Atterbury en-
 “ dured the rigors of his exile, with what unre-
 “ mitting ardor he loved, and revered, and
 “ even idolized the British Constitution, will
 “ appear from another private letter addressed to
 “ the same friend, November 22, 1731. ‘ After
 “ all, I do and must love my country, with all
 “ its faults and blemishes. Even that part of
 “ the constitution which wounded me unjustly,
 “ and itself through my side, shall ever be dear
 “ to me. My last wish shall be, like that of
 “ Father Paul, *Esto perpetua* ! and when I die at
 “ a distance from it, it will be in the same
 “ manner as Virgil describes the expiring Pelo-
 “ ponefian,

“ Sternitur, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

be lost in the case. If I can see you here to-morrow morning, be pleased, Sir, to bring your son along with you, and to desire Sir

“ Will not every reader of the smallest discernment pronounce those letters to be the genuine effusions of a good heart? He, whose single aim was to live to himself, in the society of a few chosen friends, could never have sacrificed his learned leisure to a turbulent faction: He who, even in exile, loved the constitution of his native country, could never have engaged in dark and dangerous conspiracies against that constitution which he loved.

“ Bishop Atterbury was sentenced to perpetual exile, upon the suspicion of having acted a part in the service of the Pretender. To his last moments he appears deeply sensible of the injustice of that sentence: He never would have justified it, by acting that part, for the mere suspicion of which he had so severely suffered: And least of all he would have done this with the view of promoting the interests of one, whom, by many voluntary and solemn oaths, he had so often abjured.

“ Whether this be the language of declamation, or of simple truth, the reader will determine, after perusal of the following papers.

“ By what accident they have been preserved, the publisher does not know: By what means they are now brought to light, he does not think himself at liberty to explain. As the engraved specimen of Bishop Atterbury's handwriting establishes their authenticity, any further inquiry concerning them is superfluous.”
—By a *second* engraving, they are *now* most remarkably confirmed. *The present Editor.*

Hector Maclean that I may have the favour of seeing him also. I would not give you this trouble if I were able myself to wait on you at St Germain's. I am, with great regard, Sir, your very faithful and most obedient servant, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LVIII.

Sir HECTOR MACLEAN, LOCHIEL, and CLANRONALD, to the * * * * *

SIR,

Paris, May 13, 1725.

BEING informed by certain accounts from our friends at home, that our poor country has never been in more imminent danger of being utterly destroyed than it is at present, by the designs the Government are forming against it, we thought that our duty, both to your M—— and to our country, did require of us to apply to you in this necessity, to know what your M—— thinks fit for us to do, in order to evite that ruin, which, unless some means be speedily fallen on to prevent, seems unavoidable. As the matter itself can bear no delay, we doubt not but that your M—— will honour us with

your orders as soon as possible ; and in case your M—— thinks fit that we should make an attempt for your M——'s service, and the relief of our poor country, whereby we may maintain ourselves in a capacity of being hereafter serviceable to your M——, which it is evident we never can be if the designs the Government have at present be carried into execution ; we hope your M—— will be so good as to order us to be sufficiently furnished with such necessaries as are requisite for an undertaking of this sort, without which all endeavours will be vain and fruitless, and will appear equally rash and desperate. Your M—— shall ever find us, with the greatest zeal and duty, Sir, your M——'s most faithful, most humble, and most obedient subjects and servants,

J. CAMERON.

MACLEAN.

CLANRONALD.

N° LIX.

Memorial by the Marquis of SEAFORTH and
CLANRONALD, May 26, 1725.

MY Lord Marquis of Seaforth and the
Captain of Clanronald being desired
by my Lord Bishop of Rochester to confer
together, that the K—— might be fully ap-
prised of their sentiments on the present
conjuncture of affairs, in relation to the
Highlands, they delivered their sentiments as
follows.

That being long absent from their country,
and having little correspondence with it, they
could not pretend to form an opinion of
what the Highlanders may be willing or ca-
pable to do for his M——'s service, or
their own deliverance: That they did not
know how their countrymen were affected
by the preparations of the present Govern-
ment to disarm them; and therefore could not
judge whether they will tamely submit, or
take the resolution to defend themselves.

As for what may be necessary for the en-
couragement of the Highlanders on this im-
portant occasion, and to determine them to
unite,

unite, and resist the Government, they could not judge, for the reasons given; only they knew, nothing could be done without officers, arms, ammunition, money, and provisions.

That it would be unreasonable for them to pretend to advise his M—— in relation to the number and quantity of these things, because they supposed his M—— would either resolve to make as general an insurrection as possible at this juncture, against the present Government, and summon all his faithful subjects to repair to his Royal standard; or he would only endeavour to give such supplies to the Highlanders as should enable them to preserve themselves from ruin by making such a resistance that might determine the Government to let them live in peace, and leave them in a condition to serve his M—— and their country when a favourable occasion should offer.

On the first supposition, of a general insurrection, as his M—— would probably put himself at the head of his faithful subjects, so in that case it was visible the greatest supplies that could be had would be wished and desired by all good men, both for the
safety

safety of his sacred person, and the happy success of the war.

On the second supposition, of supporting the Highlanders, they would not presume to prescribe to his M——; It would be an effect of his goodness to support them; and therefore they thought it more respectful to him, to refer themselves to what he should think proper, than to make any demands. Besides, that being unacquainted, as is said before, with the present disposition and circumstances of the Highlanders, they could not take it upon them to determine what might be requisite for them.

SEAFORTH.

CLANRONALD.

N° LX.

Memorial given in to the Bishop of ROCHESTER by Sir HECTOR MACLEAN and LOCHIEL. Dated at Paris, May 28, 1725.

SIR Hector Maclean and Lochiel being asked, by the Bishop of Rochester, what they thought might be of use to the K——'s better information in the present situation of the Highlanders, whereby he may the more easily

easily take measures how to prevent their ruin, they have given their thoughts as follows.

We beg leave to represent to the K——, that nothing less than the ruin of our country, and of his M——'s cause in Scotland, is intended at present by the Government in England; and that both these considerations are so dear to us, that we cannot hesitate a moment to resolve to sacrifice our lives in order to prevent it. We doubt not but his M——, as soon as orders can arrive, will give us all the assistance he can, in point of arms, ammunition, officers, money, and dry provisions, such as biscuit, brandy, &c.

We humbly think this matter will appear to his M—— in two lights: *first*, As a necessary measure for the defence of the Highlanders; and, in the second place, If a noble spirit should shew in the country, and a favourable event happen, it may, we presume, deserve his consideration, how far it may be improved for his M——'s service: In which case, we beg leave humbly to represent to his M——, that it will be of the utmost consequence, when this matter is once in motion, to make a diversion in England:

land: And we have too good an opinion of the K——'s friends in that country, to think, that, after so many professions of loyalty, they should either want inclination or courage to act their part like men on this occasion.

We presume, for his M——'s information, to propose to him, whether he will not, on this occasion, write to ———; and we submit also to his M——, whether it might not be proper to write to ———*. His M—— will also be best able to judge, whether good use might not be made of * * * *, who we understand has given late assurances of his loyalty to the K——. He is a great clan-man, and cannot naturally be pleased with the destruction of the Highlands, and has lost his government of Inverness.

We are humbly of opinion, it is happy that * * * * is in Scotland; for we believe

* Mention is made of several persons to whom letters ought to be addressed; but their names are omitted by the publisher. The writers of this memorial may have supposed that they had more friends in Scotland than they really had: it therefore seemed improper to publish a conjectural list of the partisans of the P——. *Orig. Editor.*

him

him capable to act a considerable part in the K——'s service, and that of his country, on this occasion.

We humbly think, that a great deal will depend on the person whom his M—— will think fit to honour with the command. Such a one has noble examples to follow, even in late days, in the actions of the great Montrose, and of Lord Dundee; and, if he treads in their footsteps, we cannot despair of every thing going well. It does not become us to propose any person to the K—— for this important trust: the merits and capacity of the K——'s principal subjects are known to him; and it is his right to chuse: but we hope he will permit us to represent how much the Marquis of Seaforth is beloved in his own country, and by his neighbours.

We have seen, and do concur with, the informations given-in by the Marquis of Seaforth and Clanronald to the Bishop of Rochester; but those other thoughts having occurred to us since that paper was wrote, we thought it our duty to represent them.

We have nothing else to lay before his M——, but that we shall long with the utmost impatience for his commands.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

* * * * *

To the Marquis of SEAFORTH, Sir HECTOR
MACLEAN, CLANRONALD, and LOCHIEL.

Albano, June the 13th, 1725.

BY the accounts I have received since I wrote to you on the 29th of May, I perceive the situation of my brave Highlanders to be very different from what I then apprehended it, since it appears the design is not only to disarm them, but to extirpate the very race. This is what, I am sure, none of them will ever submit to without resistance, either those on the place, or you on this side of the sea ; and I am myself resolved to do all that depends on me to support them, and enable them to defend themselves on this occasion. I remark with pleasure the Bishop of Rochester's forwardness to execute all my orders to this end with the utmost vigour ; and as time doth not allow me to particularise them here, I shall refer you to him as to all particulars ; not doubting of your exact compliance,

pliance, and of your exerting on this occasion that ardent zeal for the good cause, and the welfare of your country, which you have already shewn in so loyal a manner.

I hope Providence will bless your and my endeavours on this occasion, and put me soon in a condition of making you a free and happy people, and of giving you, every one in particular, those marks of favour which you so justly deserve.

LETTER LXII.

Answer to * * * * *

by Sir HECTOR MACLEAN and LOCHIEL.

Paris, July 2, 1725.

MY Lord Marquis of Seaforth having sent for us to come to him on the 28th of the last month, which we accordingly did, his Lordship opened your M——'s letter, directed to us all in general, which he had received from the Bishop of Rochester; and wherein we were mighty glad to find, that your M—— had generously offered us all the assistance we could reasonably have expected. But we were extremely mortified

tified when, at the same time, my Lord
 Seaforth told us, that it was too late; for
 that he had received good intelligence from
 England, that the troops were so far advan-
 ced already, that they could not fail of being
 incamped, and possessed of the country,
 before we could be there; and consequently
 render all our endeavours to bring it relief
 fruitless; and that he had upon receipt of
 this intelligence, which he thought sure and
 sufficient grounds to go upon, sent orders to
 his men to deliver up their arms; thinking
 it the most safe and prudent way of acting as
 matters stood, and most conducive to your
 M——'s service, and the benefit of the
 country; and that he doubted not but,
 after serious reflection upon the matter, we
 would think that course the most advisable
 for us to follow likewise. Upon which, con-
 sidering, on one hand, the person who got
 the intelligence to be of so known zeal and
 affection to your M——'s service, that we
 are persuaded he would do nothing he thought
 prejudicial to it; and, on the other hand,
 seeing his resolution and conduct upon receiv-
 ing this intelligence, we thought it our duty
 to let your M—— know, we are humbly

M

of

of opinion, that our undertaking any thing at present could no wise advance your M——'s service, or the good of the country; at the same time assuring your M——, that if you think otherwise, we are ready to obey your M——'s orders with all cheerfulness; as we shall ever be, upon all occasions, to make it appear to your M—— with how much zeal and duty we are,
 Sir, &c.

L E T T E R LXIII.

Sir HECTOR MACLEAN to LOCHIEL.

DEAR SIR,

THE following letters are exact copies; the first, of the K——'s letter, directed to you and me; the second, of the Bishop of Rochester's letter to me, wherein the K——'s was inclosed. The originals of both, which you have perused, are at present in my custody. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

MACLEAN.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

Copy of a Letter from * * * * * to
LOCHIEL and Sir HECTOR MACLEAN.

Rome, July 18, 1725.

I Have received yours, of the 2d July; and I cannot but be sensibly concerned to find affairs in such a situation that my faithful Highlanders could not be able to reap any advantage from the willingness and readiness I was in to have assisted them on this occasion. I shall be, on all others, equally disposed to help them; and I heartily wish, that by a strict union and harmony, and a disinterested zeal for the good cause among all concerned in it, they may be yet able one day to make the most handsome appearance in its and their own defence. Your zealous and dutiful behaviour on this occasion is what I shall ever retain the most grateful memory of; and I hope the day will soon yet come, in which I may be able to distinguish those who have on all occasions so signalized themselves for my service.

— R.

LET.

LETTER LXV.

Bishop of ROCHESTER to Sir HECTOR
MACLEAN.

SIR,

Saturday afternoon.

I Received the inclosed by the last post, with directions to convey it to you; and, at the same time, “to say to you and to “Lochiel, in the K——’s name, all that “is kind on your becoming behaviour on “this occasion.” These are the very words of the letter: I can add none that are more significant; and therefore take my leave, with assurances of my being, Sir, your very faithful and most obedient servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXVI.

Lord INV——ss to LOCHIEL.

SIR

July 25, 1725.

I Can assure you, the Bishop of Rochester did justice to your zeal, in representing fully to his M—— the honourable part
you

you, and your son, and Sir Hector Maclean, acted on this late occasion, when his M—— was hopeful that an opportunity might have offered, wherein he might have shewn how great a value he puts upon his faithful subjects in the Highlands of Scotland. I need not repeat to you the concern their situation gives the K——; but I am hopeful it shall not go so ill with them as may be apprehended.

What your brother has undertaken is of a piece with the forwardness he always shewed, when any occasion presented of being useful.

Be so good as make my kind compliments to your son, and Sir Hector Maclean; and believe me, with truth, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

INV——ss.

LETTER LXVII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER * to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

Sat. morn. early,

I Received your first letter, when I was in bed, on Wednesday night; the second, not long after I was up, on Thursday morning: both when I was much out of order, as I have been till yesterday ever since almost I saw you. I expected you more than once, according as you appointed; and wonder what has detained you—I suppose (what detained you at Chaton, and thereabouts) more agreeable company. If you return thither to-day (as I apprehend you will) I desire you in your way to take a dinner with yours

FR. ROFFEN,

* This letter and the four which follow it have an evident connexion with those published at Edinburgh: they are here for the first time printed from the originals, now (1782) in the possession of Mr. Chauncey.

AET-

The first of the four letters
concerning the subject of the
law in the 10th chapter of the
law of the land. The first of the
four letters is the first of the
four letters of the law of the
land. The first of the four letters
is the first of the four letters of
the law of the land.

The second of the four letters
is the second of the four letters
of the law of the land. The
second of the four letters is the
second of the four letters of the
law of the land. The second of
the four letters is the second of
the four letters of the law of the
land.

The third of the four letters
is the third of the four letters
of the law of the land. The
third of the four letters is the
third of the four letters of the
law of the land. The third of
the four letters is the third of
the four letters of the law of the
land.

This is not a day for) Enter-
tainment of Company. considering
how we are to be employed to-mor-
row morning. Therefore pray
come alone to dinner, & then let
me know, whether S^r Hector
will make me to-morrow, & after-
wards dine with me

Sat. betw. 11 & 12.

To
M^r Williams



LETTER LXVIII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

Sat. morn.

YOU dine with me, I suppose, to-day;
and will give me an opportunity of
discourfing with you: for I have as yet had
none. Let me know the time you intend
to be with me. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXIX.

To the fame.

Sat. between 11 and 12.

THIS is not a day for the entertainment
of company, confidering how we are
to be employed to-morrow morning*. There-
fore pray come alone to dinner; and then let
me know whether Sir Hector will make one
to-morrow, and afterwards dine with me.

FR. ROFFEN.

* Of this small, but important letter, a *fac simile*
copy is engraved.

LETTER LXX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

Dans la Breed-street a la Haye, Sund. night.

WRITE word, that you are going a long journey, and shall not soon return to Paris, and shall be set out before his answer can reach you. Tell Sample *, I have a letter from the D. of Leria; and if he has any thing to propose for himself as an attendant, will recommend him. But I suppose Leria will not come by Paris. He sets out from Madrid (he tells me) by the end of this month; and therefore I must write to him to-morrow.

What becomes of Elliot, my picture

I have some thing relating to you from Italy. You are desired to set out as early as you can.

FR. ROFFEN.

* John Sample was examined by the Secretaries of State on the apprehending of Bishop Atterbury; but, before the trial came on, he contrived to escape out of the hands of the messengers, and went to France.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

Thursday-night, 2^o o'clock.

REMEMBER to get me my ink and the letters of the Suisse before you go, and, if you can, the Common Prayer book I lent Sample, and which I do not intend to give him unless I were very sure he would use it. When I see you to-morrow morning, I will send somewhat by you to St. Germain's; and I will get for you against you come Philips's book about the Funds, which you lent me.

You see what sad ink I write with——

If, before I see you, that matter at the Convent can be traced, I should be glad.
Good-night,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

I Find neither you nor Pere Courayer understand what I writ to him.

What was included in the Parathesis was only a reason to shew him why I desired him to say *presque toutes* instead of *toutes* les revolutions; since all revolutions of that kind were not made in an irregular and disorderly manner, to be sure the Christian religion was not so introduced.

Tell him so when you call for his letter; and do not think me so absurd, as to have proposed to him such an insertion. How could he, or you, believe me capable of it? But your head at present is otherwise employed!

FR. ROFFEN.

LET

LETTER LXXIII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT*.

THE Book I now restore you, gave me pleasure when I read it. The turn is natural and familiar, and there is an air of

* An ingenious French gentleman, for whom the Bishop had a great esteem. This great man softened the rigours of his exile by study, and conversation with men of learning, and kept a constant correspondence by letters with the most eminent scholars and persons of genius. It has been said that he translated Virgil's *Georgics* into English, and wrote an *Harmonia Evangelica* in a new and perspicuous method, which was brought into England by Mr. Morice.—“ Atterbury was, on the whole, rather a man of ability than a genius. “ He writes more with elegance and correctness, “ than with any force of thinking or reasoning. “ His letters to Pope are too much crowded with “ very trite quotations from the classics. It is said, “ he either translated, or intended to translate, the “ *Georgics* of Virgil, and to write the life of “ Cardinal Wolsey, whom he much resembled. “ Dr. Warburton had a mean opinion of his critical abilities, and of his discourse on the *Lapis*

of truth in all he says *; but, I think, not the hand of a master. He tells his tale, not like a man who knows any thing of the rules of writing well, but as an easy companion at a table. I say of his style, what he says of his figure, "Ma figure, qui n'étoit pas déplaisante, quoique je ne fusse pas du premier ordre des gens bien faites. . . ." Though not of the first (or even second) order of good writers, he is yet agreeable. . . . I cannot possibly digest his taking notice, p. 145, of the Chevalier de Rohan's fine legs: an observation, that I should have expected rather from the pen of a fine lady, and shews that the Marquis was in his nature a little too intent on such trifles. He is sensible of it, and excuses himself in the words which follow; but that excuse serves only to shew the strength

"of Virgil. He was thought to be the author
 "of the life of Waller, prefixed to the first octavo
 "edition of that poet's works. The turbulent and
 "imperious temper of this haughty Prelate were
 "long felt and remembered in the college over
 "which he presided." Dr. WARTON.

* *Memoirs & Reflexions sur les principaux Evénemens du Règne de Louis XIV.*

of.

of the impresson he was under in this respect, since, he had judgement enough to see the fault, and commits it notwithstanding. Though I see he is manifestly piqued against Lewis XIV. and his Minister Louvois, yet I am apt to believe him in all he says of both of them. His resentment seems to carry him no farther than to give him the privilege of speaking what he knew to be true; and, as the world goes, he that allows himself to censure the great even thus far, must say a great deal of ill of them...

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXIV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

ROUSSEAU appears to me still a greater poet, the more I consider him. His talents are unconfined, and enable him in every sort of writing to which he turns himself equally to excel. But the old hard words he makes use of puzzle me often (who care not to consult a Dictionary) and chiefly in his Allegories.... Chaulieu, La

Fare, and Chapelle, have many graces of the easy and natural style, but I do not think them so perfect in their way as Rousseau is in his; nor (to tell you the truth) do I take such pleasure in reading them. The letters particularly of Chaulieu, &c. are not master-pieces in their kind, and many of his little copies of verses have nothing extraordinary in them. The copy which touched me most is the Ode on Fontenay,

“Muses qui dans ce lieu champêtre,” &c.

I cannot but observe, that under all Chaulieu's seeming gaiety, there is an air of melancholy, which breaks out by fits, and shews he was not at ease in his own mind. He endeavours to conceal it, and acts the brave; but his readers, with a little penetration, may see through the disguise. The fears of death haunt him perpetually, and appear even in those places where he says he is not afraid of it. I should be glad to know how he died, whether with the same courage he commends in lady Mazarin. I should guess not, by the observations I have made of him.

FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

THIS Book *, I find, was written two and thirty years ago, and therefore it is no wonder that it should not be equal to the later performances of the same author. One may say of it as Tully speaks of his Collection of Paradoxes; “Non tale est hoc opus ut in arte
“poni possit, quasi illa Minerva Phidiæ; sed
“tamen, ut ex eâdem officinâ exisse appareat.” Though it be not of the same value with his other Works, yet it is such, as that one may perceive the same Workman’s hand and skill in it. He chose a little contracted subject; and not room therefore to shew his talents at full length in managing it. And yet, narrow and dry as his subject is, he has, by making several little digressions, and by taking occasion to say many things which were not necessary to his point, rendered it not only instructive but entertaining.

* A Dissertation of M. de Boze.

“ In

“ In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem
 “ Numina læva finunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.”

Whether his fourth Gordean be a reality or a Phantom ; whether he owes his very being to this gentleman, or is only rescued from oblivion, and brought again to life by him, let the Antiquaries determine : I am so easy and indolent as not to think it of much moment, which way such facts are settled ; nor should I have thought what is written on this point worth reading, if this Author had not written it. In all he writes, one sees the same candour and impartiality ; the same learning, good sense, and exactness. If the argument he handles be not of importance, he makes it so by his manner of handling it. So that I could wish, instead of four books, he had written forty : as old as I am, and as many other things as I have to do, I should read all of them. . . . FF. ROFEEN.

LET.

LETTER LXXVI.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

I Have perused the Book about * Poetry and Painting, with attention. It is written in a very good *gout*, and has excellent things in it. I have been pleased with no Book so much that has fallen in my way since I came into France. However, I could wish those philosophical reasonings had been omitted; they belong rather to a Member of the Academy of Sciences, than to one of the Forty, and perhaps will neither convince nor please in such a performance. The Author seems to have gone too deep in that sort of reflections; and sometimes not to have gone deep enough in others, which relate more immediately and naturally to his subject. Forgive this freedom, but it is my real sense of the matter. Besides, there is, I think, a

* *Reflexions critiques sur la Poésie & la Peinture*, by Abbé du Bos. A new edition of it, with corrections and additions, was published by the author after this letter was written.

The author changed the order and disposition of his work, in the new edition of it.

Even

want of method in the whole *; and the 19th Section, which is so long, is to me a little obscure. The many learned citations there do not clear, but cloud the author's meaning. I am apt to imagine that, in the musical part of it, he speaks of what he does not himself thoroughly understand; for, if he does, he would probably have expressed himself so that his reader would also have understood it, which (as to me at least) is not the case. In one thing I differ from him essentially; my fixed opinion is, that the reputation of all Books which are perfectly well written comes originally from the few, and not from the many; and I think I could say a good deal in defence of that opinion I see him here, and every where, under the image of

“ Urbani parentis viribus, atque

“ Extenuantis eas consultò.”

He seldom speaks out where he is likely to offend, but contents himself oftentimes rather to insinuate, than affirm; and makes use of other men's words to express his own sense, where he is unwilling too openly to own it, or too strongly to press it. “ Ab arte suâ non recessit,” as Tully says of Aristoxenus.

* The author changed the order and disposition of his work, in the new edition of it.

Even

Even in his judgement of the Belles Lettres he plays the Politician I could not but observe, how, in the last Section but one, he has furnished M. de Voltaire with the Hint of his Poem on the Ligue Upon the whole, I repeat my thanks to you for the great satisfaction which the reading of these two volumes * has given me

As to Mr. Arnauld's piece, intituled, "Réflexions sur l'Eloquence," though what he says there be sensible and just; yet I do not see much of the great man in it, and had no great pleasure in perusing it.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

I Return you, Sir, the two eloges †, which I have perused with pleasure. I borrow that word from your language, because we have none in our own that exactly expresses it. By the account I had of those pieces, I imagined them very different from what

* The last edition is in three volumes.

† By M. Fontenelle. One of these was on Sir Isaac Newton.

I find them. M. Fontenelle's talents, as to the knowledge of Nature, Mathematicks, and the Belles Lettres, are sufficiently understood. But I take notice particularly of the art and address with which he conducts himself in nice points, and the prudent and political views by which his pen is guided; a quality, that does not often belong to men who have spent so much of their time in studying the Arts and Sciences. He has been misinformed as to one little particular, in the short draught he has given us of Sir Isaac Newton's figure. The "oeil fort vif, & fort percant," which he gives him, did not belong to him, at least not for twenty years past, about which time I first came acquainted with him. Indeed, in the whole air of his face and make, there was nothing of that penetrating sagacity which appears in his compositions. He had something rather languid in his look and manner, which did not raise any great expectation in those who did not know him. I see M. Fontenelle speaks warily as to the MSS. relating to Antiquity, History, and Divinity, which Sir Isaac left behind him: I wish, for the honour of our country, that they may be as excellent
in

in their kind as those he published. But I fear the case is otherwise; and that he will be found to have been a great Master only in that one way to which he was by nature inclined. It is enough for us poor limited creatures, if we remarkably excel in any one branch of knowledge. We may have a smattering of more; but it is beyond the lot of our nature, to attain any perfection in them. M. Fontenelle's praise of Sir Isaac's modesty (and of modesty in general) is to me the most pleasing part of that description he has given us of him. It is that modesty which will teach us to speak and think of the Ancients with reverence, especially if we happen not to be thoroughly acquainted with them. Sir Isaac certainly was; and his great veneration for them was one distinguishing part of his character, which I wonder (or rather do not wonder) that M. Fontenelle has omitted. His opinion of them was, that they were men of great genius and superior minds, who had carried their discoveries (particularly in Astronomy and other parts of the Mathematicks) much farther than now appears from what remains of their writings. One may apply to them, what was said by an old learned man to one of less knowledge

and fewer years, who insulted him, I have "forgot more knowledge than ever you had*." More of the ancients is lost than is preserved, and perhaps our new discoveries are not equal to those old losses.——But this was not what I had in my thoughts, when I sat down to write: my intention was only to express the satisfaction I had in the perusal of what I return, of which I could say more, if the end of the page did not admonish me to tell you how much I am &c. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXVIII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

THE Book intituled, "Dissertation sur
"la Musique des Anciens †," I send
you back, is written in a very sensible and
agreeable manner, with a fine turn of thoughts
and words, as far as I am able to judge ‡.
I could

* A story to this purpose is told of Dr. Blackwall, author of the Sacred Classics.

† By the abbé de Chateneuf.

‡ However excellent our Prelate might be as a critic, his skill in musick was very indifferent, if we are to credit Sir John Hawkins: "The late Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, says that
writer,

I could wish only that the writer had been a greater master of his subject, so as to have given us distincter and fuller accounts of it, which would have left no doubts upon the minds of his readers. I am satisfied that a pen like his would have been able to express the most nice and difficult points of which he treats in a way equally instructive and pleasing, and have opened to us in dialogue the mysteries of music, as easily and familiarly as Monsieur Fontenelle has done those of Astronomy. The picture of Leontium, with which the reflections conclude, is exquisitely drawn; not only *con studio*, but *con*

writer, who, it is supposed, had learned a little of music from Dr. Aldrich, affected to think with the Ancients that the diatessaron was a perfect consonance. He drew up a small tract on the subject of music, wherein he complains, in very affecting terms, of the injuries which the diatessaron has sustained from modern musicians, by being degraded from its rightful situation among the concords; and concludes with as ardent wishes and prayers for its restoration, as he could have offered up for that of his Master. A manuscript of the tract above mentioned was formerly in the hands of Mr. Tonson the bookseller. It appeared to be a very futile performance, written probably while the author was at college, extremely rhetorical and declamatory, abounding with figures, but destitute of argument."

amore, as the Italians speak of the favourite pieces of their best masters. One would think the book was written on purpose for the sake of the character at the end of it: as the most material part of a letter is sometimes carelessly thrown into a Postscript

I dare say Mademoiselle * L'Enclos was of the author's acquaintance. Hearsay could not have furnished him with so lively a description of her. There is something in the picture, that shews, it was painted by the life, and not copied from another. . . . One thing he says of her, p. 9. (pardon the remark) seems in some degree applicable to himself. His words are very good, and therefore I transcribe them. " Son goût en le condui-
 " fant de fleur en fleur, comme les abeilles,
 " lui fait courir indifferemment tous les pays,
 " & tous les siècles. Mais ces sortes d'ima-
 " ginations, si légères & si brillantes, a de-
 " daignent pour l'ordinaire le travail d'atten-
 " tion. Un esprit né pour les agremens, &
 " qui n'a jamais sacrifié qu'aux Graces, n'a
 " garde de s'affujeter à la patience qui seroit
 " nécessaire pour comparer les beautés d'un

* The celebrated Beauty.

“ tems avec celles d’une autre, pour étudier
 “ les rapports & les oppositions qui sont en-
 “ tre elles, pour les tourner de tous les sens,
 “ dont on peut les envisager ; enfin, pour
 “ y rapporter la triste & pénible exactitude
 “ que demande une parallèle.”

Let me ask you, for my own information, whether “ tourner de tous les sens ” be a proper phrase in that case. To me it seems to spoil the metaphor. He cites some authorities, which I am at a loss to explain ; particularly p. 58. that of Varro de Repub. Rom. l. i. c. 1. Sure he does not mean the antient Varro, who wrote nothing that I know of under that title. He is beholden, I find, to the long chapter of Abbé du Bos, where the ancient authorities, relating to his subject, are collected ; and he has made a free use of them. But my intention was, to tell you rather what pleased me in the book, than what I disliked.

LET-

LETTER LXXIX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

FROM what I have read since I came on this side of the water, I have conceived a much greater opinion of the Bishop of Meaux*, than I had while in England, and give him readily the preference to all those writers of the Church of France which I am acquainted with. He is an universal Genius, and manages every thing he takes in hand, like a master. Good sense and sound reflections attend all he says; which is expressed in the most agreeable and beautiful manner, without any of the pomp or paint of false oratory. He has particularly the secret of knowing, not only what to say, but what not to say; the hardest task even of the most exact and excellent writers!... But you know him, Sir, better than I; and I should be to blame therefore in attempting any part of his character, did not gratitude forbid me to return your books, without giving you

* Bossuet.

an account of the pleasure I had in perusing them. Even the lady's memoirs relating to our English Princess gave me a good deal; particularly that part of them, where the story of her death is told, in as natural and affecting a manner, I think, as it is possible. It has such a melancholy air of truth in it, as, at the same time that it gives conviction, moves compassion; and one can no more read it, than one could have been present at the sad scene of it, without tears. I really prefer the Bishop of Meaux's funeral oration, to those of Flechier or Bourdaloue; though I think he would have wrote still better, had he imitated them less; for, by that means, he now and then heightens his expression a little too much, and becomes unnatural. I gave you one instance of that when I saw you last.

FR. ROFFEN,

LET.

LETTER LXXX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

THE more I read of the Bishop of Meaux the more I value him as a great and able writer, and particularly for that talent of taking as many advantages of an adversary, and giving him as few, as any man, I believe, that ever entered the lists of controversy. There is a serious warmth in all he says, and his manner of saying it is noble and moving; and yet I question, after all, whether he sometimes is in good earnest. Pardon that freedom, Sir; I have read him with attention, and watched him narrowly. I have read all the Bishop of Meaux's pieces that have been procured for me: and will wait for the rest, till I can have them from your hands. In the mean time, I will read worse books, that I may relish his the more when I return to them; though, to speak the truth, I know no writer in your tongue, that has less need to have his reader so prepared for him. Do you hear nothing from
your

your friend Voltaire*? Is England as well pleased with him, as it was? and is he as well pleased with England? or, does the satisfaction on one side abate, in proportion as it lessens on the other? When will the second edition of his *Henriade* come out? will it afford us a better Monument to the memory of that Prince, and a nobler likeness, than the statue on Pont-neuf? It will, if it be as well finished as it should be. For

“ Non magis expressi vultus per ahenæ signa,
 “ Quàm per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 “ Clarorum apparent.”

But the spirit of pedantry is coming upon me; and it is time therefore that I tell you, I am
 &c.

FR. ROFEEN.

LETTER LXXXI.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. THIRIOT.

I Find the very last works of that great man, the Bishop of Meaux, are inferior to the rest; but, nevertheless, I would be master of all he certainly wrote. It is useful to observe even the defects of first-rate writers, as well as their excellences. There is an ill-

* With whom Mr. Thiriot was a correspondent.
 natured

natured pleasure in finding, that, as far exalted above us as they are, they sometimes sink down to our level. The Bishop of Meaux studied critical knowledge late, with respect to the interpretation of Scripture; and was never therefore so true a master of it as he was of the way of interpreting it by the stream of tradition. But, the older he grew, the more admired he was; and that led him to think himself equal to every man in every thing; and particularly to write Books in Latin, and Comments on Scripture, in both which ways I find him unequal to himself; and I dare say, that is the opinion of candid and judicious persons in your communion.

Our Friend, Father Courayer, has been pursued with *mandements*, *censures*, and *arrets*; nor have they, I fear, yet done with him. I am concerned for the fate of so valuable a man, and so excellent a writer, whose views, I am persuaded, were innocent and good, however, in the manner of executing them, he comes to have given so much offence. The twenty Bishops that have censured him seem to decline that part of the dispute which relates to the validity of our English ordinations. However, they have not spared the

Church of England on other accounts, but have represented her in a more disadvantageous light than she deserves; purely, I suppose, for want of knowing her. They cite the Bishop of Meaux, and cite those works of his which were written expressly against us; which surely is a very odd way of representing our sentiments; just as if I should quote Monsieur Claude's words, from any pieces of his written against the Church of France, to prove what she held in any doctrine of importance. I should think it became me rather to produce the Writers of that Church, and the acts and monuments of it, for my vouchers. The twenty Bishops have taken this method once or twice; and if they had taken it always, they would have been less liable to mistaken in their representations of us. What the Bishop of Meaux says with regard to our polity and affairs, is not always to be relied on; for he was not a master of that subject. He was a very great man; nor would he have lessened his character, not to have aimed sometimes at seeming to know what he really did not in matters that lay a little out of his compass. Excuse the freedom I take with the censurers,
and

and the authority on which they build in relation to our matters; because I have good reason to think that they have paid a deference to it, at the expence of truth. My knowledge is very limited; and yet it would be no presumption in me to say, that I know better than the Bishop of Meaux did, what is the constitution, and what are the principles and tenets, of the Church of England. But enough of these reflections, into which the mention of Father Courayer has led me.

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXXII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

Feb. 17, 1728.

SIR J. O^RRYEN promises me to deliver this, which acknowledges the receipt of all yours that you appear to have written to me. Pray stop your hand for the future. I shall be satisfied to know that you are well now and then, and will be always your firm and faithful friend, whether I tell you so under my hand or not.

I thank

I thank you for your transcript from Mas-
 fei; it answers not my expectation. I thought,
 by the abstract of it I saw, that it had not
 been in Italian, but Latin. However, that
 would have given me only a little more
 trouble. The worst is, that it relates not to
 the subject I supposed it did, the origin
 and progress of *Rime*, but to a sort of verses
 only, which he calls *Rhythmical*, which have
 a certain harmonious number in them, not
 tied up to quantity, and regular measures.
 Had I known the dissertation to be of that
 nature, I would not have given you such a
 trouble. I send you a little present of five
 louis-d'or, to recompence your trouble, and,
 together with them, the sealed-up parcel,
 wherein the little things sent to you from
 England are contained. I had no proper op-
 portunity before of doing it. I am just got
 out of a new fit of the gout; which has not
 been very painful, or otherwise of consequence
 but as it has prevented the continuance of
 my correspondence.

God bless you! Believe me always the
 same, and therefore always faithfully yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

O

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

Aug. 22, 1728.

FORGIVE my ill paper, and my short acknowledgement of longer letters for which I am obliged to you. I am not able, at the house I write, to do better in either respect.

I am glad you are pleased with your purchase, and wish that pleasure may end in profit. Since you are a match for the Italians in that sort of ware, the danger is, lest a sense of your superior skill should not tempt you to be more than a match for others, when you have a proper opportunity. I am not curious in relation to the picture said to be drawn by St. Luke; and should have more respect for it, if it came in my way, were it certainly drawn by Raphael. The only picture, I believe, that St. Luke ever drew of the Virgin was in his Gospel; and it is a fine one, and certainly like her. That I can look upon with delight and veneration, being

being sure of the hand that made it. I dare say, you are of my opinion, that those leaves in his Gospel, which describe her character, are worth all the canvases of Italy that pretends to give us her figure. But, *manum de tabula*—enough on that subject.

You have heard of the death of Dr. Freind *: a public loss in more respects than one ! for I dare say, notwithstanding his station at Court, he died of the same political opinions in which I left him. He is lamented by men of all parties at home, and of all countries abroad ; for he was known every where, and confessed to be at the head of his faculty.

I have lost several friends this year ; Harry Bridges † particularly, and Mr. Drake. God preserve the rest that are left ! My respects to Mr. Foster ; to whom I wrote, I think, by the last post. Make my compliments to Mr. Hamilton, for the kind compliment he sent me : I will not die in his debt. Judge not of my friendship by my letters ; but believe that, even when you may not hear from me, I am always mindful of you, and will neglect nothing in my power to serve you. Adieu !

FR. ROFFEN.

* Dr. J. Freind, the physician. † See above, p. 21.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. WILLIAMS to the Bishop of
ROCHESTER.

MY LORD,

Bologna, August 24, 1728.

I Should have long ago fulfilled my promise, by giving your Lordship some account of our famous *Madona di St. Luca*; but, being resolved to provide myself with the most approved relations upon this subject, I rather chose to take up a little more time, than to depend upon mere fame, in a matter that makes so considerable a figure in the religious worship of this country. Besides, a short illness I laboured under, and is now I thank God over, as also the heats, have occasioned some small delay. For these reasons, I hope, your Lordship will pardon me for not sending the account sooner.

There are two histories of this famous wonder-working picture come to hand; and I believe there are none other written expressly upon this subject; at least I can find none here upon the spot, where they should with most likelihood be found of any note. The one
was

was published, in the year 1614, by Thomasio Ferrari, a Bolognese friar, in octavo. The title of it is, "Divota Historia et obsequio
 " del Popola di Bologna verso la sacra Ima-
 " gine della Beatiff. Vergine del Monte della
 " Guardia, &c." The other was published in the year 1617 by Diodati Malvasia, a Dominican nun. The title, "La venuta et i pro-
 " gressi miracolosi della S'ma Madonna de-
 " pinta da S. Luca posta sul Monte della
 " Guardia, &c." The nun was probably one of the very house where the picture is lodged, for they are of this Dominican order, which is the happy order who has the possession of this relick though this is what does not appear from the title of her book.

Both these histories agree that, about the year of our Lord 1160, a Greek travelling Hermit, a Carmelite friar, coming to Constantinople to say his prayers in the church of St. Sophia, among other pictures belonging to that church, took a particular notice of this, which represents the Blessed Virgin with our Saviour in her arms, and with holy eyes soon discovered an inscription written upon it, importing, "That the
 " picture was the work of St. Luke, the

“chancellor of Jesus Christ;” also upon the wall underneath another writing, signifying, “That the picture ought to be carried
“and placed upon the altar of a church
“dedicated to St. Luke, situated upon the
“Monte della Guardia.” This heavenly admonition, you may be sure, my Lord, was an immediate and a moving object for the holy man’s zeal to exercise itself upon. He presently resolved to find out this Monte della Guardia wherever situated upon the face of the earth, and to settle this picture there. In order to this end, he communicated his design to the priests of St. Sophia’s church, who were not a little surprised when they saw the forementioned inscriptions, which they had never until that time observed; and therefore easily concluded they were written by some heavenly hand, just upon the appearance of this holy pains-taking Hermit, as being a man brought thither by Providence to be the bearer of this sacred relick to the place ordained for it; though the happy mountain was at that time absolutely unknown, as well to the good Hermit, as it was to those priests. However, the Hermit, not a bit discouraged at this, was soon put
into

into possession of the picture; and many a weary step he took, and long he wandered with it up and down the world, but all in vain, until he came to Rome, the rendezvous of people of all nations, and consequently a place where he might with some small probability hear some news of the long-sought-for mountain. Nor was the worthy man deceived in his expectations: for there being an Ambassador, at that time, from the Republic of Bologna, at Rome, who observing our traveller, and that he had somewhat in a sack upon his back, the Ambassador's curiosity led him to ask the Hermit what it was he carried. The Hermit opened his bag, and shewed the Ambassador the picture, at the same time giving him the history of it. The Ambassador, it is said, considered the picture and the pilgrim with great attention, and at last, with expressions of joy and wonder, consoled the poor traveller, assuring him his great fatigues were now near at an end; for that there was a mountain near Bologna, called Monte della Guardia, which at the top had a chapel built, dedicated to St. Luke, and consequently was the place he was in quest of. This was, no doubt, a great satisfaction

tisfaction to the poor pilgrim, who had footed it many a fair mile seeking a place now near at hand. The Embassador recommended both the picture and pilgrim to the republic of Bologna, who received him with great ceremony and magnificence. And thus the picture and the pilgrim found rest.

This, my Lord, is a short, but faithful, and as particular an account of this famous picture's arrival at the place where it now stands, as I am able to extract out of the authors abovementioned. If, my Lord, you expect any authorities of an earlier date, authorities in or near the time when these extraordinary things happened, I beg leave to hold myself excused, especially since my two authors, upon whom I entirely rely, furnish me with no such vouchers. So far as their authority reaches, I am sure, I have omitted no material circumstance. Indeed there is a story in both these books, of this picture's having been the object of divine worship, even in or near the Apostles days, at a convent of Carmelite friars on Mount Carmel in Judæa, who are said to have derived their origin from the prophet Elijah; but as this seems to me to be carrying matters with a very high hand, and has no

imme-

immediate connexion with the travelling history of the picture, though both the one and the other appear to me equally well attested, yet, because I would not interrupt the thread of the story by an impertinent episode, I have as it were omitted this circumstance. You see, my Lord, I act the part of a fair historian, and take care to give strong hints wherein I have committed the least fault.

Since the time the picture has been settled upon Monte della Guardia, it has performed many mighty feats in the miraculous way, and which the good inhabitants of Bologna have been so well convinced of, that people of all ranks have contributed to build a very magnificent arcade from one of the town-gates up to the top of the hill where the picture is lodged, which is from the gate about the distance of two English miles. This was done to avoid the inconveniences of rain and other bad weather upon great procession days, and for the conveniency of devout worshipers; but, if those miracles reported of this picture are true, this arcade seems to me to have been a very unnecessary expence; for, certainly, the least that one might expect is, that the picture would protect

test itself and its sincere worshipers from the inclemencies of the weather upon such solemn and devout occasions, having, as they here pretend, often caused the rain to fall, or the sun to shine, according to the exigence of the times, upon the unjust as well as the just. But as these are matters not too nicely to be examined into in many other respects, such difficulties may more easily be passed over, where there is so evident an excuse at hand; viz. that it was the good-will and devotion of the people of Bologna, rather than either the necessities or inability of the picture to exercise it's miraculous powers, occasioned the building of this arcade.

I shall not trouble your Lordship with a long detail of the many wonders performed by this picture, for this were to trespass too much upon your Lordship's time, and perhaps patience, as well as to exceed the bounds of a post-letter. I shall therefore, as a specimen of several others, instance only one, and very remarkable indeed it is.

The Venetians, envying the happiness of the Bolognese in their enjoyment of this divine picture, as well as jealous of the powerful protection the people of Bologna re-

ceived from it, contrived a plot to deprive them of it, and to steal it away, and make it the guardian of the Venetian commonwealth, which, no doubt, when effected, would add to their own power and strength, as well as weaken their neighbour the Republick of Bologna. To obtain this end, they made no use of open force, for that were fruitless while the picture continued openly on the Bologna side; but secretly contracted with some merchants to steal away the picture in the night-time. The merchants, habited like pilgrims, the garb of devotion, came to the Monte della Guardia, and, pretending to have made a vow to stay all night in the chapel in prayer to Our Blessed Lady, desired leave of the mother abbess to do so. The holy aspect they had assumed made the good abbess suspect no wile, and she easily granted them their request. At the dead of night, the wicked avaricious merchants took the picture from the place where Providence had so miraculously fixed it, and put it into a strong box, and so carried it fairly off the spot; but, lest the nuns might miss the picture too soon, before the merchants were arrived at a place of security, out of the confines

finer of the Bologna state, they placed another picture, somewhat like the true one, in its room; but the nuns next morning soon discovered the fraud, and, instead of calling out for public assistance, which, for what I know, they were much in the right not to do, because this might make too great a noise, and consequently spoil a miraculous operation, they had recourse to fasting and prayer to Our Blessed Lady, as the fittest of all the hosts of Heaven to do justice in a case wherein she was herself so immediately concerned. In this melancholy situation, the poor nuns, with empty bellies and bended knees, continued for the space of three days. In the mean time the merchants carried the picture, as they thought, triumphantly off, and arrived safe within the borders of the Venetian state, big with the expectation of a rich reward for stealing away so inestimable a jewel. They notified their arrival to the republic of Venice, who, to do more honour to this spiritual treasure, sent out a deputation of priests, and others, to meet the picture in solemn procession, who, upon their nearer approaching the place where the picture was, to their great surprize, smelt an exquisite fine smell;

smell; and opening the box where the picture was put, to examine more narrowly into matters, the picture was flown away, and had left nothing behind it in the case but the fine smell, which being so near increased upon them, and the cloth wherein it had been wrapped, all the company, frightened and amazed, sneaked home, and the sacrilegious merchants repented of their presumption and folly, and returned to the Monte della Guardia, to ask pardon of all parties concerned for their crime, which was soon granted. The nuns were fasting and in prayer for three days, as before I observed, when, on the fourth day, early, they found the picture replaced, and the sham one steep aside to make way for it. The counterfeit picture continues hanging on the wall of the chapel to this day, at some distance from the altar, as an unquestionable monument of this surprising miracle.

What is remarkable of this picture is, that no power upon earth can detain it above three days from the chapel on the Monte della Guardia; for there have been other more innocent proofs of this, besides that of the Venetian merchants above mentioned.

They

They say it has often stole away and gone up the hill of its own accord, and without others assistance, when it has been, by some accident, kept at Bologna upon a procession, beyond the allotted time. Now, I should have thought, a picture that could thus travel alone, might at the beginning have spared the poor pilgrim that brought it hither in a sack a great deal of trouble, by shewing him the way, at least, to the Monte della Guardia, and at the same time made a most astonishing entry; but, as I before observed, these are matters not fit for our consideration.

Mr. Edgar and I went once to see this fine relick, which is all covered over with jewels and precious stones of great value. They shew no more of it than our Saviour's and Our Blessed Lady's faces, and they are covered with glass when shewn, but ordinarily they are entirely hid. Mr. Edgar saw only the Blessed Virgin's face, and I saw only our Saviour's, by reason of the different lights we kneeled in; and to change postures had been indecent and too full of curiosity. Our Saviour is represented with a tawny complexion, and with black short curled hair, with a golden glory
about

about his head, and he is drawn as a child of a year and a half or two years old at the most. They have given the Blessed Virgin the same complection with our Saviour. The picture is not ill done, nor ill conserved, so far as I could judge or observe of it. When the weather grows cooler, I design to see it once more.

Once every year, three days before Ascension-day, this picture is brought down to Bologna, with great solemnity, in procession, a vast multitude of people assisting, some with vocal, others with instrumental musick of divers kinds: and it is wonderful to observe the devotion of such a number of (in appearance) reasonable creatures, but in this particular acting, as I think, beneath the dignity of their nature; for, when the picture passes by, all fall down upon their knees and worship; at least they point as so many setters at a partridge, and with as much eagerness and attention.

There is one general remark to be made upon the miracles said to be performed by this picture, as well as those by the famous holy house and picture at Loretto; which is, that a great many, and upon a fair poll
I believe

I believe most of them, tend to the security of these fine relicks, and of the finer treasures that belong to them; so that these miracles have a political as well as a sacred influence upon mens minds. They excite devotion, and strengthen our faith, which I own requires great helps, and at the same time they tie up our hands from picking and stealing.

I cannot forbear, before I conclude this letter, giving your Lordship an account of one particular miracle reported of the sacred house of Loretto, having somewhat in it very extraordinary.

John Soarius, Bishop of Cumbria in Portugal, coming into Italy, being summoned by the Pope (Pius IV) to the Council of Trent, was at Loretto, to pay his devotions, like a good Catholic; and having a mind to build a chapel in his own diocese in Portugal in honour of Our Blessed Lady, he considered there was nothing could contribute more to sanctify this intended building, than to have a stone in it taken out of the holy house at Loretto; and in order to act in this matter by due authority, he applied to the Pope for a bull, to carry away one of the holy stones; which the Pope granted him, sealed with
the

the fisherman's seal, all in form. The Bishop sets forward for Trent, and left his chaplain, Francis Stella Arietino, behind him, to put the bull in execution at Loretto, and to bring the stone to Trent. The chaplain, having put himself in possession of the stone, took post for Trent. But this expedition had like to have cost the chaplain his neck; for the horses, the former part of the journey, did nothing but stumble and fall with him, and at last they would not stir one foot, which I am apt enough to believe, for the post-horses led but a weary life at that time on the road between Rome and Trent; but the chaplain, being a man of resolution, continued on his journey the best manner he could, and at last arrived at Trent, wearied and fatigued, and delivered the stone, telling the Bishop how much pains it had cost him to bring it thither. The Bishop got a silver case made for the stone, but had like to have had a wooden one made for himself, he falling very ill of a distemper which the physicians knew not what to make of. Thus he continued for some days from bad to worse; and he had, as they say, certainly dropt off, if a holy Nun in prayer had not found out that the stone was

the cause of all his illness. The stone was sent back by the same chaplain that brought it; who found the post-horses, and perhaps their masters too, in a better humour, as he returned.

Here appears plainly, my Lord, a dispute between the house of Loretto and his Holiness the Pope; for it was in virtue of his plenary power these horses and these men were put into motion, and their sufferings proceeded from our Lady of Loretto's influence; while it is as plain that she got the better of the Pope, and of St. Peter too, by whose authority he acts. This history seems a little impolitical in one sense, though it is not so in another.

By this time I am grown tiresome to your Lordship: I hope you will excuse me, especially since the trouble I give proceeds from a desire to amuse your Lordship in your country retirement, and I wish it lay in my power to do it effectually; for be assured, my Lord, there is nobody, who has the honour to be of your Lordship's acquaintance, would take more pains, and at the same time take more pleasure, in doing any thing that might contribute to your Lordship's satisfaction.

FROM BP. ATTERBURY. 211

tion, than myself; though I am far from thinking any part of this letter will have that effect, because it is an account of the follies and weakneses of mankind, which I am sure your generous mind takes no delight in observing, unless at the same time it lay in your power to reform them.

I am, my Lord, &c. . . . WILLIAMS.

LETTER LXXXV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

SIR;

Turenne, Sept. 15, 1728.

I Am much obliged to you for your letter of August 26, which I read with great pleasure and instruction, and think it extremely well written. I have no return at present to make you for it, but that of thanks, and assurances of the never-failing continuance of my sincere but useles friendship for you. I am going to take a long journey, and to winter in the South of France, out of the direct line of correspondence; so that you will not probably hear from me, nor I from you, for some time: whether you do

or not, depend upon it that I shall always have the same affectionate regard for you, and be desirous always of opportunities wherein I may give effectual proofs of it. I again thank you for your entertaining paper about the picture, which made me smile often at the folly, and now and then frown at the impostures, of mankind.

Adieu ! I can say no more to you now, but what I have said already.

FR. ROFFEN.

L E T T E R LXXXVI

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

Vigan, in the Cevennes, July 21, 1729.

I Have been forced to take shelter here, at ten leagues distance from Montpellier, to avoid the heats of it, which, mixing with a severe fit of the gout I got by using a milk diet without purging, gave me a great deal of uneasiness, and some reason to apprehend that that fit of the gout might be my last. But the danger and the disease are blown over by the means of the cool and refreshing air of this place, where I have been now above

ten

ten days, and intend to continue till September, and then return to Montpelier, to spend the winter there with Mrs. Morice and her husband. She comes thither, not merely to see me, but, by the advice of Dr. Wintle, for the recovery of her health, which has been much affected of late, and which, he assures her, the air of Montpelier will soon restore. This has occasioned her resolution of taking so long a journey, and altered mine of spending my winter at Vitry, near Paris, where I had taken a pretty house that Lord Galmoy lives in, but have been obliged to quit it again, and to continue in these parts, in expectation of her arrival. I can send you no other accounts from these mountains; and therefore you will excuse me, if I add no more than my thanks for your letters of April 12, and May 28; and assurances that I am your affectionate friend and obedient servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXXVII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

S I R,

Vigan, in the Cevennes, Aug. 13, 1729.

I Thank you for yours of July 14, though it gave me the unwelcome account of your fall on the road, and the death of your father. I hope some good news will make you soon amends for these two instances of ill-fortune. You are, I find, in a place that will divert and employ you : but have a care of the sellers of medals there, who, I have heard, are great sharpers. I am glad Mr. Stewart applies his mind to antiquities. It is an instructive amusement that becomes his quality. My most humble service to him. My daughter and her husband are not yet with me ; nor do I expect them till the middle of September, when I shall exchange this place for Montpellier, in order to meet them at their arrival, and spend the winter with them there. For I stay there till spring, not so much on my own account as poor Mrs. Morice's, whose ill state of health requires

quires it. By the use of milk without purging, I got a fever; that fever gave me a fit of the gout, which, finding my stomach disordered by the milk, laid hold of it, and I have had much ado ever since to dispossess it. The heats were so violent at Montpelier, that, had I stayed there, with those pains in my stomach, I must have died. But the cool temperate air of this place and Balaric waters have relieved me. The promotion of the Barigello's brother-in-law is somewhat out of the way. But it is not your or my business even to wish those preferments were better disposed of. He that gives them, you know, cannot be in the wrong, at least on your side of the mountains. Your visit to Loretto, to see the flying house, now inshrined in a chapel, was worthy of your curiosity. But you say not a word of St. Peter's, which, as far as I can judge, is worth all the other sights that Italy affords: it is the only one in the world, that I have ever had a desire to see; for you know how negligent I have been of every thing of that kind which France affords. I do not understand you well as to St. J. or the sort of saintship he has a mind to bestow on his daughter.

ter. When Mr. Forster is come back from his Tuscan visit, my humble service to him ; and congratulations with Sir W. on the account of his escape. Without ink or paper, you see, I make a shift to tell you how much I am yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

Pray make my kind compliments to Mr. Arthur and Mr. Murray.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII*.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. + MORICE.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

Montpelier, Sep. 3. 1729.

I Returned hither last night from the Cévennes, on purpose to send your chaise with my servant George, an Englishman, and a very honest fellow, and well experienced in travelling; on all accounts well qua-

* This Letter, with those numbered LXXXIX. and XCI. were delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Morice upon their landing at Bourdeaux, the 7th of October, 1729, where they had lain for several weeks. J. E.

+ All the letters relative to Mrs. Morice are printed from a copy endorsed in her husband's hand with this title, "Account of a Journey and Voyage from London to Bourdeaux and to Toulouise, anno 1729; with copies of Letters and Papers relating thereto."

lified,

lified, except that he speaks no French, which will, I hope, be a defect of no consequence to you. He brings with him your chaise to Toulouse, and from thence another with it belonging to Mr. Bose; and hopes to be able, with both, to meet you and Mrs. Morice at the time of your landing. Pray God send you both a speedy, safe, and easy journey.

When you come to Bourdeaux, you will apply yourself to the person whose name Mr. Bose transmitted to you, and who will instruct and befriend you in every thing relating to your passage hither, and that of the baggage you bring along with you. At Toulouse Mr. Bose's sister will assist you in like manner in your way from thence hither; particularly as to the conveyance of your baggage from thence, for otherwise you will not much need her assistance. I have written by the post to Mr. C—— at Bourdeaux, if he knows of any parcel of good wine there, fit for your and Mrs. Morice's drinking, that he would bespeak it for you, and let you know of it, that it may go with the rest of your things, by the Garonne to Toulouse, and from thence be conveyed hither. I hear
that,

that, unfortunately, at present that cannot be by the canal, because it is at this time mending: so that from Toulouse, I fear, all you bring along with you must come by land, which will be more expensive, and perhaps as tedious. You will therefore load your two chaises with all that is necessary for you upon the road, and for some time after you come hither; lest your baggage, which is to come by the Garonne, and afterwards if possible by the canal, should stay too long behind you. In the mean time I will take care you shall be well lodged here and to your heart's content: and I trust in God that Mrs. Morice, if she comes safe and well hither, shall soon find the benefit of the air of the place, as well as be a little cheared by being in her old Papa's company, whom God has restored to some degree of health, in order, I hope, to be the instrument of restoring also her health to her. If you sailed from Portsmouth yesterday or to-day, as you proposed, and the wind and weather be there as here, never could you have either more favourable. Pray God they may continue so, till you arrive! Though you come post from Bourdeaux, you may come as slow

as you please, and make such easy stages as agree best with Mrs. Morice's state of health. The road you come is by all agreed to be the very best in France: so that, in that respect, you will find no manner of inconvenience. I shall expect you earnestly, and with great impatience; however, not so earnestly, as to wish that you may make one step faster than the nicest care of Mrs. Morice's health will suffer you. When you are within a day or two of Montpelier, I have directed George to let me know, by some sure way, the day, and as near as you can the very hour, of your intended arrival: a foot messenger will go all night on that errand, for a trifle. And I desire you, if George should forget it, to put him early in mind of it.

If you can bring the little present for Mr. Bose with you (I mean the knives and glass sconces) it would be well; whatever else you leave behind, to come with the rest of the baggage. You will by that means, when you arrive, make yourselves (if any thing can make you) more welcome than you would otherwise be. He is very civil and friendly, and we shall need his assistance
on

on twenty occasions: though, as to myself, I have chosen to make use of it as little as is possible. I say no more, because I must inclose a word to dear Mrs. Morice; and George says, he shall be ready soon to part. God bless and preserve you both, and send you a happy meeting and continuance with your ever affectionate father, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER LXXXIX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpellier, Sept. 3, 1729.

I Have so much to say to you, that I can hardly say any thing to you till I see you. My heart is full; but it is in vain to begin upon paper what I can never end. I have a thousand desires to see you, which are checked by a thousand fears lest any ill accident should happen to you in the journey. God preserve you in every step of it, and send you safe hither! And I will endeavour, by his blessing and assistance, to send you well back again, and to accompany you in the journey, as far as the law of England will suffer me. I stay here only to receive
and

and take care of you (for no other view should have hindered my coming into the North of France this autumn); and I live only to help towards lengthening your life, and rendering it, if I can, more agreeable to you: for I see not of what use I am, or can be, in other respects. I shall be impatient till I hear you are safely landed, and as impatient after that till you are safely arrived in your winter quarters. God, I hope, will favour you with good weather, and all manner of good accidents on the way; and I will take care, my dear love, to make you as easy and happy as I can at the end of your journey.

I have written to Mr. Morice about every thing I can think of relating to your accommodation on the road, and shall not therefore repeat any part of it in this letter, which is intended only to acknowledge a mistake under which I find myself. I thought I loved you before as much as I could possibly. But I feel such new degrees of tenderness arising in me upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with. God will reward you, I hope, for your pity to me, which had, I doubt not, its share in producing this resolution, and will in rewarding you

reward

reward me also; that being the chief thing I have to beg of him.

Adieu, my dear heart, till I see you! and till then satisfy yourself, that, whatever uneasiness your journey may give you, my expectation of you, and concern for you, will give me more. I am got to another page, and must do violence to myself to stop here—But I will—and abruptly bid you, my dear heart, adieu, till I bid you welcome to Montpellier.

A line, under your own hand, pray, by the post that first sets out after you land at Bourdeaux.

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XC.

Mr. MORICE to the Bishop of
ROCHESTER.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Plymouth, Sept. 26, 1729.

WE are still kept here by contrary winds, attended with as bad weather as was ever known, as to rain, storms, thunder and lightning. I think it necessary to acquaint you with it, that it may hinder your surprise at our not getting as yet to Bourdeaux; a

place I have many days wished to see, but have still a very distant prospect of it; for the wind seems fixed to a point that will not suffer a ship to venture out of harbour to that part of the world where we are bound. Hard is our fate. Dear Mrs. Morice deserves a much better. She is confined here in a very languishing condition; and I will avoid mentioning how ill she is, for it will but grieve you; and you may rest satisfied, that nothing on this side the water can be done for her more than is: I hope she will soon get on the other, and that we shall find somebody at Bourdeaux to assist us upon our landing. She must rest there some little time, before she can possibly be able to proceed further on the journey. It is now near six weeks since we left Delahay-street; and she has declined very hastily in that time. It is a lamentable circumstance to be so long retarded on our way at such a juncture. Every hour, for these many days past, has been grievous to me on that account. God send a speedy change for the better in her health, and in the winds to waft us soon over to you! You are constantly in her thoughts, and her most ardent wish is to see you.

you. She sends her duty by me, which she cannot at present convey to you any other way. I beg your blessing and prayers ; and shall ever remain, my honoured Lord, your truly affectionate son and servant,

WM. MORICE.

LETTER XCI.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mrs. MORICE.

MY DEAR HEART,

Montpellet, Sept. 27, 1729.

I Want words to express the concern I am under on your account. Never any thing happened so unluckily as the cross winds of this season. If you are not landed, you must have been now sixteen days at sea, the consequence of which I dread, especially if you have had the same ill weather at sea as we for two several nights during this time have had at land. But I trust in God that has not been the case. However, by letters this day from Bourdeaux, I hear that you were not landed on Saturday last ; and they tell me, that the last ships that came from
England

England were eighteen days in their passage. So that you may be still some days at sea, having sailed only on the eleventh from Dover. The thought of this gives me the utmost pain and disquiet; nor am I able to think of any thing besides you, till I have news of your arrival at Bourdeaux. And then these rains that have fallen will render the roads less easy to be passed than I apprehended they would be; so that the land-journey itself, especially after such a troublesome passage by sea, will, I fear, be very disagreeable to you. God send all may end well! His will be done!

A merchant at Bourdeaux, of Mr. Bose's acquaintance, will attend you at your landing; and ease Mr. Morice of a good deal of the trouble of freeing what you bring with you from the claims of the custom-house, and helping to embark them again on the Garrone, for Toulouse. At Toulouse Mr. Bose's sister is desired to take care of you. Pray avoid all civilities that she, or any other, shall proffer you on the way, that are not entirely consistent with your own ease. I am equally afraid lest there should be too much of this kind in your ill state of health, as

Q

lest

lest you should want any real conveniences. All ceremonies and civilities, that do not tend entirely to accommodate you with what you want, must be very disagreeable to you. I know not what to say, or what to advise. God preserve you, and send you safe to your journey's end, where your disconsolate afflicted father does, with the utmost impatience, wait for you. Adieu, my dear heart ! Keep up your spirits, as well as you can, till you get to Montpellier. There all conveniences are prepared for you, and all the care that is possible shall be taken of you.

DEAR MR. MORICE,

I do not know in what condition Mrs. Morice may land, and how far therefore it may be fit to put this letter into her hands : so, though I have written it to her, I shall superscribe it to you. I pray God it may never come to your hands, and that you may have left Bourdeaux before it arrives there ! God bless you both ! and send you safe to the end of this terrible journey, which gives me more uneasiness than I am able to tell you.

I have written twice to Mr. C——, to beg him to pitch upon a parcel of good wine,
or

FROM BP. ATTERBURY. 227

or several parcels of several sorts, which may be sent hither with the rest of your baggage. Do not let that, or any thing else, retard your journey one moment, if Mrs. Morrice, upon landing, finds herself able to take it. The Bourdeaux merchant will take care of sending every thing after you by water; and Mr. C—— can do his part as well after you have left Bourdeaux as while you are there, provided the wine is tasted and approved by you.—I am in the utmost confusion, and know not well what I write to you.

FR. ROFFEN.

L E T T E R XCII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

Montpelier, Oct. 4, 1729.

I thank you for yours of August 24; since which you received mine, I suppose, of Aug. 13, then upon the road while you was writing yours. I have answers to letters of the same date [Aug. 13.] which I wrote to your parts; but have nothing from you. I hope the heats at Rome, which I hear have

Q 2

been

been moderate this year, have not disagreed with you. Those of Montpelier began in July to grow intolerable ; and had I not fled to the mountains, as I did precipitately, without looking behind me, I had been lost : for the gout was got into my stomach, where it never was before ; and the violent heat of the season so increased and enraged the pain, that no remedies I could take in this place did any thing towards tempering and allaying it ; and my physicians themselves were frightened, and at a loss how to deal with me. I forbore therefore to take their medicines ; and, instead of them, took a resolution of my own, of returning ten leagues into the Cevennes, where I knew nobody ; and the cool refreshing air of a village there happened to do me more good than all their prescriptions ; for immediately the symptoms abated ; and, after two months continuance there, I returned free from my pains and all the ill consequences of them. I give you this particular account, because in yours you seem in some concern to desire it ; and for the same reason I will tell you freely how the distemper came to make me this first visit in my stomach. I had lived on milk six weeks without purging,
purely

purely by the fault of my physician, who said my constitution was so good, that I did not need it. I relied on his opinion, till I found myself in a fever. That fever brought on a fit of the gout; which, finding my stomach weakened by so long a milk diet, laid hold of it, and was with great difficulty persuaded to quit it. This is my history; about which you was so curious and inquisitive. Now you have it, you may lay it up among the other curiosities you are collecting of equal moment. My ail is over for the present; but poor Mrs. Morice's distemper, a consumption, prevails upon her. She is forced to fly to this place, as her only refuge, and hopes to recover, upon wintering here. Pray God she may, after the terrible journey she has taken, and from which she is not yet arrived. Ten days she lay wind-bound at Dover; and there are twenty days now since she sailed, without my hearing that she is yet landed at Bourdeaux; after that, she has a long step to make hither, whither if she gets safe, I will nurse her as well as I can. She had a mind to have ventured all the way by land; but her physicians judged it impossible in her weak state, and would not suffer her.

I hope all will be for the best: the sea itself, if it has done her no harm, will certainly do her a great deal of good. I am in great concern and pain till I see her; and therefore shall end this long epistle, which is entirely about myself and my own affairs, because you would have it so.

Adieu! and believe me your faithful friend
and humble servant, FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. MORICE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Bourdeaux, Oct. 20, 1729, N. S.

ALL my letters of late have been freighted with ill news, uncomfortable for me to write, and you to receive. This brings better tidings; for I have now the satisfaction to acquaint you, that, after many difficulties, I have brought dear Mrs. Morice alive to this place; and I trust in God the change of air and climate will at last work about the desired effect. She is extremely weak, and our land-journey will, I fear, prove very tiresome to her. I shall make it by very slow stages, and by that means
ren-

render it as easy as possible. We cannot think of beginning it till three or four days hence. We have recieved several of your kind letters which lay here for us. I shall observe the contents of them, and excuse troubling you with a particular answer, being so soon, I hope, to have a joyful meeting with you.

I have brought the knives and glass sconces along with me; which, with several other things, I propose to put under the care of Monsieur Foucques (the merchant of Mr. Bose's acquaintance to whom I am recommended) to forward to Montpellier. I have not yet seen him. He is out of town, and is not expected till Friday morning. An agent of his comes this minute to wait on me, and advises me by no means to carry the knives and other things along with me, for they are prohibited; but to leave them to his care to send; and we shall have full as much baggage otherwise to carry with us as our chaises can bear.—Mrs. Morice, though in her bed, is resolved to write you a line or two; so I shall add no more this post, but repeated assurances of being ever your Lordship's most obedient and faithful,

WM. MORICE.

LETTER XCIV.

Mrs. MORICE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER,
at Montpellier.

[The last words she ever wrote].

DEAR PAPA,

Bordeaux, Oct. 20, 1729.

I have reason to believe the sight of my hand-writing will give you pleasure, as the thought of my being so soon to see you does me. I therefore send this scrawl, to assure you, not of my being well, but of my not being worse since I landed here; and to thank you for all your kind and tender letters, which serve to revive my spirits, and I hope will support them till we meet. I am impatient till we do, and ever, dear Papa, your most affectionate daughter,

MARY MORICE,

LET.

LETTER XCV*.

Mr. MORICE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Bordeaux, Oct. 24, 1729.

MY letter, four days ago, gave you an account of our landing at this place. I all along promised myself, that, after getting over the sea, the worst of the journey would be over; but I find myself unfortunately mistaken. Dear Mrs. Morice is grown worse than she was at landing, and finds herself so weak as not to be able to bear a post-chaise; so that those you sent to fetch her will be of no use. I have done every thing in the power of myself or friends, to procure a litter; but no such voiture is to be had here. Monsieur Foucques has done his best; but all Bordeaux cannot furnish one. Under this sad necessity, I have desired Mr. Foucques to write to his correspondent at Toulouse to order a litter immediately from thence, to

* Upon receipt of this letter, the Bishop immediately set out post for Toulouse, to meet Mrs. Morice. J, E,

meet

meet us on the road ; and for the present have hired a great boat, which is to be furnished by a Tapissier in such a manner as to prevent dear Mrs. Morice's taking any cold upon the water : and by this means I hope to begin our journey from hence to-morrow. I am very uneasy about it, and under great confusion what steps to take. She is desirous of advancing towards you, though it will be by very slow degrees ; and indeed I wish she may be able to reach Montpelier, the place we depend on for some relief. God grant it may be found soon ! for I am not well able to bear so great a misfortune as seems to threaten me. The boat we have hired is to carry us to Agen, where the litter from Toulouse is directed to meet us. From Agen you shall hear further from me, or of me. If I cannot write myself, I shall desire Mr. Evans, who came over with us, to write for me.

I have made this a long letter, considering the affliction I am under. If matters happen not to mend, I could wish your health would admit of your meeting us on the way. I am sensible how inconvenient travelling will be to you, and therefore would not put you hastily

tily upon it, though I shall not know what to do for want of you, if she continues in the desperate way she seems to be in at present. Last night she made her own reflection, how much she was decayed since she left her own house at Westminster; and indeed it is too visible. So many melancholy thoughts flow in upon me, that I must quit my pen, with subscribing myself, my honoured Lord, your ever dutiful son and servant,

WM. MORICE.

P. S. Monday morning, 7 o'clock.

The post going from hence early in the morning, I wrote the foregoing late last night, and kept it open, in hopes of giving some better account of my dear wife; but she has had a very bad fit about five this morning, and my despair increases upon me. She is impatient to see you, and will, if she can, set out from hence to-morrow, though I fear she will scarce reach Toulouse, without some unexpected turn in her favour. Adieu! I am ready to burst with grief,

LET-

LETTER XCVI*.

Mr. MORICE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

MY HONOURED LORD,

Agen, Monday, Oct. 31, 1729.

WE fet out last Tuesday morning from Bourdeaux, and reached this place, by water, yesterday night. I thank God, dear Mrs. Morice has held out thus far; which gives me hopes of bringing her yet to our journey's end, though every now and then I almost despair of it. She is in the weakest condition you can imagine. I expected to have found a litter waiting our arrival at this place, according to the directions Monsieur Fouques sent to Monsieur Maignial his correspondent at Toulouse on that head; but, instead of it, I just now received a letter, acquainting me that no litter is to be had, and that I must take my measures accordingly. I have done so; and we shall fet out from

* This letter, being directed to Montpellier, did not reach the Bishop's hands till after Mrs. Morice's death; his lordship having begun his journey to Toulouse upon receipt of Mr. Morice's letter (of Oct. 24) from Bourdeaux.

hence

hence to-morrow, in the same boat which brought us from Bourdeaux hither; which perhaps may prove the best way, though a tedious one; for it will take six or seven days to go up the river from this place to Toulouse. But Mrs. Morice is more at her ease in the boat, than she could be in any other voiture. She has a little cabin made up for her in it, and lies upon a mattress all the way. She has not strength to support herself for any time without lying down. I have also with me a *chaise à porteur*, to carry her to and from the boat, to the places where we must lodge at nights, and I should not have known what to have done if I had not taken that precaution. You may easily imagine in what a disconsolate condition I am; one day flattering me with hopes of her doing well, and the next throwing me into the utmost despair. I cannot tell whether this letter may reach you at Montpellier; for probably you are upon the way to meet us, after receiving mine of Monday last: I hope you are. My dear wife longs earnestly to see you; and indeed there is no visible certainty at present of her getting to Montpellier. I should be overjoyed to see you at Toulouse. The meeting would give new life to Mrs. Morice, on whom my
happiness

happinefs entirely depends. All duty and respect conclude this from, my honoured lord, your truly affectionate fon and servant,

WM. MORICE.

NUMBER XCVII.

Mr. EVANS's * Diary of Journey and Voyage from Westminster to Bourdeaux, and to Toulouse. A. D. 1729.

Aug. 19. We fet out from Westminster,—arrived at Dover the 21st,—there we were detained by contrary winds ten days.

31. The wind being a little favourable, we put to sea; were drove into Plymouth Sept. 2d. There we lay wind-bound 25 days, not setting sail from thence till Sept. 27; and after beating at sea four days in very stormy and tempestuous weather, we were forced into Falmouth, Sept. 30.

Oct. 2. We fet sail from Falmouth with a fair wind, and landed at Bourdeaux Oct. $\frac{7}{11}$, 1729.

* Mr. J. EVANS, a gentleman who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Morice on their voyage from Dover to Bourdeaux, and from thence to Toulouse, and was present at the time of her death. See Letters XCVIII. and C.

N. B.

N. B. Mrs. Morice found herself very ill whilst at Dover, as well as at Plymouth. She bore the voyage better than could be expected, was never sea-sick, and seemed easier on the water than ashore; but constantly kept her bed whilst on board,

Upon our arrival at Bourdeaux, we found a servant belonging to the Bishop of Rochester, who had been waiting there for us above six weeks.

We staid at Bourdeaux seven days, as well to give rest to Mrs. Morice, as to make the necessary preparations for our intended journey to Montpelier. One day she attempted to take an airing in a chaise; but was not abroad half an hour, before she was too sensible of her weakness, and found herself unable to bear that way of travelling; and that the two chaises, which the Bishop had taken care to send from Montpelier to fetch her, could be of no use. Upon this we endeavoured to procure a litter, but no such voiture was to be met with at or near Bourdeaux. We at last fixed our passage as far as Agen, which is about half way between Bourdeaux and Toulouse, by water, and hired a large boat (very commodiously equipped

equipped for the purpose) to carry us thither, where we expected to find a litter from Toulouse to meet us, according to the directions that had been dispatched thither on that head.

We took boat from Bourdeaux Oct. 25. in the morning, and arrived at Agen the 30th at night.

N.B. Mrs. Morice had been extremely ill some days at Bourdeaux, and gave a good deal of reason for us to fear ill consequences: but she performed the six days journey to Agen beyond expectation, and flattered us with new hopes of her recovery; though the several stages were very tedious, since we were seldom less than 10 or 12 hours in the boat, the weather generally bad, and the accommodations we met with at the inns, where we lay at nights, for the most part very indifferent. However, Mrs. Morice got no hurt by the way, great care having been taken to prevent her catching cold; a convenient cabin hung with tapestry was prepared in the boat, as well as a kitchen, for her use, and a bed for her to lie down and repose herself.

We

We stopped at Agen all Monday, Oct. 31, where we received advice from Toulouse, that no litter was to be had from thence; and that we must take our measures accordingly. Hereupon we agreed for the same boat which brought us to Agen, to carry us on to Toulouse.

N. B. The boatmen were very pressing not to proceed the next day, and begged earnestly for a little more rest: but Mrs. Morice would by no means consent to the losing one day, saying, "Dear Mr. Morice, you don't know what a day may be to me!" So on Tuesday, November 1, we began our journey from Agen to Toulouse.

On the 5th of November we got as far as Grenade, a large town, affording good conveniencies.

N. B. Mrs. Morice was observed to change for the worse this afternoon; but nevertheless was able to bear the fatigue of going in a chair from the boat to the town, which was a good half-league from the river-side; and was the next morning carried back again to the boat, without finding herself more discomposed by the conveyance than she used to be.

Nov. 6. We left Grenade early in the morning, hoping to get to Toulouse that day; but night overtaking us by the time we reached Blagnac, a little village half a league short of the town, we thought it best to stop there, and take up with the ill accommodations that place afforded.

N. B. Mrs. Morice was very ill most part of this day's journey; and became extremely uneasy towards the end of it; and growing still worse towards midnight, it was thought proper to call up the boat-men, and make the best of our way (though by night) to Toulouse, where she hoped to meet her father. We embarked about two o'clock in the night-time, and about five entered the canal. We got ashore, and came to Toulouse between seven and eight o'clock, on Monday morning the 7th of November, N. S.

OBSERVATIONS upon the foregoing Diary.

IT was a sort of good luck that no litter was to be got at Bourdeaux, nor even at Toulouse; for it soon appeared that Mrs. Morice's weakness was so great, that she could never have borne any sort of conveyance by land; and would, in all probability, have

have died on the road to Toulouse, without seeing her father (whom she impatiently longed to see), had she been carried in a litter, or in any other voiture than a boat.

It is also remarkable, that if Mrs. Morice had not been so pressing to leave Agen the very day we went from thence, but had yielded to the importunity of the boatmen, who earnestly pleaded for a day of rest; or if, upon her being so very ill (on Sunday-night, Nov. 6,) at Blagnac, a resolution had not been taken of travelling on the water by night; in either case she had undoubtedly died without reaching Toulouse, or having the comfort of seeing her father, which of all things she passionately desired.

It is also observable, as a piece of good fortune, that the Bishop's health (which is so much impaired by the gout, that for several months in the year he is not able to stir abroad) should, at that juncture, happen to be such as to allow him to take a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, to meet his daughter, and take his last farewell of her.

LETTER XCVIII.

Mr. J. EVANS to his Brother in London.

DEAR BROTHER,

Toulouſe, Nov. 9, 1729.

AFTER a very tedious and fatiguing journey, Mr. Morice and his lady arrived here on Monday morning, the 7th, about seven o'clock, when ſhe met her father; the only thing, I believe, ſhe had to deſire of God in this world. She went to bed, and never ſlept till ſhe ſlept her laſt; and well may it be called ſo; for never was death received in ſo compoſed a manner, as I ſhall diſtinctly relate to you from Montpelier. She received the ſacrament (upon her earneſtly deſiring to have it if poſſible) about an hour and half before ſhe expired. That remaining time ſhe employed in directing what ſhe would have done in the moſt material things that relate to family affairs, and that in a very moving manner; and one of the laſt was to call her huſband to her; when ſhe ſaid, "Dear Mr. Morice, take care of the children—I know you will: remember me to "the Dutcheſs of Buckingham!"—This fatal ſtroke, being given on the way to her intended

tended port, must, you will think, put us into uncommon disorder. Mr. Morice goes for England, as soon as in a condition to do it. Pray give my family an account of this; and I shall, from Montpelier, do the same at large, as well as to yourself. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

J. EVANS.

L E T T E R XCIX*.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to MR. POPE.

Nov. 20, 1729.

YES, dear Sir, I have had all you designed for me; and have read all (as I read whatever you write) with esteem and pleasure. But your last letter, full of friendship and goodness, gave me such impressions of concern and tenderness, as neither I can express, nor you, perhaps, with all the force of your imagination, fully conceive.

I am not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you; and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you.

* An imperfect copy of this Letter is printed in Pope's Works, vol. VIII. p. 138. The variations are worth observing.

My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly, employed on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects; but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparem sensi, & penè succubui.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it towards something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time, I shall be pleased to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruptions as I have met with. You outdo others on all occasions; my hope, and my opinion is, that on moral subjects, and in drawing characters, you will outdo yourself. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents; your
know-

knowledge and judgement are at the height; use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future times; and, if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Remember Virgil died at 52, and Horace at 58; and as bad as both their constitutions were, yours is yet more delicate and tender. Employ not your precious moments and great talents on little men and little things: but chuse a subject every way worthy of you; and handle it, as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were; and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

“ ——— gelidus tardante senectâ
 “Sanguis hebet, frigentque effæto in corpore vires.”

However, I should be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the South of France much more than I did at Paris, though even there I sensibly improved. What happened to me here last summer was merely the effect of my folly, in trusting too much to a physician,

who kept me six weeks in a milk diet, without purging me, contrary to all the rules of the faculty. The milk threw me at last into a fever; and that fever soon produced the gout; which, finding my stomach weakened by a long disuse of meat, attacked it, and had like at once to have dispatched me. The excessive heats of this place concurred to heighten the symptoms; but in the midst of my distemper I took a sturdy resolution of retiring thirty miles into the mountains of the Cevennes; and there I soon found relief from the coolness of the air and the verdure of the climate, though not to such a degree as not still to feel some reliques of those pains in my stomach, which till lately I had never felt. Had I staid, as I intended, there till the end of October, I believe my cure had been perfected; but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved called me abruptly to Montpellier; where after continuing two months under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above
all

all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character; for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me in those few hours greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

“ — placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.”

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel, on this occasion; and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion

Religion furnish me; and on those I lay hold, and make use of, as well as I can; and hope that He who laid the burthen upon me (for wise and good purposes, no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here; and, with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu, till we meet, either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

A friend I have with me will convey this safely to your hands; though perhaps it may be some time before it reaches you: whenever it does, it will give you a true account of the posture of mind I was in when I wrote it, and which I hope may by that time be a little altered.

FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER C.

Mr. J. EVANS to his Brother.

DEAR BROTHER, Montpelier, Nov. 30, 1729.

IN mine of the 9th instant from Toulouse, I promised you a more particular account of the death of Mrs. Morice at my arrival here, where I got the 13th; but, within an hour after, was confined to my bed by a fit of the gout, which took me the last day on the road, and held me ten days; so that I was not out of my bed for two hours in all that time: but, having now again the use of my hand, I do with pleasure write to you and keep my promise.

On Sunday the 6th instant, N. S. in the evening we reached Blagnac, a village not above half a league, by land, from Toulouse; but by water (by reason of a very strong current, and the windings of the river) it takes three hours to get up to the town. So it was resolved, rather than expose Mrs. Morice too much to the fatigue (of which she had undergone an infinite deal, and bore it with incredible patience), or keep her late on the
water,

water, to rest at Blagnac that night, where she was put to bed in the same weak condition she usually had been, but not seemingly worse. But about midnight the women came to Mr. Morice and me, and told us, they thought they saw her changed. We rose, and came to her chamber; where we found her so very ill, that we thought fit to call up the boatmen, and order them to prepare the boat to part immediately; fearing much, from the change we saw, that, near as she was to it, she would scarce live to reach Toulouse, which we all earnestly desired to do, since no physician, or other help, could be had, in the poor place where we then were. She herself pressed this matter; and we well knew, that all her desires and wishes were constantly bent upon seeing her father, whom she hoped to find at Toulouse. She was taken out of her bed, at her own desire, and carried to the boat with great difficulty, not being able to sit in the chair which Mr. Morice had brought from Bourdeaux, with two chairmen, purely for the carrying her in and out of the boat more at her ease; and so we parted thence about two o'clock in the morning, sending two servants, by land, to procure

cure a litter to meet her at the landing-place. About five we arrived there ; and soon after six the litter came, which carried Mrs. Morice to the house in Toulouse, where her father was expecting her arrival, and not knowing, till then, how near or how far off she was, though he had dispatched a man and horse to get intelligence of us, who happened to miss us. When the servants, who had been sent for the litter, returned, she was informed of the Bishop's being at Toulouse, and seemed to take new spirits upon it, which no doubt were of great use, to enable her to bear going in the litter, which otherwise she could scarce have done, even for so short a way. After she had been put into her bed (where, as I told you, she never slept till she slept her last) and had a little recovered the fatigue she underwent in the conveyance from the boat, which was about a mile, her father, whom she immediately enquired after, came into her room, and was startled to find her in so very low a condition. After mutual expressions of concern and tenderness, she particularly acknowledged the great blessing that was granted her, of meeting her dear Papa ; and exerted all the little life that was in her,
in

in grasping his hands with her utmost force, as she often did; and told him, that meeting was the chief thing that she had ardently desired.

The Bishop some time after left her chamber, that she might compose herself, and that he might himself give vent to the just grief he was filled with, to see his beloved child in a manner expiring. But we found she took no rest; so he soon returned, and then said prayers by her, and proposed to her the receiving the holy sacrament the next morning, when he hoped she might have been a little refreshed in order to it: she embraced the offer with much satisfaction. He then asked her, for fear of any accident, if she was not desirous to have the absolution of the church? She declared she was; and begged to have it. After some little private discourse with her, he gave it her, in the form prescribed in "the Visitation of the Sick;" and she expressed great comfort upon receiving it. A physician had been sent for immediately upon her arrival. When he came, he gave little hopes, but said all depended upon the manner of her passing that night; and in the mean time prescribed only what would be comfortable
and

and cordial to her stomach and bowels, which she was to take every three hours. It had that effect; for she seemed to lie pretty composed and easy the rest of the day; and her purging, which before had been extremely troublesome, became less violent.

She once mentioned Dr. Wyntle, who you know had been her physician; and who had so neglected her as for some time before she left England never to come near her, according to his appointment, nor give the least direction for her management in the long voyage she was about to make. She said to the Bishop, "Dear Papa, has Mr. Morice told you how Dr. Wyntle has served us?" Who answered, "Yes, my dear, I know it all; but do not let that trouble you now." She replied, "Oh, no, Papa, I do not trouble myself about that; I have other things to think of at this time; but I did not know whether Mr. Morice had told you."

Hoping by this time she might incline to take a little rest, her father and husband retired, it being between eleven and twelve at night; but about two in the morning she sent one of her women to me (who lay on the same floor, in the next room to her) to de-

fire

fire to speak to me; and when I came, she said, not seemingly with much pain, but with such a shortness of breath, that she was forced to breathe after every two or three words; “Mr. Evans, I have been working—these “three hours—and would fain—have the “sacrament.” I wondered at her sending for me on that account, her husband and father being both near at hand; but I found afterwards it was her unwillingness, by a direct message from herself, too much to alarm either of them. However, being then not apprised of her reason for it, I doubted a little of her being in her right senses, and said, “Madam, would you *now* receive the “sacrament?” She said, “Yes, I would— “if possible—presently—.” Of which the Bishop being immediately advised, as was Mr. Morice, and every thing prepared, he came, and administered to her, and to all present, the sacrament; and afterwards, at her desire, continued repeating the prayers of the church till she began to draw very near her end; and then he used and continued the commendatory prayer only; she all the while holding her hands in a posture of prayer, and sometimes joining in a low voice with him.

After

After this, her father being gone from the bed-side, she called for him (as she had very frequently done) and again said to him—

“Dear Papa—what a blessing is it—that after—such a long—troublesome—journey—we have—the comfort—of this meeting!”

And indeed, when I reflect on it, and consider the weak condition she was in upon the road, the many accidents that happened to retard the voyage, and the last effort she made when she was at the worst towards finishing it, I cannot but think that that meeting seemed granted by Heaven to her continual fervent prayers for it.

About this time she called to her husband (who was always in near attendance upon her) and said “Dear Mr. Morice—take care of the children—I know you will—Remember me—to the Dutchess of Buckingham.”

She also in a proper place recommended her servants to Mr. Morice.

She now found her feet cold, and ordered them to be rubbed, at the same time calling for her broth; but when it came, not being able to swallow it, she turned herself on her left side, and rested her head on her left hand,

hand, which she doubled; extending her right hand and arm over the bed-cloaths; and in this posture she continued drawing her breath shorter and shorter, but with the least emotion that possibly could be, till she at last expired, a quarter before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, Nov. 8. N. S.

An entire resignation to the will of God, a piety towards her father, husband, and family, made her death full of the religion of a Saint, and of the regularity and composedness of a Philosopher. It was then she gave a seal and sanction to the judgement and affection of her friends; and shewed one of the best and wisest, as well as noblest, of her sex (the Dutchess of Buckingham, who I have heard had a very great regard for her), that she had made a right judgement of her, and bestowed her love on one who deserved it. Such a death, at the end of a virtuous life, would make one see what is dearest and nearest to us expire, not only without uneasiness, but with pleasure, were human nature capable of acting by reason at such a time, without passion: but the most exalted of mankind partake of the dying pains of those that nature and affection have made dear to them; and even feel agonies which the dying are
some-

FROM BP. ATTERBURY. 259

sometimes, by special favour, exempted from, as I really think she was.

I shall conclude this account with a reflection I made at the time: That it was well worth my while to have taken so long a voyage; though I was immediately to return home again, and reap no other benefit from it than the seeing what passed in the last hours of Mrs. Morice. I am, dear brother, yours most affectionately,

J. EVANS.

L E T T E R C I.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 20, 1729.

I Venture to thank you for your kind and friendly letter, because I think myself very sure of a safe conveyance; and I am uneasy till I have told you what impressions it made upon me. I will do it with the same simplicity and truth with which I wrote to you from Montpelier upon a very melancholy occasion; the memory of which would have been in the most touching manner awakened by what you writ, had it been entirely laid asleep, as it never will or can be. Time, and a succession of other objects, added to reason and religion (for even these great prin-

ciples, that should command our nature, want now and then some assistances from it) may divert the attention of my mind from what it loves too much to think of, though it finds no pleasure in such thoughts: they may deaden the quick sense of grief, and prevent the frequent returns of it; but where it is well fixed, they cannot extinguish it.

L E T T E R C H I I.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to *****.

DEAR SIR,

[Undated.]

YOUR endeavours that I may forget my misfortune are truly noble. It would be to deserve them to fly from resolution. They shall not depress me; but I must help to bear what you tell me lies so heavy upon my friends. I preserve a mean, which is the excellence, justice, and fitness of all things in the moral system,

Virtue's a mean, and vice is an excess,

In doing more than's fit, or doing less.

To poetise, my friend, is no mark of a depressed fancy or excessive sorrow; but a sort of a comical way of treating things serious, not after the subtle fashions of those you speak of, that would magnify nature by depressing the

the Deity ; who, setting forth their necessary agreement, make unnecessary strife. With reverence do I mention these things, and know,

How the great love of nature fills thy mind,
And universal kindness to thy kind.

am, while thus juvenile, an advocate for, and not a railer against, extremes. Those symptoms strongly bode a second youth, that vapours with a feeble and defective flame ; it is the innervated arm of Priam, impotently raised against the thundering rage of youthful Pyrrhus. However, this epistle, my dear friend, shall not become more tawdry by its not being of a piece ; for I will conclude with answering your last serious question with another scrap of poetry :

Whate'er the soul of nature has design'd,
And wrought on matter, is the effect of mind ;
The form of substance is the former's art,
Hence beauty and design that strike the heart ;
There's nought in simple matter to delight,
'Tis the fair workmanship that takes the sight.
The beautiful effect of mind alone
Is comely, and in all things comely shown.
Where mind is not, there horror needs must be,
For matter formless is deformity.

L E T T E R C H I I I .

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. DENNIS.

S I R,

Paris, 1730.

I Hear one of my adversaries * has not considered duly your merit; but continues firm to the present fashion of distinguishing every kind of it by ill treatment.

I am informed, by the news-papers, that there is a voluntary subscription going forwards for your advantage. I send you my mite †, which I have really borrowed in order thereto; for it so happens, that some enemies of mine enjoy an affluence I am deprived of; but I have made this little effort as one instance that it is people, not denominations, I consider; and, to the best of my small power of shewing, I always shall be proud of doing it.

FR. ROFFEN.

* Sir Robert Walpole, whom the Bishop always considered as the principal instigator of the measures that were taken against him.

† The Bishop and Mr. Dennis had been very intimate at their first setting-out in the world (especially when his Lordship was preacher at the Rolls). What he here calls his mite, was the genteel present of £. 100. Mr. Dennis died in 1734, and was buried at the parish-church of St. Martin in the Fields.

LET.

LETTER CIV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Monf. ROLLIN.

REVERENDE ATQUE ERUDITISSIME VIR,

6^o Kal. Jan. 1731. [Dec. 27, 1730.]

CUM, monente amico quodam, qui juxta ædes tuas habitat, scirem te Parisios revertisse; statui salutatum te ire, ut primum per valetudinem liceret. Id officii, expedum infirmitate aliquandiu dilatum, cum tandem me impleturum sperarem, frustra feci; domi non eras. Restat, ut quod coram exequi non potui, scriptis saltem literis præstem; tibi que ob ea omnia (quibus à te auctus sum) beneficia, grates agam, quas habeo certè, & semper habiturus sum, maximas.

Reverà munera illa librorum nuperis à te annis editorum egregia ac perhonorifica mihi visa sunt. Multi enim facio, & te, vir præstantissime: & tua omnia quæcunque in isto literarum genere perpolita sunt; in quo quidem te cæteris omnibus ejusmodi scriptoribus facile antecellere, atque esse eundem & dicendi & sentiendi magistrum optimum, prorsus existimo: cumque in excolendis his

studiis aliquantulum ipse & operis & temporis posuerim, liberè tamen profiteor me, tua cum legam ac relegam, ea edoctum esse a te, non solum quæ nesciebam prorsus, sed etiam quæ antea didicisse mihi visus sum. Modestè itaque nimium de opere tuo sentis, cum juventuti tantum instituendæ elaboratum id esse contendis. Ea certè scribis, quæ à viris istiusmodi rerum haud imperitis, cum voluptate & fructu legi possunt. Vetera quidem & factis cognita revocas in memoriam; sed ita revocas, ut illustres, ut ornes; ut aliquid vetustis adjicias quod novum sit; alienis quod omnino tuum; bonasque picturas bonâ in luce collocando efficis, ut etiam iis a quibus sæpius spectæ sunt, elegantiores tamen solito appareant, & placeant magis.

Certè, dum Xenophontem sæpius versas, ab illo, & ea quæ à te plurimis in locis narrantur, & ipsum ubique narrandi modum videris traxisse, stylique Xenophontei nitorem ac venustam simplicitatem non imitari tantum, sed planè assequi; ita ut si Gallicè scisset Xenophon, non aliis illum, in eo argumento quod tractas, verbis usurum, non alio prorsus more scripturum judicem.

Hæc

Hæc ego, haud assentandi causâ (quod vitium procul a me abest) sed verè ex animi sententiâ dico. Cùm enim pulchris a te donis ditatus sim, quibus, in eodem, aut in aliquopiam doctrinæ genere referendis, imparem me sentio, volui tamen propensi erga te animi gratique testimonium proferre, & te aliquo saltem munusculo *, & si perquam dissimili, remunerari.

Perge, vir docte admodum & venerande, de bonis literis, quæ nunc neglectæ passim & sprete jacent, benè mereri: perge juventutem Gallicam (quando illi solummodo te utilem esse vis) optimis & præceptis & exemplis informare.

Quod ut facias, annis ætatis tuæ elapsis multos adjiciat Deus! iisque decurrentibus sanum te præstet atque incolumem. Hoc ex animo optat ac vovet tui observantissimus,

FRANCISCUS ROFFENSIS.

P. S. Pransurum te mecum post Festa dixit mihi amicus ille noster qui tibi vicinus est. Cum statueris tecum quo die adfuturus es, id illi significabis. Me certè annis malisque debilitatum, quandocunque veneris, domi invenies.

* The Bishop had sent him his Sermons.

LET.

LETTER CV.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. —.

SIR, May 1st, 1731.

THE difference of sentiments about the administering the holy eucharist, which has occasioned a separation of communion among the Nonjuring Clergy, has been always matter of just concern and grief to me. I expressed my thoughts of it when in England, once to Dr. Bret *, and more than once to Mr. Collier †; together with my earnest wishes, that some way might be found out of

* Dr. Thomas Bret, born Sept. 3, 1667. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards entered into orders; but, becoming dissatisfied with the oaths directed to be taken by the government, he vacated his living, by neglecting to qualify himself for holding it according to law. From this time, though treated with great kindness and lenity by Archbishops Tenison and Wake, he could not be prevailed upon to be even a lay communicant according to the rights of the Church of England. He published, among other things, "A Dissertation on the principal Liturgies used by the Christian Church in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, 1720;" and died March 5, 1743. See his character in Masters's History of Corpus Christi College, p. 248.

† Probably the celebrated Nonjuror, Dr. Jeremy Collier.

healing

healing that division, which otherwise would, in my opinion, prove mischievous to the common cause, and to the honour and interest of the Church of England. It was therefore with great satisfaction I perused two papers proposed to be signed on each side, for the extinguishing that dispute, and preventing the ill consequences of it; I pray God that proposal might take place, and that no objection to the established form may be insisted on, or ever mentioned any more, till an opportunity shall be given of considering them in full convocation, and of making such alteration as shall be then judged fit and requisite by the same authority by which it stands at present enjoined. FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER CVI.

Mrs. WILLIAMS to her Son.

DEAR SON,

Penallt Ddu, July 19, 1731.

I Received yours about three weeks ago, to my great comfort and satisfaction, in that you were got safe and well to your journey's end, hoping that you intend to return sooner than you promised, by your great care of the little horse, which is in excellent order; and

I hear

I heartily wish you could soon verify the Welsh proverb, "Gwedu treiglo pôb tre têtg "yw edrych tiagadre;" that I might have the pleasure to see you ride him: but I fear your natural bent to the study of antiquities, your desire of polite conversation, your love of elegant living and Italian wines, may be too prevailing motives in retarding your progress towards this poor country, where none of those advantages can be gained in any tolerable degree, as you know very well: however, we have much less reason to complain this year, as I am well assured, than our neighbours in the West of England, where their hay, herbage, summer corn, and kitchen gardens, yield them little or nothing, insomuch that hay was sold at Bristol about the middle of June last for £ 5. per ton, and water two-pence halfpenny per pail, they being obliged to fodder their cattle twice in a day in most places, and in many places even their sheep; and all this by reason of the greatest drought that ever we heard of in those parts; not but that it has been exceedingly dry with us, no flood having been seen in Tivi since Christmas, and the wind continuing near two thirds of the time from then till now easterly; yet, God be praised, we have

FROM BP. ATTERBURY. 269

have a good crop of barley, rye, and wheat; our oats and hay but indifferent indeed. We have had several refreshing showers within this two months, which may be owing to the height of the mountains, by drawing to themselves most of the vapours that floated in the neighbouring atmosphere; but this I submit to your better judgement, who are so well acquainted with the Alps. Your loving and affectionate mother, ANNE WILLIAMS.

LETTER CVII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

November, 1731.

I THANK you, Sir, for both your letters; one of an elder date, from Rome; the other from Albano, of Oct. 10, which I received two days ago. The account you give me of the medal, or coin, with the Triumvirs heads on it, and the cypher of Florus the mint-master on the reverse, is very agreeable news to me; and I must desire you to pursue that discovery as far as you can; and to get me, if possibly you can, a draught of both sides of the coin. If Ficcoroni can procure

cure it from Count Waldec, or it can be procured from the cabinet of Parma, from the printed catalogue of that cabinet, or any other collection, I will gladly pay what is requisite to obtain it. I have seen, as I told you, in England, a brass coin with Augustus's head, after he was entirely possessed of the empire, with a flower on the reverse; and these words, or words like these, under it, "Lucius Florus Triumvir Monetalis F." It is in my Lord Pembroke's collection. This gave me the hint for further enquiries. I cannot go to libraries here, where the Parma Catalogue may be found. You can more easily come at it where you are; and I pray you so to do, and to give yourself some trouble, if necessary, towards perfecting the discovery. I am not ignorant that they graved better in Trajan's time than in the time of Augustus; and there is no doubt of the one of these being rarer than the other. But neither of these circumstances determine my value, which is proportioned to my esteem of the person represented. And therefore, if you have really a Cicero, that may be depended upon as antient, you will do me a pleasure to bestow it on me, I mean, by letting me know what it cost, and giving me
an

an opportunity of purchasing it from you. I know Mr. Waddle, and should be glad to see what he says, to prove the reality of that string of names from Fergus the First to Fergus the Second. I dare say, if Lord Mareschal knew my desires in that respect, he would suffer a copy of the paper to be taken for me.

I will enquire into the truth of what you have been told about the late Duke of Whar-ton's papers, and you shall have an account of it. Your Irishman of Scotch extraction will, I believe, be found to have stretched a little in his narrative. They lay what things they please upon that poor Duke that is gone. He had real faults enough; they need not load his memory with new ones. I thank you for all the other advertisements in your letter. You will find yourself utterly mistaken in one of them—the article from Spain; for the fleet with the forces is sailed, and Don Carlos has actually begun his journey. I cannot enter into other particulars (for I am not a little indisposed), but I thank you heartily for all of them. If I did not comply with the request you made in the name of a good friend of mine, I have sent you my reasons, and I hope you are satisfied with them.

them. I can do any thing for my friends that becomes me to do ; and they will not insist on what does not. This Autumn my health has been various ; nor have I been able to reap all the advantage I wished from this beautiful season. The Winter, that approaches, will, I fear, deal worse with me ; and every succeeding year (if I live to see any more) will bring new infirmities for it. I am come to a time of life when I can have no other expectations. Adieu, Sir ; and believe that, whatever changes may happen to me, there will be none in the desire I have to serve you always to the best of my power. I am concerned for what you say of Mr. Forster's ill state of health. My service to him ; he had a letter from me last post.

FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER CVIII.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, call upon me to say something; and the reputation of an History*, which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody afterward may venture to reprint in England; notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it †. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of it; who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, though it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year; after which, even the healthy and the happy can-

* Lord Clarendon's.

† The Bishop's name, set to the Vindication of Bp. Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous reflections of Oldmixon. See p. 278.

not much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend, who loves and values you extremely; if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing to me on a head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters? and particularly what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Do you pursue the Moral Plan* you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it

* The Essay on Man.

per-

perfected ere I die? and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuse to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But, alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them: the catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours, when the glass begins to run low, and care not to mis-spend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation. They are not of so much worth, perhaps, in themselves, as those which preceded; but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed in reading what you write. But

this is a satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others which are less entertaining.

Adieu, dear Sir; and forgive my engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your mother. I send a paper for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth your while to convey it. My country, at this distance, seems to me a strange sight: I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it: I wish you would tell me.

You may write safely to Mr. Morice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the Chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again. After all, I do and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution
7 which

which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish will be like that of father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* and when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil * describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

“Sternitur ———

“—— et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.”

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another. I am, &c. FR. ROFFEN.

* ——— his eyes

“He casts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and
“dies.”

DRYDEN, *Æn.* X. 1109.

T 3

LET.

LETTER CIX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER's Vindication
of HIMSELF, Bp. SMALRIDGE, and
Dr. ALDRICH.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1731.

I HAVE lately seen an extract of some passages in Mr. Oldmixon's History of England. The first of them is said to be taken from his Preface to that History, p. 9. and runs in these words :

‘ I have, in more than one place of this
‘ History, mentioned the great reason there
‘ is to suspect, that the History of the Rebel-
‘ lion, as it was published at Oxford, was
‘ not entirely the work of the Lord Claren-
‘ don ; who did indeed write an History of
‘ those times, and, I doubt not, a very good
‘ one ; wherein, as I have been (I believe)
‘ well informed, the characters of the kings,
‘ whose reigns are written, were different
‘ from what they appear in the Oxford His-
‘ tory, and its copy, Mr. Echard's. I speak
‘ this by hear-say, but *hear-say from a person*
‘ *superior to all suspicion, and too illustrious to*
‘ *be named without leave.*

‘ I also

* I also humbly refer it to the decision of
 ‘ *another very honourable person*, whether there
 ‘ is not, to his knowledge, such an History,
 ‘ in manuscript, still extant; and to a *Reve-*
 ‘ *rend Doctor now living*, whether he did
 ‘ not see the Oxford copy, by which the
 ‘ book was printed, altered, and interpolat-
 ‘ ed, while it was at the press.

‘ To which I must add, that there is now
 ‘ in custody of a *gentleman of distinction*, both
 ‘ *for merit and quality* *, a History of the Re-
 ‘ bellion, of the first *folio* edition, scored, in
 ‘ many places, by Mr. Edmund Smith, of
 ‘ Christ-Church, Oxon, author of that ex-
 ‘ cellent tragedy Phædra and Hippolytus;
 ‘ who himself altered the Manuscript History,
 ‘ and added what he has there marked, as he
 ‘ confessed with some of his last words,
 ‘ before his death. These alterations, written
 ‘ with his own hand, and to be seen by any
 ‘ one that knows it, may be published, on
 ‘ another occasion, with a farther account of
 ‘ this discovery. In the mean time, for the
 ‘ satisfaction of the publick, I insert a letter,
 ‘ entire, which I received since the last para-
 ‘ graph was written.

* George Duckett, Esq. one of the commis-
 sioners of the excise.

To Mr. OLDMIXON.

SIR,

‘ ACCIDENTALLY looking on some of
 ‘ the sheets of your History of England
 ‘ during the reigns of the Royal House of
 ‘ Stuart, at the bookseller’s, I find that you
 ‘ mention the History of Lord Clarendon,
 ‘ wherein you justly question the genuineness
 ‘ of that book. In order to put the matter
 ‘ out of doubt, I here send you the following
 ‘ account.

‘ Mr. EDMUND SMITH, a man very well
 ‘ known to the learned world, came down to
 ‘ make me a visit at Gartham, about June,
 ‘ 1710; where he continued till he died, about
 ‘ six weeks after.

‘ As our conversation chiefly ran upon
 ‘ Learning and History, you may easily
 ‘ think that Clarendon’s was not forgotten.
 ‘ Upon mentioning that book, he frankly
 ‘ told me, that there had been a fine History
 ‘ written by Lord Clarendon; but what was
 ‘ published under his name was only patch-
 ‘ work, and might as properly be called the
 ‘ History of AL-SMALL: and ATTERBURY;

for,

‘ for, to his knowledge, ’twas alter’d; nay,
 ‘ that he himself was employed by them to in-
 ‘ terpolate and alter the original *.

‘ He then asked me, whether I had the
 ‘ Book by me? If I had, he would convince
 ‘ me of the truth of his assertion, by the very
 ‘ printed copy. I immediately brought him
 ‘ the folio edition; and the first thing he
 ‘ turned to was the character of Mr. Hamp-
 ‘ den, where is that expression, *He had a*
 ‘ *head to contrive, a heart to conceive, and a*

* “ The story was published triumphantly by Oldmixon, and may be supposed to have been eagerly received: but its progress was soon checked; for, finding its way into the Journal of Trevous, it fell under the eye of Atterbury, then an exile in France, who immediately denied the charge, with this remarkable particular, that he never in his whole life had once spoken to Smith; his company being, as must be inferred, not accepted by those who attended to their characters. The charge was afterwards very diligently refuted by Dr. Burton of Eaton; a man eminent for literature, and, though not of the same party with Aldrich and Atterbury, too studious of truth to leave them burthened with a false charge. The testimonies which he has collected, have convinced mankind that either Smith or Duckett were guilty of wilful and malicious falsehood. This controversy brought into view those parts of Smith’s life, which with more honour to his name might have been concealed.” Dr. JOHNSON.

‘ band

‘*band to execute any villany**. He then declared, *it was foisted in by these Reverends*. Sir, I have only to add this, that he not only *underlined* this passage, as a forgery, but gave, during the short time he lived with me, the same remark to some hundreds more. I am, &c. GEORGE DUCKET.’

In a second passage, said to be taken from page 227. of the History itself, Mr. Oldmixon is represented as expressing himself thus :

‘In the character of this great and excellent man, Mr. Hampden, which we could wish had escaped his (Lord Clarendon’s) drawings, or the drawings of those clumsy painters into whose hands his work fell, there is something so very false and base, that such coin could only come from a Col-

* The words are much softer in the History, where, instead of *a heart to conceive*, we find *a tongue to persuade*; and instead of the word *villany*, that of *mischief*; as the citation is, in another part of this extract, truly made. Mr. Ducket, while he was charging others with the crime of falsifying Lord Clarendon’s History, should have taken care to stand clear of it himself.—The whole tale indeed, by the report of Mr. Walmsley to Dr. Johnson, seems probably to have been fabricated by Ducket; for Smith, with all his failings, “was a man of great veracity.”

‘lege

lege mint. (In a word, what was said of
 CINNA might well be applied to HAMPDEN;
 he had a hand to contrive, and a tongue to
 persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.
 His death, therefore, seemed to be a great de-
 liverance to the nation.)

There are not words to express the infamy
 of this slander and imposture, nor the unpur-
 ralleled wickedness of those Doctors, who fostered
 so horrid a reflection into that character. The
 person who did it was Mr. Edmund Smith,
 of Oxford, author of Phædra and Hippo-
 lytus, a tragedy; who, at his death, con-
 fessed to the gentleman, in whose house he
 died, that, among a great number of altera-
 tions and additions, which he himself made,
 in the History of the Rebellion, by order of
 Doctor ALDRICH, Doctor ATTERBURY, and
 Doctor SMALRIDGE, successive Deans of
 Christ-Church, this very saying of Cinna,
 applied to Mr. Hampden, was one; and
 when he read it to one of those Doctors, he
 clapped him on the back, and cried, with
 an asseveration, *It will do.* The confession
 Mr. Smith made, and the remorse he ex-
 pressed for being concerned in this imposture, were his last words.

A great

A great part of the first of these passages, including the letter, is translated *verbatim* into French, and published in a Journal, intituled, "Bibliothèque Raisonnée des Ouvrages des Savans de l'Europe, pour les mois de Juillet, Aoust, Septembre, 1730. Tome 5^{me}, 1^{re} Partie. A Amsterdam, chez les Weftons & Smith, 1730. Art. 5. pag. 154, &c."

After which the Journalist adds the following reflection:

"Cette decouverte fait peu d'honneur aux trois Theologiens qui sont nommez dans la Lettre, & qui ont pourtant tenu un grand rang dans l'Angleterre, & dans la republique des lettres. Comme Mr. ATTERBURY, ci-devant Evêque de Rochester, l'un des trois, est encore vivant, il ne sera pas apparemment insensible à une accusation si grave; & le public attend de lui les éclaircissemens qui l'intérêt seul de sa reputation semble en exiger. S'il se tait, dans cette rencontre, il n'y a point de doute que la falsification est prouvée; & quand même il ne se tairait pas, il faut que les éclaircissemens soient bien forts pour détruire ces faits."

Being A

Being

Being called upon in this public manner, I think myself obliged to declare, that the foregoing account, in all its parts, as far as I am any ways concerned, is entirely false and groundless; for I never saw my Lord Clarendon's History in manuscript, either before or since the edition of it; nor ever read a line of it, but in print. It was impossible therefore, that I should deal with Mr. Smith in the manner represented, with whom (as far as I can recollect) I never exchanged one word in all my life; and whom I know not that I ever saw till after the edition of that History. If therefore he expressed himself to this purpose in his last moments (as I charitably hope he did not), he wronged me extremely, and died with a lie in his mouth.

This vindication of the truth and myself is necessary, since I happen to survive the two other worthy persons mentioned. Were they alive, they would, I doubt not, be equally able and ready to clear themselves from so foul an aspersion. As to one of them, Dr. Smalridge, the late Bishop of Bristol, no suspicion of this kind can possibly rest on his memory, because he was not any ways concerned in preparing that history for the press; but

but as much a stranger to the contents of it as I myself was, till it came forth in print. I speak with the more assurance on this head, because my great intimacy with him, as my contemporary, both at Westminster and Christ-Church, gave me all the advantages requisite towards knowing the truth of what may. With Dr. Aldrich, the third person accused, I was acquainted more at a distance: however, being called upon in the manner I am, I will add also what has come to my knowledge with regard to the share he and others had in the publication of that History.

The revising of the manuscript (written, as I have heard, not very correctly) was committed to the care of Bishop Sprat and Dean Aldrich, by the late Earl of Rochester, who himself also assisted in that revival, from the beginning to the end of the work; so that any changes made in it, must have had the consent of those three persons. They were men of probity and truth, and incapable of conspiring in a design to impose on the publick. I can cite nothing that is material in this point from the mouth of the Earl, with whom I rarely conversed; but the Bishop and the Dean, to whom I severally succeeded in the

the deanries of Christ-Church and Westminster, and in the see of Rochester, have occasionally more than once assured me, that no additions whatsoever were made to the Manuscript History: and even the Earl, in his preface to the first volume (for his I take it to be, though no name is affixed to it), has publicly protested his innocence in this respect, where he declares, that "they who put forth the History" (he means himself and his brother, as appears from what follows), "durst not take upon them to make any alterations in a work of this kind, solemnly left with them to be published, whenever it should be published, as it was delivered to them."

Could he, and the two other persons by him employed, be supposed to have made any additions, notwithstanding such assurances to the contrary, yet their good sense (if not their integrity) would have prevented, at least, their re-touching those characters, which are allowed to be the most distinguished and beautiful part of the work, and to have something of original in them that is not to be imitated. The after-strokes of any less able pencil, intermixed with those of the first masterly

masterly hand, would soon be discovered: and yet, I am persuaded, the most discerning eye can find out no traces of such a mixture; no, not in the character of Mr. Hampden, even in those words, at the close of it, against which Mr. Oldmixon so warmly declaims: they are perfectly in the style and manner of my Lord Clarendon; they contain nothing new in them, but only sum up, in short, what he had scattered through different parts of the two first volumes. Let the reflections there made be never so severe, they may naturally be supposed, in the warmth of composition, to have come from the pen of an Historian, who had himself with zeal opposed Mr. Hampden's measures, and both seen and felt the sad consequences of them: but that the editors of his History, no ways concerned in those transactions, should, sixty years afterwards, coolly and deliberately make such a needless insertion, is not to be imagined.

The complaint on this and other heads should have been brought against these Editors while it was capable of being thoroughly examined; at present, it comes a little too late, unless it were better supported: their very characters, to those who knew them,

them, and the nature of the evidence, to those who did not, will be judged a sufficient confutation of it: for, pray, what is this evidence? It consists in an *hear-say* from a *person superior to all suspicion*, it seems, but too *illustrious to be named*: in an appeal to another very honourable person, to a reverend doctor now living, and to a gentleman of distinction both for merit and quality; none of whose names are thought fit to be owned. The only one produced in the case, is that of Mr. Smith, *the author of an excellent tragedy*; but certainly not an author of rank and weight enough to blast the credit of such an excellent history. Of what use can this testimony be to his purpose (even supposing the account of it exact) when it is undoubtedly false as to two of the three persons it is levelled at, Dr. Smalridge and myself; and may therefore be justly presumed alike false as to the third, Dr. Aldrich? Mr. Smith appears to have been so little in the secret of the edition of that book, as not to have known even the hands through which it passed; and is not therefore to be relied upon in his accounts of any other circumstances relating to it, especially with regard to Dr. Aldrich,

his governor at Christ-Church ; for whom his personal aversion, and the true reasons * of it, are too well understood to need explaining. I forbear saying any thing harsh of one not able to answer for himself ; but many now alive, who knew them both, know how improbable, and altogether incredible it is, that Mr. Smith should have had the least share in Dr. Aldrich's confidence, on so nice, or, indeed, on any occasion. The gentleman, who seems to be *convinced of the truth of Mr. Smith's assertions*, by his having pointed out and *underlined* the passages in print which he said he was employed (by the three successive Deans) to *interpolate and alter* in manuscript, must surely have been very willing to be convinced ; otherwise he would not have taken a mere assertion for a proof, in such a cause, and from such a person. The story of this death-bed declaration, slept for

* His irregularities had alienated the friendship of his superiors, and particularly of the Dean, Dr. Aldrich, whom he considered as the opponent of his claim to the office of censor, which was carried against him by Mr. Foulkes. Of his lampoon upon Dr. Aldrich, Dr. Johnson says, " he once heard a single line too gross to be repeated."

about

about twenty years; near thirty have passed since the History of the rebellion was published (I mean the first part of it), and not a few since the death of every person that either was, or is falsely said to have been, concerned in that publication, myself only excepted. I might, probably, at the distance of Montpelier, where I was when Mr. Oldmixon wrote, never have heard of what he lays to my charge (intelligence of that kind being, as he knows, not very open to me); or, should it reach me, I might yet, in my present circumstances, be supposed not over-solicitous to appear in the disproof of it. The delay of the accusation, therefore, if without design, was not without its advantages; and had it been deferred a little longer, till I was not only out of the way, but out of the world, it had had a still fairer chance towards being uncontradicted, and consequently credited. I have lived to hear this idle tale, and to bear witness against it: there is no vanity in hoping, that, old as I am, I shall outlive the belief of it. An Holland Journal gave me the first notice how I had been treated, and by that means an opportunity of vindicating myself; which I was the rather determined

not to decline, because I suffered in company with others, men of great note and merit, through whose sides the authority of a noble and useful part of our English History was struck at. Where I only am aspersed and wronged, I can, I thank God, more easily practise patience, and submit to indignities and injuries in silence. A foreign writer has used me, in this case, with greater civility and temper than Mr. Oldmixon, whom I know not that I have ever offended. I forgive him his ill words, and his hard thoughts; and only desire him for the future not to indulge himself in ill-natured relations of this kind, without better vouchers. His attack on me, and on the dead, who he thought might be insulted with equal safety, is no proof of a generous and worthy mind; nor has he done any honour to his own History by the fruitless pains he has taken to discredit that of my Lord Clarendon, which, like the character of its author, will gain strength by time, and will be in the hands and esteem of all men, when Mr. Oldmixon's unjust censure of it will not be remembered, or not regarded.

FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

LETTER CX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to
Mr. WILLIAMS.

SIR,

Dec. 10, 1739.

I HAVE illness in my family, and am myself far from well. Though a daughter of Mr. Morice has the small pox (which I never had) I cannot quit the house; but must risque the danger, if there be any to a man of my years and infirmities. The solicitude I am under must make my letter shorter. I thank you for Mr. Waddle's paper, which I have communicated to Mr. Inese, who does not seem at all alarmed by it. I shall be glad to receive the Intaglio you mention from the author of the paper, who, I suppose, will soon be here.

The intelligence you received and communicated to me some time ago, about a box of papers stopped in Spain, and about the contents of those papers, is true. It was thought proper to detain them in safe and honourable hands, from whence they would be sure to reach him for whom they were designed.

U 3

There

There is a strange mixture of things in them. All will go as designed. Mr. Morice returns his service to you. I hope you will perfect the discovery you have made of the medal of the Triumvirs heads, and send me the account of it as fully as I have desired it.

There are strange things done at St. Medard. However, my faith is not strong enough to pronounce them to be miracles. They even decline in my opinion, since the violent agitations that appear in all those that frequent the tomb for the cure of their maladies. I am at a loss what to say or think of that matter.

I enclose a paper for Charles Ratcliff, Lord Derwentwater's uncle, in remembrance of the acquaintance I had with him at Brussels. Pray be so kind as to find him out, and get it delivered to him. The weather is excessive cold here; and I am expecting every moment to be laid up. Well or ill, I am faithfully yours,

FR. ROFFEN.

LET-

L E T T E R CXI.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mrs. ———.

M A D A M,

Paris, Feb. . . 1731-2.

HAD I not been for some time ill, very ill, almost to death, I had not so long deferred acknowledging the favour of your letters of Jan. 7, and Feb. 2; for, though you mention three, those two only, since I wrote last to you, have come to my hands. They were both of them very welcome, as every thing from you, Madam, at all times is, particularly in sickness, which makes one receive assistance from present, and reflect on absent friends with more tenderness. Your brother was remarkably kind to me in the case, came on purpose from St. Germain's to be with me during the worst of my illness, and stayed in the house day and night, for above a week, till it began to decline; and then he and Mr. Morice, with his little family, left me. Both went away from hence on Saturday last, one to St. Germain's, and the other to England. Since that, I have been recovering, but slowly; and I am now,

U 4

thank

thank God, able to tell my distant friends, under my own hand, that though I am not yet well, I hope in a little time to be so.

The partridges, madam, were good, and came perfectly sweet; though at a time when such relishing things were forbid me, and when indeed I had little appetite for them: I ventured to taste these, in spite of rules; and preserved a couple of them by potting, that I might, when I grew better, taste them more freely; as I shall do ere long.

I hope your situation, madam, is agreeable to you; at least you do not complain of want of health in either of your letters. If you have had no great occasion for that complaint this winter, you will still have less, I hope, now the fine weather is approaching. I wish you, Madam, that and all manner of happiness; and am, with sincere esteem, Madam, your most obedient, and ever faithful servant,

FR. ROFFEN,

I made your compliments, as you directed, to Mr. Morice; who desired me to return his. Miss Molly grew much healthier and fatter by the small-pox. Miss Charlotte ailed nothing all the while she was with me. They are returned for English education; which, in my mind, is preferable to that of France.

CXII.

CXII.

ANECDOTE, written by Bishop ATTERBURY, in a spare leaf, before Sir Nath. Brett's translation of Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent. From a copy once in the possession of the late Dr. Rawlinson.

WHEN Dr. Duncomb was sick at Venice, Father Fulgentio, with whom he was in the strictest intimacy, visited him; and finding him under great uneasiness of mind, as well as body, pressed him to disclose the reason of it, asking him, amongst other things, whether any nobleman under his care had miscarried, or his bills of return had failed him, offering him, in this latter case, what credit he pleased at Venice. After many such questions, and negative answers, Dr. Duncomb was at last prevailed with to own his uneasiness, and give this true account of it to the father. He said, he often begged of God, that he might end his life where he might have an opportunity of receiving the blessed sacrament according to the rites and usages of the Church of England;

land; that, considering he spent his life in travelling, chiefly through popish countries, this was a happiness he could never reasonably promise himself; and that his present despair of it, in the dangerous condition he was in, was the true occasion of that dejection which Father Fulgentio observed in him. Upon this, the Father bid him be of good cheer, told him he had an Italian translation of the English Liturgy, and would come the next day with one or two more of his convent, and administer it to him in both kinds, and exactly according to the English usage. And what he promised he performed. The next day Dr. Duncomb received it from his hands, who, outliving his distemper, and returning into England, told this story often to my Lord Hatton (Captain Hatton's father) about the years 1660, 61, 62. This I had from Captain Hatton's mouth, in the year 1699.

FR. ATTERBURY.

In March, 1708-9, I met Captain Hatton again, and put him in mind of this story, which I desired him to repeat; and he did it without varying in any circumstance but one only, viz. that Fulgentio did not actually
admi-

administer the sacrament to Dr. Duncomb; the Doctor refusing to accept a kindness of that dangerous nature, which might involve Fulgentio in trouble, unless he was in the utmost necessity; but recovering from that time, he made no use of Fulgentio's proffer. He added, that Father told Dr. Duncomb, that there were still in the convent seven or eight of Father Paul's disciples, who met sometimes privately to receive the sacrament in both kinds. F. A.

CXIII.

Extract from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, Francis Atterbury, sometime Bishop of Rochester in England, and now residing at Paris, being of health in body, and of sound and disposing mind and memory; but considering the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of the time when, do make and publish this my last Will and Testament, in manner following.

Im-

Imprimis, I recommend my soul to ALMIGHTY GOD, hoping for salvation through the alone merits and mediation of JESUS CHRIST, in a firm belief of whose religion as professed in the Church of England, and in strict communion with that Church, I resolve, by God's grace, to live and die.

And as to such personal estate as I shall die possessed of, or any ways interested in, I give and devise the same unto my only daughter Mary Morice, wife of William Morice, Esq. And I also give unto her the said Mary Morice, her executors, administrators, and assigns, all my goods, chattels, plate, ready money, household-stuff, and utensils of household, and all other my personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever, To have and to hold to her, her executors, administrators, and assigns, for ever: And I do hereby revoke, annul, and make void, all former and other Wills by me made, and do declare this to be my last. And I do constitute and appoint my son William Morice, and my said daughter Mary his wife, executors of this my Will.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this thirty-first day of

De-

December, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY,
Episcopus Roffensis.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared,
by the said testator, as and for his last Will
and Testament, in the presence of us, who
at his request, and in his presence, and in the
presence of each other, have subscribed our
names as witnesses,

RED. EVERARD.

F. PANTON.

K. PANTON.

WM. WALKER.

JOANE JAMESON.

*Probatum fuit hujusmodi Testamentum apud
London' decimo die mensis Maii, Anno Domi-
ni millesimo septingentesimo tricesimo secundo,
coram venerabili viro Gulielmo Strahan,
Legum Doctore, Surrogato, & Juramento
Gulielmi Morice, Arm', Executoris Super-
stitis in dicto Testamento nominat' cui, &c.
de bene, &c. Jurat'.*

W. LEGARD,

P. ST. ELOY,

H. STEVENS,

} Deputy Registers.

The

[362]
The Bishop died at Paris the 15th of February, 1732; and his body was brought to England, and interred on the 12th of May following, in his vault in Westminster-Abbey. His bowels were in an urn, thus inscribed,

“ In hac urnâ depositi sunt cineres
FRANCISCI ATTERBURY Episcopi Roffensis*.”

* The following lines seem to have been intended as a continuation of this epitaph. Why they were not used, it is unnecessary to mention.

“ Natus Martii VI, MDCLXII.

In carcerem conjectus Aug. XXIV, MDCCXXII.

Nono post mense in Judicium adductus,
Novoque Criminum et Testium genere impetitus,
Actâ dein per Septiduum Causâ,
Et everfis,

Tum viventium, tum mortuorum Testimoniis;

Ne deesset Lex, quâ plecti posset,

Lata est tandem Maii XXVII, MDCCXXIII.

Cavete Posteris!

Hoc Facinoris

Conscivit, aggressus est, perpetravit,
(Episcoporum præcipuè suffragiis adjutus,)

Robertus iste Walpole

Quem nulla nesciet Posteritas !”

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

I.

Dr. SMALRIDGE'S SPEECH * to the Upper House of Convocation, when he presented Dr. ATTERBURY as Prolocutor, 1710.

ID officii, quod à te, Pater Reverendissime †, sibi demandatum habuit Clerus, ut virum aliquem doctum & disertum, suscipiendo Prolocutoris muneri idoneum, sustinendo parem, è gremio suo eligeret, pro solenni more fideliter explevit; vobisque hodie, Patres admodum Venerandi, meâ voce commendat eximium hunc Virum ‡, nostræ, vestræ, & bonorum omnium existimationi suis in ecclesiam meritis jampridem commendatum; Virum iis ingenii dotibus præditum, ut omni præconio sit dignus, eâ nominis famâ cele-

* Of this Speech an English translation was published by Dr. Sewel.

† Abp. Tenison.

‡ Dr. Atterbury.

brem, ut nullo indigeat : Virum ad descrip-
 tam à majoribus designandi Prolocutoris for-
 mulam adeò compositum, ut non tam nostris
 suffragiis quàm antiquis synodorum legibus
 ad insigne hoc munus evocari videatur. Si
 quid enim adjumenti afferat ad obeundam
 hanc provinciam exquisita doctrina ; quis eam
 majori aut suâ laude aut nostro fructu est
 obiturus, quàm Vir in nullo literarum genere
 hospes, in plerisque artibus & studiis diù &
 feliciter exercitatus, in maxime perfectis lite-
 rarum disciplinis perfectissimus ? Si ad con-
 summam Prolocutoris tandem id præcipue
 pertinet, ut complurium disertissimorum vi-
 rorum sententiam sui unius linguâ eleganter
 exprimat, habemus oratorem eâ facundiâ per-
 politum, ut à vobis, Patres, minime metu-
 endum sit ne responsum vestrorum dignitati
 sua dicendi inscitâ detrahet ; à nobis maxime
 sperandum, quòd nostris desideriis multum
 ponderis ac momenti suâ eloquentiâ sit addi-
 turus. Si in conciliandis hominum animis
 plurimum valet gratia, in concionibus mode-
 randis permagnam vim habet autoritas, quem
 potius optemus rerum inter nos disquirenda-
 rum arbitrum, quàm Virum placidissimis
 moribus ita popularem, ut omnes bonos atque
 humanos

humanos indolis suæ suavitate ad pacis & concordiae studium facile speret allicere; ita sine arrogantia gravem, ut procellarum si quæ fortè ingruerint motus, ipsius præsentiæ dignitate statim represserit? Vestrae igitur expectationi, Patres Sanctissimi, parum satisfecerat Clerus, si gravissimum hoc onus in humeros minus valentes collocaverat, pariterque ingratum sese & maximorum beneficiorum immemorem arguerat, si quæ honoris præmia penes ipsos posita Viro optimè de se merito non libenter obtulerat. Primam certè sedem in synodali nostrâ domo jure vendicat, qui, suscitante Deo, id vehementer conatus est, favente Deo, id feliciter effecit, ut non omnino demortuæ, non penitus elingues apud nos fuerint synodi.

Favete mihi, Patres, hanc rem paulò altius repetenti; nihil ad dignitatem vestram, quam ex animo submissè veneror, minuendam, nihil ad inimicitias, à quibus totus abhorreo, resuscitandas sum dicturus. Multis jam annis interrupta fuerant Prelatorum & Cleri concilia: ad tractanda reipublicæ negotia frequens fuit Senatûs Populique congressio, ad promovendam Ecclesiæ utilitatem nulli interim Episcoporum cum Presbyteris conventus. Iniquo

id consilio factum non dico, non existimo: imò ex propensâ in ecclesiam voluntate, ex pio diffidii metu, ex ardentissimo pacis conservandæ studio profectum faciliè credo; verum enimvero diuturnam illam synodorum intermissionem in maximum ecclesiæ detrimentum aliquando cessuram multi autumabant homines nec improbi nec imprudentes. Quod ab optimo Principe optimis consiliis inchoatum nôrant, id à peiori Principe pejora meditati in ecclesiæ perniciem trahi posse valdè metuebant. Multa interea novorum dogmatum portenta indies evulgantur, multæ ubique hærefes virus suum ac venena impunè spargunt: in sacerdotes, in res sacras, in sanctissimum ipsius Dei nomen, dictu turpia, auditu horrenda evomuntur convitia. Adversus teterrimas has pestes salubre olim ac præfens remedium adhibuerat synodorum auctoritas: hanc opem boni omnes implorârunt, hâc ope destituti, de tuendâ apud nos religione prorsus desperandum putant. Ea fuit rerum nostrarum conditio, cùm synodi Anglicanæ jura, potestates, ac privilegia in apertâ luce collocanda & firmissimis legum ac consuetudinum præfidiis munienda censuit Vir doctissimus. Ad hanc metam collimans, antiqua eccle-

ecclesiæ monumenta situ & squalore obsita sedulus vestigat; cogendorum synodorum viam ac rationem, habendarum normam & regulam, non ex sermone hominum recenti, non ex nostrâ aut patrum nostrorum memoriâ, sed ex priscorum commentatis, ex regum edictis, ex pontificum fastis, eruendas ducit: chartas ipsâ vetustate penè oblitteratas, locis multùm diffitas, magno labore ac pretio conquiritas, in sua scrinia * compilat, legit, relegitque. Hisce adminiculis adjutus, viam multis spinis obfessam, spissis tenebris obvolutam, variis ambagibus perplexam, primus insistit: nullus erat quem tutò sequeretur itineris dux, nulla quæ gressus dirigerent præeuntium vestigia; quin ille suis ingenii luminibus fretus, & flagranti veritatis indagandæ studio accensus, eam tandem utcunque abditam & reclusam integumentis suis evolvit; rebus obscuris lucem, ambiguis fidem, inornatis nitorem attulit: antiquam ecclesiæ faciem, reducto quasi velo, omnibus contemplandam pariter ac suspiciendam ante ora atque oculos posuit; expressam ejus imaginem justâ lineamentorum figuratione conformatam, aptis coloribus de-

* In "The Rights, Powers, and Privileges, of an English Convocation, 1703," folio.

pietatem, in hujusce Viri scriptis læti conspici-
 mus; quanto majori lætitiâ simul & venera-
 tione matronam ipsam, quasi à mortuis revi-
 viscentem, spirantem demum & loquentem
 coram intuebimur. Nullo Hunc ferum no-
 vandarum studio, nullâ privatim læsum in-
 juriâ, nullâ præmii spe aductum, nullâ re
 aliâ commotum nisi communi ecclesiæ uti-
 litate, arduum hoc opus suscepisse, si non
 ipsi sæpe id & solenniter asseveranti fidem ad-
 hiberem, Virum mihi ob officiorum con-
 junctionem valdè dilectum, ob spectatam in-
 tegritatem perquam honoratum gravi injuriâ
 afficerem: si eam opinionem quæ animo meo
 penitus infedit, quamque non ex inani con-
 jecturâ temerè arripui, sed ex intimiori con-
 suetudine experiundo suscepi, aliorum animis
 inferere non studerem, nec benevoli, nec fidi,
 nec honesti viri officio defungerer. Nunquam
 illum in tam longo opere lapsum esse, nun-
 quam errasse, nullum fervente calamo ver-
 bum emisisse, quod non restinctis animi in-
 cendiis revocare vellet, si dicerem, plena in-
 vidiâ foret oratio, & nulli magis quàm ipsi
 molesta: si non sæpe lapsum, non graviter
 deceptum, non sponte alios in errorem trax-
 isse dixerò; si plurima in istis paginis enitere,
 quæ

quæ summam laudem merentur, perpauca esse quæ excusatione indigeant, planè nulla quibus homines benevoli haud faciliè ignoscant, fidenter asseram, dicam quod & ego sentio, et, nisi præ nimia amicitia invitum fallar, mecum sentiunt omnes æqui rerum æstimatorum. Sit igitur veniæ, sit laudi, sit gratitudinì locus; si quid fortè asperius, si quid ardentius, si quid liberius effuderit, lector paulò humanior id non odio, non livori, non arrogantia tribuet; sed aut ingenio suapte naturâ aliquantulum præservido, aut fortasse iracundiæ in milite pro aris focisque acriter dimicante, in filio ab injuriâ & vi matrem suam eripiente faciliè ignoscendæ. Quod si plures in illius scriptis effulgent virtutes, si res tractaverit cognitu difficiles, utiles, jucundas; si eas validissimis argumentis firmaverit; si puro ac dilucido sermone in ipsis legentium animis inscripserit; eruditioni apud eruditos, eloquentiæ apud disertos suus constet honos. Si synodorum privilegia ac libertates haud sine aliquo fortunæ suæ discrimine constanter asseruit, si publicæ utilitati rem privatam posthabuit, jurium ecclesiasticorum vindici aliqua saltem ab ecclesiasticis rependatur gratia: hanc aptissimam laborum suorum

mercedem reportet Vir in agendis rebus acer & industrius, ut spatiosior ei aperiatur campus, ubi in instaurandâ, in promovendâ, in stabiliendâ ecclesiæ pace ingenium suum ac vires exerat. Quo audientium plausu apud populum, apud magistratum, apud clerum, apud senatores, apud aulicos, è rostris frequentem concionatus est: quâ facundiâ & Mariæ* in coelum jam receptæ aures sæpe demulsit, & Sororis divinâ gratia adhuc superstitis & diu (ita faxit Deus) superfuturæ animi gravi ac recenti dolore † ferè oppressum recreavit; quâ dignitate concionatoris, canonici, archidiaconi, decani munia officiis & locis disjuncta, diu sustinuit! eâdem circumstantium approbatione, eâdem eloquentiâ, iisdem virtutibus prolocutoriam hanc cathedram aliquanter perorner, aliam atque altiori honoris gradu positam (nisi vana auguror) aliquando ornaturus ‡. Quicquid certè ecclesiæ Anglicanæ utile aut gloriosum fuerit, id omne nobis spondet hodiernus rerum status: Populi studium, principum virorum fervor,

* The royal consort of King William III.

† The death of George prince of Denmark.

‡ Dr. Atterbury's promotion to the mitre soon followed this prediction of his friend.

optimæ reginæ pietas, arctissima inter ordines civiles atque ecclesiasticos concordia. Fuit semper inter inferiora regni & ecclesiæ concilia affinitatis conjunctio, & qualis inter sorores esse solet, cum diversitate aliquâ non parva similitudo; at propior iis jam abhinc intercedet cognatio, dum duobus hisce cœtibus duo præerunt viri * in eâdem æde, fœcundâ optimarum artium parente pariter innutriti, sub eodem beatæ memoriæ antistite † simul educati, iisdem principiis penitus imbuti, uterque fide in principem, in patriam, in ecclesiam exploratâ, stabili, inconcussâ: uterque magnâ de se pollicitus, majora præstiturus: alter reipublicæ, alter ecclesiæ optimè apud nos constitutæ & feliciter attemperatæ propugnator strenuus. Dignus sanè ille, quem Senatus Reginæ addictissimus sibi præficeret, quem Regina civium amantissima auctoritate suâ confirmaret: nec indignus hic, quem Clerus episcopali ordini firmiter obstrictus deditusque, vobis, Patres, commendet; quem vos, Patres maximè colendi, pro tenerrimâ in Clerum affectu, calculis vestris comprobetis.

* Mr. Bromley the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Dr. Atterbury, were contemporaries at Christ Church.

† Bishop Fell.

II.

Dr. ATTERBURY'S SPEECH on his Election
to the Office of Prolocutor of the Lower
House of Convocation, 1710.

DUÆ sunt res, Reverendissime Primas,
vosque Patres admodum Reverendi,
quæ mihi in solenni hâc frequentia perora-
turo, vel metum incutiunt, vel pudorem;
quod & hærente adhuc in auribus vestris viri
facundissimi oratione*, & peracto, ut moris est,
laudum mearum præconio, ego ad dicendum
continuò accedam. Hinc enim dilucidius mul-
tò quam vellem, patebit, & quantulum sit id
(si quid omnino sit) quod in eloquendo possim,
& laudibus in me cumulatè nimium congef-
tis quam sim indignus: ita ut in exequendo
hoc humanitatis ac benevolentia officio, tum
iis quæ dicta sunt, tum ipso dicendi genere,
utrinque mihi officiat, utrinque me opprimat
vir amicissimus.

* Dr. Smalridge's Speech on this occasion,
which is printed in the preceding article.

Multa in illo egregia, multa præclara; ingenii magna vis, acies subtilis; sermo perspicuus, promptus, profluens; vultus fide, modestiâ, gravitate, constantiâ plenus; pectus candore, prudentiâ, omni virtutum, omni doctrinarum genere refertum. His ille instructus dotibus, quam provinciam, quod munus, non dignè tueretur? quam cathedram non deceret, non ornaret?

Me quod attinet, ut verum fatear, à tuo hoc, vir optime, laudum cumulo absum quam longissimè: & tamen qui, vel me iudice, tibi debebatur, is ad me, immerentem utcunque, à fratribus delatus est honos; quid aliud in me spectantibus, nisi forte id unum, quod res ritusque synodicos oblivione jam sepultos in memoriam revocare, caligine obductos in lucem, quâ licuit, proferre conatus sim; quod in indagandis, in patefaciendis, in tuendis Cleri Anglicani juribus multum & laboris & temporis insumpserim.

Hâc, credo, ratione adducti me gregis sui ducem & disceptionum moderatorem esse voluerunt Inferioris Concilii Fratres: quod tamen minimè voluissent, nisi hæc eorum animis simul infedisset opinio, ejusmodi me esse, qui vos in apice episcopali positos reve-

rear.

rear ac colam, qui dignitati atque authoritati vestræ impensè studeam, qui à Presbyteranâ paritate, quantumque maximè abhorream, qui denique ad ferendam inter ordines ecclesiasticos concordiam (heu ! diu nimis desideratam !) sum paratissimus.

Habetis enim, habetis certè Clerum, vobis omni quo par est obsequio devinctum, honoris atque amplitudinis vestræ studiosissimum, qui, utcumque quod suum est retinere, si fas sit, optent, in id tamen quod vestrum est involare ita non optant, non audent, ut contra audentes pro virili decertare sui esse officii semper duxerint.

In eam quidem, Angli cum sint, facile propendent sententiam, libertatem cum imperio pulchrè posse constare ; & si politizæ civili sacra, quantum per leges Christi licet, attemperetur, nihil inde in ecclesiam, nihil in sanctissimum vestrum ordinem periculi redundare.

Non esse è re Christiana existimant, in synodis aut omnia, aut nihil omnino, per Presbyteros agi ; hæc iis errare videntur Pontificii, illac Reformatorum quamplurimi. Nobis ferè solis contigisse autumant, ut mediocritatem illam auream teneamus, quâ ad ævi
 Ignat-

Ignatiani imaginem proximè acceditur. Episcoporum hic apud nos prærogativam, Presbyterorum jura, tam arctis inter se vinculis cohærere intelligunt, ut non nisi ægrè, non sine magno utrorumque incommodo, possint divelli. Vos caput suum & columnen libenter agnoscunt; vestrâ ope ficti, auctoritate nixi, consiliorum suorum exitus faustos semper ac felices futuros non vani augurantur; vestro auxilio destituti, patrocinio orbat, frustra se aliquid in ecclesiæ usus promere, frustra moliri facile sentiunt. Liceat iis interim id sibi gloriæ sumere, quod vobis adjumenti aliquid ipsi vicissim suppeditent, quod ornamenta dignitatis, præsidia stabilitatis vestræ, ab iis ipsis quibus præestis potissimum ducantur.

Juvat eos animo repetere, juvat ob oculos ponere felicia illa tempora, cum, Episcopis Presbyterisque nullâ in re à se invicem dissidentibus, omnium una esset mens, vox una. Tum senatui huic populoque ecclesiastico suus habitus est honos, tum canonicæ disciplinæ vis valuit, Synodorum viguit auctoritas; atque ecclesiæ nostræ facies ad instar sponsæ illius à Salomone depictæ, *pulchra erat, suavis & decora; terribilis, ut castrorum acies ordinata.* Hoc animorum consensu, hoc consiliorum

communicatione, erectos se ac firmatos haud ita pridem meminere, cum castissimos ecclesiæ ritus & ceremonias à schismaticorum calumniis ita vindicarent, ita optimis argumentis undequaque munirent, ut adversariis ingenuis & veri amantibus omnem in posterum disputandi ansam præriperint.

Hâc partâ victoriâ, à novo protinus infensissimoque hoste laceffiti, sub Episcoporum, ut ante, vexillis contra ingruentem Papatûs tyrannidem strenuè militârunt, sub iisdem iterum, eo si res redeant (quod avertat Deus) haud segniùs militaturi. Hos itaque lætissimos concordiaæ fructus quanto attentius considerant, tantò magis ob subortas, quibus jam ferè per decennium implicati sumus lites, anguntur & dolent. A quo fonte hæc ad vos nosque manârint incommoda, nec libet, nec refert curiosiùs exquirere; id potius sedulò agendum, ut, siqua forte sit, quâ ad interclusam hæcenus gratiam redire liceat, aperiatûr via; siqua sit quæ crudescenti adhuc vulneri sanando par erit, adhibeatur medela. *Numquid Regina non est in Gilead? aut medicus non est ibi? quare igitur non est obducta cicatrix filiaë populi mea?* Inter eos qui in dispari honoris gradu positi sunt, discissa semel

mel non cito coalescit necessitudo, cum ad libera fere colloquia aditus iis obstruatur. *At non est qui utrumque valeat arguere, & ponere manum suam in ambobus?*

Inter pares si inciderit similtas, si incaluerit, lentè admodum deponitur, cum neuter alteri sit facilè cessurus. Ecquis nam surget spectatæ gravitatis & prudentiæ Vir, qui averfos animos lenire, & ad pristinam consuetudinem revocare aggrediatur, emissâ illâ hominum mansuetissimi voce, *Viri Fratres estis; ut quid nocetis alterutrum?*

Si, qui hinc inde steterint causæ utriusque propugnatores, scriptis suis asperius aliquid, atque à fraternâ charitate alienius immiscuerint, nemône jam adhuc superest Constantini æmulus, qui quod utrinque, seu mentium errore, seu partium fortè studio, humanitùs admissum est, purpura regali obtegit, & sempiternâ oblivione delendum censeat?

Imo non deest, Patres, quæ clementissimi illius Imperatoris vestigia sequi velit, Regina; quæ cum dies noctesque exterarum gentium tranquillitati prospiciat, domesticæ certè paci non minus consulet; quæ communis patriæ parens cum sit, omnes imperio suo subditos incredibili benevolentia profequitur & fovet,
Clerum

Clerum præcipuè, cujus se commodis invigilare, existimationi favere, jam inde ab auspiciatissimis regni sui initiis illustri documento testatum voluit.

Ejusdem certè est, quæ aucto ecclesiæ patrimonio piè operam dedit, ne rerum sacrarum ministri præ inopiâ sprete atque oppressi jacerent, cavere etiam nequam iis agitatæ diutius nullo cum fructu quæstiunculæ vituperii labem aspergant. Eamus itaque quo vocat propensa in nos optimæ Principis voluntas; populi etiam vox & magnatum favor. Absit, ut quæ in rem nostram sint, nos soli non videamus! Absit, ut hoc ultra a malevolis dici possit, citius inter cæteros omnes tolli diffidia, quam inter pacis evangelicæ nuntios & præcones! Absit denique ut cum in senatu tantâ sit bonorum omnium consensio, in synodo adhuc gliscat discordia.

Hæc te, venerande Præses, quique tibi assident pro tribunali Patres admodum reverendos jamdudum meditari, hæc sentire planè mihi persuadeo; hæc eadem assentire Fratres meos, vobis ego (tanquam consiliis rerum jam nunc præessem) fideliter spondeo.

III.
Dr. ATTERBURY'S SPEECH at OXFORD, on
the day of his Admission to the Deanry
of Christ-Church, 1711.

GRATISSIMUS est mihi, juvenis ex-
mie, tuus in atrii hujusce vestibulo
occurfus; gratissima oratio; quâ non tam me,
quàm ædem hanc, quæ bonorum semper in-
geniorum nutrix habita est, ornari gaudeo.
Facile adducor ut credam, cæteros qui tuæ
ætati suppres sunt; alumnos, tibi esse quam
simillimos. Ea si me haud fefellerit spes, vos
ego vicissim omnia quæcunque a me proficisci
poterint studiorum vestrorum hortamenta ac
præmia, fidenter sperare jubeo.

Eò mihi jucundior est tua, tuorumque, lec-
tissime Baccalauree, sodalium gratulatio, quod
ab iis profecta sit, quorum jam ad maturita-
tem quandam adolefcunt ingenia, præceptis
institutisque philosophiæ, ac multiplici doc-
trinarum genere, aucta atque exculta. Uti-
nam is essem omnino quem, te auctore, ab
illis me haberi intelligo! Is certè sum, qui
literatam juventutem ad optima quæque feli-

citer nitentem summa cum voluptate intueri soleam, quique adeo crescenti indies vestri ordinis laudi impensè faveam. Multa de mirifico vestro erga artes reconditas amore, de laudabili studiorum cursu, ac progressionē discendi, a viro optimo, ædis hujusce Sub-decano dignissimo, me auditurum confido, cujus quidem vigilantiae atque industriae siqua etiam a nobis subsidia possint offerri, habebit ille me curarum suarum omnium ac consiliorum socium, & non inertem, ubi opus est, adiutorem.

Parem te quidem muneri illi tuo, quod jam per annos aliquot sustinuisti, facundissime Rhetorices Prælector, ostendis, cum exile nactus argumentum uberrimâ id verborum copiâ, summâ eloquentiæ vi auges atque amplificas. Quantum ab his absim laudibus, & egomet mihi fatis sum conscius, & te, utcunque de me magnifica prædicantem, minimè latet. Sed tu quâ mente, quâ modestiâ es, quum apertis mecum monitis agendum esse non existimes, ad illa artis tuæ præcepta decurris, quæ hortationem tunc optimè institui aiunt, eum cum laudes, quem cohortere. Si quis itaque, tuo hoc dicendi artificio deceptus, meas esse putet, quæ à te percensentur, virtutes,

tutes, mea quæ celebrantur præconia, nolo illum in tanto errore versari; alia tibi erat ratio, aliud longè consilium, ut tuo scilicet dum fungereris officio, mihi interim meum subindicares, & in id totus incumberes, ut intelligant qui te percrantem audiunt, non quis ego sim, sed cujusmodi is esse debeat, qui florentissimæ huic ædi cum dignitate præfideat, qui tam numeroso aut doctorum aut discentium gregi custos admotus, tuendæ religioni, excolendis moribus, literis promovendis ritè invigilet. Arduum fanè opus! cui tamen proficiendo in promptu erant quæ sumpseris. Jam enim in uniuscujusque nostrum animis inhæret excellentium virorum, qui me in hoc munere præiverint, memoria, quam quidem studiosè recolenti facilè tibi erat ea exinde omnia delibare quæcunque ad exprimendam perpoliendamque viri summi & scientificissimi rectoris imaginem pertinerent.

Utcunque me de implendâ hâc quæ mihi obtigit provinciâ cogitantem, measque vires æstimantem, subortus illicò conturbet metus, obruat pudor; nunquam tamen animo sum demissiore, nunquam mihi magis displiceo, quam cum Fellum & Aldricium, duo illa reipublicæ nostræ literariæ lumina, mente con-

Y

templer.

templer. Quis enim non jure reformidaverit illorum vestigiis insistere ; qui optimis naturæ donis præditi, magnâ artium varietate instructi, longo rerum academicarum usu exercitati, ædem hanc nunquam gloriæ expertem, nunquam non doctrinæ laude illustrem, ad summum splendoris atque amplitudinis fastigium perduxere ?

Inerat utrique literarum flagrans studium, propensissima in liberalium artium cultores voluntas ; inerat eximius ingenii candor, omnia quæ aliquam boni speciem præ se ferent amplectentis ; omnia de quibus ambigi possit, in mitiorem semper partem interpretantis ; inerat eximius, liber, excelsus animus ; nullâ divitiarum, nullâ honorum cupiditate correptus, rei privatæ negligens, ad publicam unice attentus. Nemo unquam familiam suam ardentius dilexit, benignius fovit, quam eorum uterque hanc domum ; nemini unquam suâ carior erat patria, quam illis hæc academia. Rem typographicam suo labore, suis sumptibus augere, nostra hæc mœnia instaurare, condere, id iis curæ semper, id voluptati fuit ; his cogitationibus, his studiis occupati vixere, his etiam ne quidem ad extremum vitæ spiritum intermissis, sunt immortui.

Nota

Nota vobis ac perspecta penitus loquor; quæ tamen in auribus atque in oculis vestris utcumque hæreant infixæ, juvat usque repetere atque ipsâ hominum omni laude præstantium jucundissima recordatione mentem pascere ac conformare *. Nunquam mihi aut vobis excidet ex animis viri illius humanissimi atque optimi imago, cujus morte, tanquam parente suo orbata, jam luctu ac mœrore jacuit hæc domus. Faxit Deus, ut adventu tandem meo, aliquâ ex parte aliquando refici potest, ac recreari ! Nihil illi defuit, quod ad literas promovendas atque ornandas cuiquam unquam mortalium indulset natura ; nihil, quod eorum quibus præfuit, aut amorem, aut admirationem possit excitare. Quæ illi mentis acies, quæ vis, quæ volubilitas, in omnes omnigenæ doctrinæ partes celerrimè se versantis, in

* For "conformare" we ought perhaps to read, "confirmare." In this sense, "it is a satisfaction to me to *delight* and to *strengthen* my own mind" (*mentem pascere et confirmare*) even by the pleasing reflection on the memory of men so eminent in every kind of merit." But "to please and to form my own mind (*mentem conformare*) to the arduous task of presiding over a house so long and so justly famed as the principal seat of literature in the university," is far from being an improper idea ; and may possibly be the *very one* intended by the learned Dean.—I owe this ingenious remark to my excellent friend Mr. KYNASTON.

quam-

quamcunque scientiæ oram delata esset, nusquam rudis, nusquam hospitis ! Quicquid in arte aliquâ elaboratum proferret, quicquid moliretur, aut investigaret, ad id illum, quod quidem ageret, agendum unicè natum esse dicerēs, in eo omnem operam suam atque ætatem contrivisse. Seu studia graviora persequeretur, seu levibus se oblectaret, seu res humanas seu divinas susciperet tractandas ; an his, an illis aptior esset atque accommodatior, multum dubitares. Jam vero in aditu atque sermone, in otio, in negotiis, quæ illi morum facilitas, quam simplex & aperta mens ! quæ in vitâ integritas, in verbis fides ! quæ frontis modestia, quæ oris dignitas ? His ille naturæ muneribus ornatus, quod in percipiendis severioribus disciplinis, asperum plerumque & triste visum est, miro quodam lepore solitus est mitigare, ita ut tyronum animos non præceptis solum aut hortationibus, sed vultu ipso atque congressu, ad amorem litterarum, ad omnem humanitatis laudem fingeret atque erudiret.

Multa in hoc viro admiranda erant, multa præclara ; nihil tamen præclarius, quam quod beatissimi Felli memoriam singulari quodam cultu ac veneratione semper prosequeretur, quod illum tanquam certissimum rerum pulchre

chrè gerendarum ducem atque auctorem, optimum instituendæ regendæque juventutis magistrum, intermissæ apud nos luctuosissimis temporibus disciplinæ vindicem, hujus denique amplissimi domicilii statorem suspiceret semper ac prædicaret. Et sanè, ex quo veræ religioni bonisque literis, ad suas unde expulsæ sunt, sedes patuit reditus, quicquid artibus juvandis, aut pietati augendæ, quicquid in reipublicæ aut ecclesiæ usus contulerit hæc ædes, id omne ex sanctissimi illius Præsulis laboribus, curis, consiliis profluxit. Ab illo jacta sunt fundamenta laudum nostrarum; ab illo sparsa virtutis, industriæ, doctrinæ semina, quæ etiamnum vigent, quæque illo & superstiti & extincto in uberem multoties messem lætamque maturuere.

Hunc itaque alumnorum chorum, hanc domum Felli adhuc institutis florentem, quoties intueor, videre mihi videor celebrem illum agrum, diligenter consitum, quem Lyfandro olim ostendit Cyrus; ubi mirari libet arborum (ut ita dicam) proceritates & ordines ritè dispositos, humum etiam subactam atque puram, & suavitatem odorum, qui quidem afflentur è floribus, potissimum vero diligentiam & solertiam ejus à quo sunt ista dimensa atque descripta. Felix ille noster agricola, cui fas erat

cum Cyro dicere, Ego ista omnia sum dimensus, mei sunt ordines, mea descriptio, multæ etiam istarum arborum mea manu sunt satæ, & huic & alteri fortasse sæculo profuturæ!

Mihi itaque qui in obeundo hoc munere viris talibus tantisque (felicitate dicam, an fato quodam meo?) proximus succedam, quid restat, nisi ut earum, quibus inclaruerint, virtutum memoriâ, languentem me, diffidentem viribus meis erigam atque incendam, nisi ut optimis iisdem, quibus usus sum, dum viverent magistris, utar & mortuis, eorumque ad exemplum, quâ licet, quâ possim cunque viâ, me totum componam?

Magnis quidem illi atque eximiis quibusdam animi bonis hoc affecuti sunt, ut possent vobis insigniter prodesse. Istorum quàm nihil ad me pertineat, satis intelligo. Unum tantummodo mihi ut cum illis commune existimetur contendo; benevolentia, atque amoris incredibilis quædam vis, quâ in ædem hanc feror, quâ vos, vestrasque res omnes complector, & in quâ ne quidem ab ipsis illis antecessoribus meis (quibuscum nulla alia in re sum conferendus) superatum me iri confido.

IV. SPEECH

IV.

SPEECH of Dr. ATTERBURY, as Dean of Christ-Church, Jan. 2, 1711-12, when he presented the Lord HARLEY, in the Convocation at Oxford, to his degree of Master of Arts.

INSIGNISSIME VICE-CANCELLARIE, VOSQUE
EGREGII PROCURATORES!

PRÆSENTO vobis juvenem hunc honoratissimum, & suis & paternis virtutibus illustrem; eâ indole præditum, quam togatis semper inesse optet academia, iis dotibus instructum, quas sibi, rebusque suis subsidio mox futuras haud frustra speret senatus; eo patre ortum, quem academia, quem senatus, quem Britannia omnis summa cum veneratione intuetur, pro communi civium salute magna molientem, & obluctantibus licet infensissimis patriæ hostibus jam præstiturum. Qui arduis reipublicæ negotiis intentus, colendis interim humaniorum artium studiis ita vacat, ita invigilat, ut illo duce atque auspice, nec literis unquam honos, nec literatis defutura sint præmia; qui publicis regni commo-

dis sua semper posthabuit, ærarii regii administer providus, frugalis, proprii æris largitor, beneficus, liberalis; qui pari mentis ardore & in moderandis belli sumptibus & in promovendo pacis negotio se exercet; qui omni ope & opera enixè contendit ut res patriæ collapsas (quâ licet) restituat, impugnatam principis majestatem vindicet, totius Europæ incolumitatem stabiliat ac tueatur.

Hunc tanti viri filium, alteram patriæ spem, felicitate ingenii, propensissimo in literas animo, suavitate morum, vitæque integritate præcellentem, vobis, academici, vestroque omnium favori, commendo. Nec sanè quidquam aut nostris rebus utilius, aut ineunti anno auspiciatus potest accidere, quam ut egregius hic adolescens, multis jam titulis ornatus, pluribus indies ornandus, magistrali gradu hodie insigniatur; & à vobis id ornamenti habeat, unde quocunque demum in dignitatis loco positus, cuicunque ordini admotus, se semper meminerit fuisse Vestrum.

V.

ANTONIUS MUSA'S CHARACTER, represented
by VIRGIL, in the person of IAPYS.

In a Letter to Dr. JOHN FREIND*.

IN History-painting the particular figures,
we know, are often taken from the life;
and the case, I doubt not, is the same
with

* First published in 8vo, 1741, by an editor
whose preface is worth preserving (and now col-
lated with a MS. in the possession of Dr. Morice):

“ The publishing of the following piece wants
“ no recommendation to the world. The name
“ of an author so well known, and so deservedly
“ admired, for several books on various subjects,
“ published in his life-time, sufficiently recom-
“ mends a posthumous work of his, much more
“ than any thing that could be said in its favour;
“ and claims of itself a just pretension to general ap-
“ plause. Such therefore being the disposition of
“ the publick towards the character of the deceased
“ author, and such the claim of the work for a
“ kind reception, I cannot but wonder that it has
“ been so long kept from their view. It was
“ communicated to me but lately, by a learned
“ and worthy gentleman, who very obligingly
“ granted me a copy of it. I read it more than
“ once with due attention, and found the perfor-
“ mance far above my expectation. The oftener
“ I read it, the more it pleased me, and the more
“ it increased my admiration. And indeed who-
“ soever

with respect to many characters in the *Æneid*,
which were not drawn by the poet at random.

“ soever peruses it with care and reflection, will, I
“ am persuaded, look upon it as a master-piece of
“ criticism, and one of the most ingenious and
“ most polite compositions of the kind that was
“ ever writ in our language. The novelty of the
“ thought, and the acuteness and sagacity in
“ tracing out the most secret views of the Roman
“ poet; the discovering of those uncommon beauties
“ of his poem, either unperceived or neglected
“ by former criticks; and the exhibiting
“ them in so masterly a manner; all this, I say,
“ justly deserves the admiration of the reader.
“ Through all the work, though of a small compass,
“ and on a subject so barren in its nature,
“ and so much confined, the author proves himself
“ a man of great learning, a deep critick, and
“ a polite gentleman; three qualities, which are
“ very seldom found united in the same person.

“ Virgil, among the Latin poets, was our author’s favourite. By reading his poem often,
“ with a more than common attention, and making
“ those observations which are requisite for
“ relishing the delicacies of that excellent poet,
“ he made himself master of his genius and spirit,
“ and thereby discovered the particular views the
“ poet had in several passages of his composition.
“ This is what, in reading ancient authors, we
“ ought to aim at, and endeavour to obtain;
“ and then we may pretend to understand them,
“ and to be capable of imitating them occasionally:
“ the crowding together various readings, and the
“ mustering up quotations, according to the
“ the

dom. The manner in which Virgil represents those feigned persons has something in it,

“ the mode of modern critics, shews indeed their
 “ great labour in collating MSS. and old editions;
 “ in collecting passages from various authors, and
 “ turning over voluminous dictionaries; but is
 “ very far from being a proof of their under-
 “ standing and observing those delicate strokes
 “ of the most refined art, and of their shewing
 “ themselves masters of the skill and the pecu-
 “ liar manner of the writer. They rather con-
 “ found and puzzle the reader, and cast dark
 “ clouds over the brightest passages of an author,
 “ whilst they are making a parade of Greek and
 “ Latin learning, wild conjectures, and far-fetch-
 “ ed interpretations, in order to lay claim to the
 “ title of learned men and critics. No wonder,
 “ therefore, that these gentlemen, as has been
 “ generally observed, after all their pains taken,
 “ and time spent, in reading the classics, can neither
 “ think nor write in the delicate taste, and after
 “ the easy and elegant manner, of the antients.

“ I cannot but take notice of one circumstance,
 “ which shews our author to have been a man of
 “ extraordinary abilities; he drew up this ad-
 “ mirable piece of criticism, not in his young
 “ days, when the memory and imagination are
 “ in bloom and full vigour; neither in his firm
 “ and mature age, when the fruits of the under-
 “ standing are ripe; but in the last period of his
 “ life, almost decayed by time; a season, when
 “ all those branches of our nobler parts are gene-
 “ rally either entirely withered, or, at the best,
 “ drooping and barren. Besides, his body was
 “ almost

it, that shews them to have been copied from living originals ; and therefore, beautiful

“ almost worn out by long and painful distempers, and his mind sunk under the heavy misfortune of being deprived of what nature has deeply implanted in the soul ; a particular affection and most tender love for his native country, which (separated from his near relations and his best and dearest friends) he passionately desired to see again ; and yet had not the least hope of ever being indulged in his wishes. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, both of nature and fortune, which he then lay under, he yet was so blessed by heaven, that they could not in the least weaken the strength, or darken the clearness, of his understanding ; neither abate the liveliness of his imagination, nor shake the firmness and readiness of his memory. By these assistances he continued to converse with the Muses, with whom, from his earliest youth, he had been intimately acquainted ; and found, in their conversation, that *Dulce lenimen malorum*, which is able to relieve a man under the like afflictions.

“ I am credibly informed, by persons who have seen the MSS. that there are several of his writings in the hands of some of his friends. It were to be wished, that those gentlemen would not keep them from the publick, nor deprive the learned world of the advantages which would accrue to them, from the perusal of the works of so deserving a man, who, for his superior genius, universal learning, elegance of style, and purity of language, will always, whilst
“ learn,

tiful as those images are, we lose half their beauty, by not knowing who sat for them.

Virgil seems particularly touched with the charms of friendship; and has therefore employed all his art to illustrate it in the persons of Euryalus and Nisus*, whom he introduces for that purpose into two of his best Episodes, and dwells largely, in both, on the little circumstances of their story. This

“ learning and a good taste of writing continue to
 “ flourish among us, be admired, and looked
 “ upon as one of the brightest ornaments of the
 “ English nation. This is what even his most
 “ inveterate enemies neither can, nor dare, deny
 “ him; a true and convincing argument of a
 “ real and singular merit: a merit, which per-
 “ haps expects its reward from the sounder judge-
 “ ment of uncorrupt posterity, when men’s ac-
 “ tions, by length of time, and the distance of
 “ particular views, motives, and circumstances,
 “ shall either appear in a different light, or be
 “ entirely forgotten; and when sentiments shall
 “ be delivered with more freedom and security:
 “ posterity, I say, may then be apt to lose all
 “ sight of lesser failings, and errors of conduct,
 “ in an entire admiration of the elevation of his
 “ genius, the dignity and regularity of his senti-
 “ ments, and the purity and order of his diction
 “ and composition.”

* The friendship between Nisus and Euryalus is allowed to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world. POPE.

he

he has not done with regard to any other of the subaltern characters of the *Æneid*, and we must suppose him therefore very fond of the subject, especially if considered as the most exact, reserved, and judicious of writers.

Is it not natural to think, that in this, and many other cases, he has scattered through his works, under feigned names, the true resemblances of some of his most intimate friends; endeavouring by that means to give them a share of the immortality which his Poem was to enjoy? though by the negligence and stupidity of those who made comments upon him, and said nothing of these secret views, his design has in great measure miscarried. For instance, can any one read those admirable lines at the end of the second episode relating to those two friends *;

Fortunati ambo ! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo :
Dum domus *Æneæ* capitolii immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

* O happy pair ! for if my verse can give
Eternity, your fame shall ever live :
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies,
And spread where-e'er the Roman eagle flies.

DRYDEN.

I say,

I say, can any one read these lines without judging immediately that Virgil must have had two Romans in his eye when he wrote them, whose character, friendship, and fate, are described under that of Euryalus and Nisus? What else can justify so pathetic an excursion of the poet in his own name?

Si quid mea carmina possunt, &c. a liberty not allowed to epic writers, and scarcely taken by him in any other part of his work, except where he invokes the Muse to assist him on some extraordinary occasion. Nor would it perhaps have been excusable here, had not known persons and a real event been shadowed under this poetical fiction.

That Augustus sat for the character of Æneas, is agreed by the commentators, even by those of them that are least attentive to such observations; and indeed what Horace and Virgil himself say on this head, puts it out of doubt. Virgil, in the introduction to his third Georgic, added probably after he had formed the plan of the Æneid, intimates his design in these verses,

*Mox tamen arduos accingar dicere pugnas
Cæsaris, & nomen famâ tot ferre per annos*

Tithoni

Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar *.

Which implies that the battles and other famous exploits of Augustus should be delivered down to posterity in the resembling circumstances of those of Æneas. Horace speaks yet more plainly to the point, where he writes to Augustus himself, and gives him an advantage over the Macedonian hero in this respect, that Alexander's outward linements only had been taken by the exquisite artists of his time; whereas the very mind and manners of Augustus had been described by Virgil and Varius; he mentions their names, and then adds,

*Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenæ signa
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent* †.

Varius had done this in his panegyric on Augustus, now lost; and Virgil can be only

* A time will come when my maturer Muse
In Cæsar's wars a nobler theme shall chuse,
And through more ages bear my Sovereign's praise,
Than have from Tithon pass'd to Cæsar's days.

DRYDEN.

† Not moulded brass more lively can express
The hero's form, than poets in their works
His manners trace, the features of the mind.

DUNCOMBE.

sup.

supposed to have done it, in the character and actions of Æneas.

As the hero of Virgil was certainly intended to express Augustus (of which many proofs, if necessary, might be given); so divers characters in his poem were doubtless designed, as I have said, for particular persons, well known at the time when Virgil wrote. Such I suppose the character of Iapis in the twelfth Æneid to have been, and Antonius Musa, the physician of Augustus, to be represented by it. He was of the court and retinue of that prince, and attended his person, as Iapis attends Æneas, in his campaigns and voyages. He was very intimate with Virgil and Horace, as appears from an epigram addressed to him by the former, still remaining among the Catalecta, and by what the latter says of him in one of his epistles. Both of them had infirm constitutions: one, we know, was under Musa's care on that account; and so, we may justly believe, was the other. It was no wonder therefore, if Virgil, the most grateful of men to his friends and benefactors, should have been willing to do honour to his memory by finding a place for him in his poem. He seems to have

Z

wounded

wounded Æneas on purpose to introduce Iapis for the cure : which, after some thoughts spent on the reasonableness of this incident, as he has placed it, is the best account I can give of it. For it is certainly employed, when one would least have expected it, when the Æneid hastens towards a close, when the two armies are engaged for the last time, and with the greatest fury, and when the single fight between Æneas and Turnus is just coming on, by which the whole is to be determined ; the action, then grown hot, and at its height, cools and stands perfectly still, while Iapis is performing the cure on Æneas. At such a time, and in such an exigence, the friendly design of the poet to immortalize the physician, is perhaps the best account we can give of his conduct.

Indeed Musa deserved to be thus honoured by the pen of Virgil ; for he was eminent in his faculty beyond all his contemporaries, as Iapis is said to have been, *Phæbo ante alios dilectus*. He had recovered Augustus from a dangerous illness, and was so dear to the people of Rome on that account, that a public statue was erected to his honour. Iapis in like manner heals Æneas ; and it may be observed

observed (if that remark be not too minute) that both the cures were performed by bathing. The statue for Iapis was wanting to complete the parallel. Virgil has added it, by giving us such a noble likeness of him, as will out-last brass and marble.

For certainly the character of Iapis, here displayed, is one of the most moral, beautiful, and perfect in its kind, of any that is to be met with in the whole *Æneid*. It is painted according to the distinction made by the Italians, as to the works of their great masters; not only *con diligenza*, or *con studio*, but *con amore*. There is a fondness of expression (if I may be allowed that phrase) used by Virgil in tracing and heightening the several parts of it; so that it must have been a favourite piece: and, upon examining it throughout, one cannot help thinking, that he had some friend of the faculty present to his mind, while he was drawing it.

It is for the sake of such another *, that I shall enlarge my reflections on this head; and in the course of them shall have him often in my view, as Virgil had Musa, without naming him.

* Dr. John Freind.

Æneas, just ready to engage *Turnus*, is wounded by an arrow from an unknown hand, and obliged to retire from the field of battle to his tent, supported by *Mneſteus* and *Achates*.

The words of Virgil *, on the occasion of this wound received, are very remarkable :

*Ecce viro fridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt ;
Incertum quâ pulſa manu, quo turbine adacta ;
Quis tantam Rutulis laudem, caſuſne, Deuſne,
Attulerit : preſſa eſt inſignis gloria facti ; -
Nec ſeſe Æneæ jactavit vulnere quiſquam.*

Why all this variety of expreſſion, to tell us that it was not known from what hand the wound came? Nothing is more common than ſuch a circumſtance in a battle. He lays, one would think, more weight on this particular than it deſerves; but he intends it by way of contraſt to what is to follow, where he will not only mention him that healed the

* — loud-hiſſing thro' the ſkies,
With thirſty rage, a feather'd arrow flies;
And reach'd the hero with a certain aim;
But from what hand, was never told by fame.
None knew, what fortune, or aſſiſting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe beſtow'd,
Nor one in all the mighty hoſt was found,
Who claim'd the merit of ſo baſe a wound. PITT.
wound,

wound, but give us also a particular account of his talents and character: and it will heighten the praises he gives to the one, that he passes over the other altogether in silence.

I shall recite the whole passage relating to Iapis as it lies in the poem, and then suggest some reflections upon it. Some of these may perhaps be new, even to those who are well acquainted with Virgil; and few of them, I believe, will be found either in his ancient or modern commentators *:

Jamque aderat Phœbo ante alios dilectus Iapis
Iasides: acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipse suas artes, sua munera, lætus Apollo,
Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque sagittas.

Ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis,
Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.

Stabat,

* Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had proffer'd to bestow
His lyre, his bays, his prescience, and his bow.
But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
And prescient skill; but chose the healing part,
A silent, useful, tho' inglorious art.

Stabat, acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in hasta
 Æneas, magno juvenum & mœrentis Iuli
 Concurſu, lacrymiſque immobilis. Ille retorto
 Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu,
 Multa manu medicâ, Phœbique potentibus
 herbis,

Nequicquam trepidat; nequicquam ſpecula
 dextra

Solicitat, preſatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.

Nûlla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo

Subvenit: & ſævus campis magis ac magis
 horror

Crebreſcit, propiusque malum eſt. Jam pulvere
 cœlum

Stare

Unmov'd with all the ſorrow and the care
 Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
 His mighty ſpear, th' impatient chief ſuſtains
 Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glow-
 ing pains.

The ſage now haſtens to the taſk aſſign'd,
 And firſt diſpatchful tucks his robes behind;
 Tries all the vegetable powers around,
 To cool the ſmart, and mitigate the wound.
 His hands ſolicit now with tender art;
 Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
 At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the prayer;
 And nearer every moment pour'd the war,
 Thick and more thick the growing horrors riſe;
 A cloud of duſt involves the golden ſkies.

The

Stare vident : subeunt equites, & spicula castris
 Densa cadunt mediis. It tristis ad æthera clamor
 Bellantum juvenum, & duro sub Marte cadent-
 tum.

Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore,
 Dictamnium genitrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
 Puberibus caulem foliis, & flore comantem
 Purpureo : non illa feris incognita capris
 Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæfere sagittæ.
 Hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
 Detulit : hoc fuscum labris splendentibus amnem
 Inficit, occulte medicans : spargitque salubres
 Ambrosiæ

The trampling steeds, the thundering foes, drew
 nigh,
 And 'midst the camp the showering javelins fly.
 The mingling cries from ev'ry part resound ;
 Some shout, some groan, some gasp upon the
 ground.

Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
 Descends the goddess-mother on the plain.
 A branch of sovereign dittany she bore,
 From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan shore.
 Luxuriant leaves the taper stalk array ;
 The stalk in flowers ; the flowers in purple gay.
 The goats, when pierc'd at distance by the dart,
 Apply the med'cine to the wounded part.
 This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
 The queen infuses in the golden vase ;
 Tempers with scented panacee the whole,
 And with ambrosial liquors crowns the bowl.

Ambrosiæ succos, & odoriferam panaceam,
 Fovit eâ vulnus lymphâ longævus lapis
 Ignorans; subitôque omnis de corpore fugit
 Quippe dolor, omnis stetit imo in vulnere san-
 guis.

Jamque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta
 Excidit, atque novæ rediere in pristina vires.
 Arma citi properate viro. Quid statis? lapis
 Conclamat, primusque animos accendit in hostes.
 Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistra,
 Proveniunt, neque te, *Anea*, mea dextera servat:
 Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit,
 Ille avidus pugnæ, &c.

Nor knew the sage the succour that he found,
 But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound,
 At once the throbbing anguish pass'd way;
 Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
 The dart, tho' deeply rooted, at command
 Moves up, and answers the physician's hand.
 His former vigour now succeeds to pain,
 And life burns bright in all her powers again.
 Lapis first perceiv'd th' immortal art,
 That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part,
 Raptur'd he saw the cure; and first impell'd
 The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
 Arms for the chief, he cries, prepare his arms;
 And instant send him to the dire alarms.
 This cure, great hero, is no work of mine,
 Not mortal art, but done by hands divine.
 Thy life some guardian god has made his care,
 Who sends thee back to fight, and conquer in the
 war.

PITT.
 How

How recommendable and beautiful an idea has Virgil here given us of this physician! He reckons up the four arts*, in which

* Horace traced the steps of Virgil in his *Carmen Seculare*, where he enumerates in one stanza these four attributes of Apollo:

“Augur & fulgente decorus arcu

“Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camenis,

“Quid salutari levat arte fessos

“Corporis artus.”

The words are good, but do not, I think, rise up to the force and beauty of Virgil's expression. There is a second instance in the same ode, wherein Horace imitates another celebrated passage of Virgil, and falls equally short of it:

“Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
“Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos;”

says the one.

“Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
“Lenis in hostem;”

says the other.

It cannot be doubted, upon the comparison, whether the first of these be not said with more dignity and grace than the latter. And so it must happen to any man, even to Horace himself, that ventures to say the same thing Virgil did, after a different manner. Let me add, that the design of Horace to imitate Virgil, decides the dispute that has been raised about a various reading of *impetret* for *imperet*, which plainly refers to the *imperio* of Virgil.

Apollo

Apollo was supposed to excel, which were under his peculiar patronage, and which he distributed, as he pleased, to his votaries and favourites. In three of these he tells us, Iapis, when young, had made great advances; but neglected the study of them, and pursued only the fourth, the skill of medicine, that by the means of it he might protract the life of an aged father, then labouring under some great infirmity; whose name therefore Virgil records, together with that of the son, Iapis Iasides.

Of all the motives that could determine a man to the study of physic preferably to other arts and sciences, sure the worthiest and best is that of filial piety. It is what distinguishes the character even of the hero of the *Æneid*, and was a remarkable part of Virgil's own, as appears from some verses he composed at the time of his flight from Mantua, wherein his father accompanied him, and of whose danger he there speaks with all imaginable concern and tenderness. It was natural therefore for him to adorn his friend with a quality which he himself prized and possessed; and, perhaps, if we knew Musa's story, we should find that there was something in it
parallel

parallel even in this respect to what is here said of Iapis.

His determining himself to be a physician, upon the laudable motive before-mentioned, is still farther recommended to us by this heightening circumstance, that he possessed the other arts in perfection, and exercised them with skill and success. Thus much, I think, is strongly implied in these emphatical words :

“ —Acri quondam cui captus amore
 “ Ipse suas artes, sua munera, lætus Apollo,
 “ Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque fa-
 “ gittas.”

The gifts of the gods to those they favour and love, are always to be supposed perfect, and not made by halves: Iapis therefore must have excelled in those arts, which he renounced for the study of physic; and these arts were all such as the Romans held in high esteem. The college of augurs, and the library of Apollo in the Vatican, sufficiently prove the regard that was paid to the two first; and as to the third, expressed by *sagittæ*, it means the *peritia jaculandi* in general; includes the art of managing the javelin or dart, as well as the bow; and was one of those

those military exercises in which the Romans, whose empire was owing to their arms, excelled.

Divination, poetry, and soldiery, were all honourable and advantageous to those that professed them; and yet Iapis, intent upon recovering his father, quits them all for a profession, which was not then in high repute, and made no great figure and noise in the world, except what is borrowed sometimes from the character and perfections of some excellent person, who happened to practise it;

— Usumque medendi

Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.

We are not to wonder, that Virgil rewards this pious concern of Iapis for the life of his father by lengthening his own: he styles him *senior* in one place, and *longævus* in another. He makes him on this account dearer to the god of medicine than the rest of the tribe, and advances him to be prime physician to the founder of the Roman empire, and author of the race of Iulus. The good qualities and great talents of Iapis have, by Virgil's means, a recompence which is proportioned to his merit,

merit, and the just consequence of it. Were the prime physicians of princes always preferred with as much justice, perhaps many of those princes would sit longer on their thrones than they do, and reach the years of Æneas or Augustus.

It may be observed, how short, and yet just and full, an account Virgil here gives us of the extent of physic and surgery, as then jointly exercised. He makes them to consist in the knowledge of the power of simples, and in great use and experience :

Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi.

The one relates to the theory of that art, the other to the practice : without the latter of these, he insinuates, the former can be of no service ; and for this reason also he may be supposed to have ascribed longevity to his Iapis. The *materia medica*, then consisting chiefly in botany, might be acquired in early years ; but age, and long use, were requisite to mellow and ripen the physician in the art of healing. There are no useless words, we see, in Virgil ; all he says is full of good sense, and will afford us wise reflections, if we have but the skill and the patience sufficient to unfold them.

It

It will not be thought refining, I hope, if I suppose also Virgil's meaning, in this passage, to have been, to intimate to us, that art and industry, however necessary in physic, are not sufficient without an happy genius or disposition of nature, which peculiarly fits men for that profession, and which seems born with them, and derived immediately from the Deity. It was by the particular favour of Apollo that Iapis excelled: if he had not been *Phæbo ante alios dilectus*, he had never arrived to the height of his faculty. The son of Sirach has said the same thing with greater authority. "Honour a physician," says he, "with the honour due unto him; for the Lord hath created him. Of the Most High cometh healing. And he hath given men skill, that he might be honoured in his marvellous works." It may be thought indecent thus to mix what is sacred with what is profane: but I cite the author of Ecclesiasticus on this occasion, merely as a wise observer of men and things, without regard to his character on other accounts. And as such perhaps I shall take leave to cite him again ere I end these papers.

When

When Iapis goes to work, we find the methods employed by him to have been, a bath of herbs and the use of the forceps. In one of these, Virgil includes the remedies; in the other the instruments, of surgery. And he particularly, more than once, takes notice of the *manus medica*,

—*Multa manu medica—trepidat—*

—*Spicula dextra*

Solicitat—

Jamque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta.

—*Neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat—*

or that dexterity in handling the part affected, which is looked upon, as one of the best and happiest qualifications of those that are employed on such occasions. He seems also to imply, that the practitioners of that time had a peculiar and becoming dress, by which they were distinguished; and which was tucked up, or thrown back, but not laid aside, at the time when they performed such operations. At least, such an habit is by Virgil proved for Iapis; and, by that means, some addition, as it were, is made to the gravity of his character.

—*Ille retorto*

Pæonium in morem senior succinctus amictu.

Unless

Unless we will say, that this circumstance was intended to express the extraordinary diligence of Iapis in dressing his master, without losing any time, even by laying aside his habit. I should have thought so indeed, if the words *Pæonium in morem* did not seem to refer to somewhat customary.

Virgil has otherwise taken care to express the diligence of Iapis in attending Æneas, and his solicitude in performing the cure. The first words, by which he introduces him, are, *Jamque aderat*, &c. He is at the tent, we see, almost as soon as Æneas himself; nor does it appear that he was so much as sent for on this occasion. The rumour of the master's wound soon reached the faithful and vigilant servant; and immediately we find him on the spot: *Jamque aderat*. This is not always the case of those who excel in the faculty; but wherever it is, it gives a particular lustre to their character.

The care and anxiety of Iapis in the operation, and his turning himself every way to give Æneas relief, are thus in the most lively and emphatical manner set out:

— Ille retorto

Pæonium in morem senior succinctus amictu

Multa manu medica, Phœbique potentibus herbis,

Nequicquam

Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam spicula dextra
Solicitat, prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit.—

Several methods of his art, which he employed, are particularly expressed; and it is intimated to us, that he employed all, though none succeeded. Nevertheless he desists not, nor is discouraged; but continues his application, till a divine power comes to his assistance, and blesses his honest and skilful, though hitherto fruitless, endeavours:

Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore,
Dictamnum genitrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, & flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæfere sagittæ.

The moral I would suppose couched under this part of the relation is, that where human art fails, divine aid begins, whenever the cause and the person justify such an interposition. And it is intimated also to us, that the gods sometimes give extraordinary success to the prescriptions of a good physician, who is at the same time a good man: so that it is wise in us, when we want the

A a

assistance

assistance of the faculty, to make use of those in it who are of this character. It is plain, that Iapis relied not wholly on his own skill, but had secretly invoked the god of medicine, while he was busied in the cure. The words,

—Nihil auctor Apollo

Subvenit—

sufficiently imply it.

This method of practice would now perhaps be thought a little singular; nor was it then, I suppose, very common; since the eldest and most famous professor of the art, Hippocrates, is observed, through all his works, to have mentioned το Θεου but once; and even then it is disputed by his commentators, whether that phrase had any relation to the Deity. However, Virgil, we see, was not ashamed to join these two qualifications together, the use of remedies, and a dependence on the gods for the success; and he has done it not here only, but in other places of his poem; particularly, where he mentions Hippolytus, as brought to life by the favour of Diana, and the skill of Æsculapius:

Pæoniis revocatum herbis, & amore Dianæ.

Will

Will it be indecent after this, if I once more cite the Son of Sirach's authority to the same purpose? "There is," says he, "a time, when in the hand of the physician there is good success: for he shall (not only prescribe, but) pray unto the Lord, that he would prosper what he gives for ease and remedy to prolong life." This, it seems, was a notion that prevailed among the Jews and Heathens, as to the practice of physic: would it be any disgrace to us, if it were countenanced a little among Christians? But these reflections are perhaps too serious. I proceed to those that may be thought less exceptionable.

After Venus had secretly made the infusion,

Fovit ea vulnus lymphæ longævus Iapis

Ignorans.—

Though Virgil represents Iapis as knowing and experienced in his art, he thinks not that he lessens his character by imputing ignorance in the present case to him. Divine assistances are unseen and unfelt at the time they are communicated: they appear only by the effect; which when it

happened, we shall find Iapis to be the first who perceived and owned it. It is no reproach to his skill, that he did not himself light on this remedy, and apply it. How should he, when two of the ingredients were such as a god only, at that instant, could furnish, the juice of ambrosia, and the *dictamnium* or dittany, that grew on mount Ida, and on that mountain only? It seems the virtue of that herb consisted in applying it green, and in the flower:

—Puberibus foliis, & flore comantem

Purpureo—

in like manner as the wild goats of Crete made use of it. Iapis therefore could not possibly be master of it without the help of some divinity. Each way Virgil takes care that the confessed ignorance of Iapis should be no blemish to him here; as we shall find that his own ready acknowledgement of it afterwards does him great honour.

Upon Iapis's continuing to bathe the part, after this infusion, the cure is performed in an instant:

—Subitoque omnis de corpore fugit

Quippe dolor: omnis stetit imo vulnere sanguis.

Jamque

Jamque secuta manum, nullo cogente, sagitta
Excidit—

Three different symptoms of this cure are in these verses distinctly expressed. The pain Æneas felt vanished at once, the blood ceased to gush from his wound, and the arrow itself dropped easily out of it. It is observable how these several effects are adapted to the several ingredients that were thrown into the bath by Venus. The dittany loosens the arrow; the plant he calls *panacea* removed the pain (for so the very derivation of the word implies); and the *succus salubris ambrosæ*, whatever that juice was, helped to stanch the blood, and close the wound by its healing quality. So exactly has Virgil made the cause and the effect, the remedy and the cure, to correspond with each other. The issue of all is, after the enumeration of these symptoms, that Æneas's strength was immediately and entirely restored:

—Atque novæ rediere in pristina vires.

This effect was too unusual and sudden to flow merely from a natural cause, and therefore is added to shew that the cure was miraculous; and so we shall see Iapis under-

stands and declares it to be, without the least hesitation,

He had been hitherto silent while the operation was going forward: nor could he indeed then have said any thing but what was discouraging. Now in a rapture he cries out:

Arma citi properate viro—

Arms, and the man who had now recovered his strength to wield them, are terms suited to each other: they are those by which Virgil opens his *Æneid*, and includes in them the whole subject of it. He there uses them in his own person; and now, when the action draws to a close, he puts them again into the mouth of his favourite physician, who thus proceeds:

— *Quid statis? Iapis*

*Conclamat, primusque animos accendit in hostes.
Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat;
Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.*

From these few words, and this short account of his behaviour, many things may be observed to his advantage, which Virgil with a masterly hand has either expressed or insinuated,

sinuated, in order to raise the character of Iapis, and render it every way amiable and venerable.

His public spirit, his zeal for Æneas's safety, and affection for his cause, are here apparent. What can declare them more, than the abrupt manner of his entering on this honest and beautiful expostulation?

He stays not to congratulate his great patient upon the cure, or to receive the congratulations of others: his concern is only left any moment should be lost; and therefore he addresses himself immediately to the croud, and reproaches the delay of those who stupidly looked on, and forbore to bring the hero his armour. Intent upon the common good, and pushed by a strong impulse, he neglects little decencies; and, forgetting his profession, is the first to encourage the drooping soldiers, and to warm them into a desire of renewing the combat:

—*Primusque animos accendit in hostes.*

Virgil plainly intended by this account to tell us, that he was no less a good patriot than an excellent physician.

360 B. F. ATTERBURY'S REMARKS

His modesty, probity, and piety, appear at the same time to us. He disclaims all pretences to merit in this cure : he denies that art in general, or that his art in particular, did or could perform it :

*Nec hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat.*

He acknowledges the interposition of a divine power, without which all his own industry and skill had been fruitless ; and having, by this means, shewn his master to be the immediate care of Providence, he fears not to promise him and his army success in the approaching engagement. The Divinity that supplied the means, he was sure, would accomplish the work ; and therefore is so far from being alarmed at the new dangers which Æneas might run, that he pushes him anew into the midst of them :

Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

This is painting to the life, though in miniature ; every stroke of the pencil discovers some new feature, something particularly beautiful, in the person intended to be drawn. Apollo, Virgil had told us, bestowed, originally,

nally, on Iapis three arts, in which he excelled :

Augurium, citharamque dedit, celeresque sagittas.

Though Iapis had intermitted the study of those arts to pursue that of medicine ; yet still we find him possessed of the two first at least, and exerting them here in a very remarkable manner. His skill in divination (*augurium*) manifests itself by his first lighting on the cause of Æneas's cure, and then foretelling the event of it. His talent for poetry and music, which the word *cithara* implies, Virgil has taken care to secure to him, by those fine lines he makes him utter on this occasion, which are as just and numerous as any in the Æneid. And as to his knowledge of the *celeres sagittæ*, there is, methinks, some little reference, some allusion, to that gift, in the very nature of the operation, about which he is employed. So that the poet forgets not in the conclusion of this little episode (if I may so call it) what he had said at the entrance of it. His account of Iapis is throughout consistent, and of a piece. And I may, after this particular examination of it, now safely appeal to men of judgement and taste, whether

whether what I laid down concerning the character of lapis be not true; that it is certainly one of the most moral, beautiful, and perfect, that occurs throughout the poem; and consequently must have been designed to represent some physician of note, with whom Virgil was particularly acquainted; and who could that be but Antonius Musa? Happy he was to be acquainted with such a poet, and such a friend, who knew his worth, and did such justice to it, that I persuade myself, if Musa outlived Virgil, and the edition of his poem (as I think he did), he valued himself more upon these verses of his, than upon all the liberalities of Augustus.

An endeavour to set this point in a true light, was the real occasion of what I have written; wherein I have also intermixed reflections of a different kind as they occurred, and as I judged them useful to illustrate the art and conduct of Virgil in managing this incident. Some of these reflections will, perhaps, be thought too refined, and rather fanciful than just. I am apt to think them so myself, and that I have here and there indulged my passion for Virgil, and ascribed to him

him more than he expressly intended. A very pardonable fault in his commentators and admirers ! who are sure to omit ten observations that might be made to his advantage, for any one which they start that does not strictly belong to him. However, most of the thoughts I advance, have, if I mistake not, a real and solid foundation. Such as they are, they have offered themselves to me without the help of books, of which I am not now master; and if I were, should, perhaps, have chosen not to consult them; being persuaded, that the text of great authors, well considered, is always the best comment on itself, and affords the truest light towards entering into the sense and spirit of them.

The contemners of the ancients take more pains to censure than understand them. Such reflections as these, if well grounded, may contribute to give them juster notions than they have, of the exactness and propriety of Virgil's thoughts and expressions, and lead them to peruse his works with more attention and reverence than they usually bestow upon them. For certainly he was a man,
who

who with a noble ambition aimed at immortality, and took the truest ways to compass it. He had always in his eye that important advice of Longinus, given to those writers who desire to excel: That they should frequently ask themselves the question, Πως μετ' ἐμὲ ἀνέσται ὁ αἰών, How will ages to come think and speak of me? In this spirit, and with this view, he wrote his *Æneid*. Had he given it his last hand, it would, I am persuaded, have been the noblest work that the mind of man by its natural powers (not only did ever produce, for such it now is, but) is capable of producing. That is not the case; for he died before he could finish it, and laid that disappointment so much to heart, as to endeavour to destroy what did not answer the idea of perfection he had conceived. There is no room to dispute this fact; the authorities for it are beyond exception; and it gives us an higher notion of Virgil, than even his poem can furnish us with; since it was, doubtless, a greater proof of his superior judgement and genius to resolve to burn what he had written, because he held it

im-

imperfect, than to have been able to compose it. We are beholden to Varius and Tucca, that this resolution was not executed; and posterity ought ever to be grateful to their memory on that account. What they wrote themselves is lost, and lost, perhaps, by the surpassing excellence of the poem which they preserved, and by the extraordinary praises which they themselves (whose judgement was then held in high repute) without envy bestowed upon it.

How different has the fate of Virgil been in our days, when men have tried their reputation on the ruin of his! and, by finding faults with his matchless work, to make way for the reception of their own insipid performances! The ill success of the attempt will not, I believe, tempt others to renew it. These, I hope, may be the last efforts that ignorance and want of taste will make on the characters of men, whom the universal applauses of so many succeeding ages has put beyond the reach of our censure, and whom it will ever be our happiness to admire, and our glory to imitate.

Hæc

Hæc ego lusi
Ad Sequanæ ripas, Tamesino a flumine longè,
Jam senior, languensque, sed ipsa in morte
meorum

Quos colui, patriæque memor, nec degener
usquam *.

* These lines (which it is said the Bishop sent to a friend with a version of Virgil's Georgics) have been thus paraphrased:

Thus where the Seine thro' realms of slavery strays,
With sportive verse I wing my tedious days;
Far from Britannia's happy climate torn,
Bow'd down with age, and with diseases worn;
Yet e'en in death I act a steady part,
And still my friends and country share my heart.

REMARKS on Bishop ATTERBURY'S
ESSAY on the Character of IAPIS.

By Dr. PETER TEMPLEMAN.

Phœbo ante alios dilectus Iapis
Iafides : acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipse suas artes, sua munera lætus Apollo,
Augurium citharamque dabat, celeresque sagittas.
Ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis,
Scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi
Maluit ut mutas agitare inglorius artes *.

Æneid. XII. 391.

BISHOP Atterbury, in a letter addressed to Dr. Freind, endeavours to point out the person that Virgil had in his eye to compliment under this beautiful character of Iapis. But though I admit that he has given seve-

* Him Phœbus lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Gave him his prescience, shafts, and tuneful lyre :
Pleas'd with the youth, the favouring God imparts
His choicest gifts, his own illustrious arts.
But to prolong a languid parent's days,
Those arts he flights, and scorns immortal praise :
Unknown to fame, explores the secret power
Of healing herbs, and searches every flower.

ral

ral ingenious reasons for imagining the poet had a design of *shadowing* some favourite physician in this passage, yet I can by no means agree that he has pitched upon the right person. My reasons are, That it is certain, at the time Virgil wrote *this*, the young Marcellus was dead; and we learn from Dion Cassius, that he was killed by Antonius Musa, who is by some said to have *imprudently*, by others to have been *bribed* to destroy him, by an improper use of the cold bath; and that the physician was, in consequence of it, ever afterwards in the utmost discredit. Now it is not probable that, at such a time, so courtly a poet as Virgil would pay so fine a compliment to so odious a character as Musa then had.

That the young Marcellus was then dead, is evident from the sixth *Æneid*, where Virgil so pathetically laments the death of that prince in lines by much the finest of the whole *Æneid*, beginning,

“O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum,” &c.

The part that Virgil took in the general sorrow for the loss of that excellent prince, is, as I think, a sufficient evidence, that An-

tonius Musa was not at that time one of Virgil's favourites.

Besides, Iäpis is celebrated particularly for his knowledge in the virtues of herbs; but I do not find that Musa was any way remarkable for that; his grand specific seems to have been the cold bath; and I am afraid, from the success he had in the case of Augustus, he was induced, like our modern quacks, to prescribe it indiscriminately to all patients. Horace fell under his hands, and was soured likewise in cold water:

“Nam mihi Bajas

“Musa supervacuas Antonius, & tamen illis

“Me facit invisum, gelidâ cum perluor undâ

“Per medium frigus. Sanè myrteta relinqui,

“Dictaque *cessantem* nervis elidere morbum

“Sulfura contemni vicus gemit, invidus ægris,

“Qui caput & stomachum supponere sentibus

“audent

“Clusinis, Gabiosque petunt & frigida rura.”

Epist. I. xv.

Where, by the way, Dacier makes the *cessantem morbum* to be the gout, and Sanadon conjectures it to be the palsy or apoplexy; but neither of them are right, for *cessantem morbum*

implies no more than a lingering disease, without being specified at all*.

* The passage of Horace has been thus translated by my worthy friend Mr. Duncombe :

“ Antonius Musa’s counsel I obey,
Who bids me Baia’s springs no longer use.
Me too her slighted nymph with envy views,
While in cold streams in Winter’s depth I lave.
I now have left her myrtle groves, and wave
With sulphur fraught ; which soon, ’tis said, re-
lieves.

The lingering gout. The desert village grieves,
Shunn’d by the sick, who now at Clusium dare
To bathe, or fly to Gabium’s cooler air.”

Musa was the favourite physician of Augustus, whom he recovered by the cold bath from a dangerous illness. This raised his reputation to such a degree, that all the physicians at Rome shared part of the honours he received, and were ever afterwards placed in equal rank with the knights. He is the celebrated physician upon whom Virgil bestows that beautiful episode in the character of Iapis ; and who, after he had preserved Augustus in the manner already mentioned, unfortunately destroyed young Marcellus by the same method. So uncertain is the godlike art of cure !

Earl of CORKE.

After this warning, it is not likely that Horace would have been willing to run the same hazard ; and therefore we may fix the date of this epistle at the beginning of 731, six or seven months before the recovery of Augustus, which happened in the month of August. SANADON.

I can-

I cannot forbear observing, that our two great champions for the cold bath, Sir John Floyer and Dr. Baynard, mention the great cure performed on Augustus by Antonius Musa, and the honours he received on that occasion ; but keep very secret the death of Marcellus through the same method, which is agreeable to the laudable custom of most writers in physick, to vaunt loudly the great cures performed by some favourite medicine, but carefully to conceal any mischief or failure in it.

REMARKS, by the EDITOR, on the Editions of ATTERBURY'S Dissertation.

THE history of the Bishop's Dissertation on Iapis has been somewhat singular. It was written, it is well known, when Atterbury was advanced in years, and in a retirement where he was at a loss for many books which he wished to have consulted *. Such as it is, however, it was eagerly sought after, was greatly admired, and copies of it in MS. were multiplied. One of these being, in 1737, in the hands of a gentleman of the law, then at Scarborough for his health, was shewn to Dr. Ferrari, who transcribed it with a view to publication; and accordingly, on his return to London, committed it to the press; soon after which he accidentally meeting with a correcter copy, the work was suspended, with an intent of printing the whole anew. But Dr. Ferrari being seized with a violent and dangerous distemper, under which he laboured more than two years, an erroneous copy of the Dissertation crept into the London Magazine for January 1738; which

* Dr. Warburton's opinion of this Discourse has been mentioned in p. 171.

not coming to his notice till 1740, he then set about an accurate edition, in 4to, under the title of "Reflections on the Character of
" Iapis in Virgil: or, the Character of An-
" tonius Musa, Physician to Augustus. By
" F. Atterbury, D. D. late Bishop of Ro-
" chester. Collated with the Original MS.
" To which is added, A Vindication of the
" Author for quoting and interpreting a pas-
" sage in Virgil, differently from the com-
" mon and generally received reading and
" interpretation. With a Postscript, and the
" Preface, which was to have been published
" some years ago, with the Bishop's Re-
" flections, had not the then intended pub-
" lication been laid aside, on account, that
" by comparing the printed Copy of the Bi-
" shop's Reflections with the original MS. it
" was found to be incorrect and imperfect."
Meantime Charles Corbett, the bookseller, who had been at first engaged with Ferrari, finding perhaps there was no other way of repaying his expences, put forth the 8vo edition, with all its errors, under the title of
" Antonius Musa's Character, represented by
" Virgil, in the person of Iapis; a Disserta-
" tion, by F. Atterbury, late Bishop of
" Roches-

“Rocheſter; published from his Lordſhip’s
 “manuſcript. To which is added, To the
 “Duke of B[uckingham], on his birth-day,
 “a poem, 1740;” and prefixed to it the pre-
 face tranſcribed, in p. 329.

I muſt ingenuouſly acknowledge, that when
 I copied the preface, I knew not the ſecret
 hiſtory I am now relating; but have ſince
 compared what I have printed with the edi-
 tion in 4to of 1740, and find little reaſon to
 regret the not having ſeen it ſooner.

The good-natured reader, in p. 334. l. 2.
 will place “in” where “of” now ſtands,
 and in p. 336. will read “lineaments.”

The word *dedit* *, which is the foundation
 of a Vindication of not leſs than thirty-four
 quarto

*“The word in queſtion is in the fourth verſe
 of Virgil’s paſſage, wherein our Author has *dedit*
 inſtead of *dabat*, the common reading of the edi-
 tions. This difference, though at the firſt view
 it appears to be of no great moment, yet when
 well examined and conſidered, does not a little
 alter the ſenſe; taking *dabat* with the current of
 moſt interpreters for *offerebat* or *voluit erudire*.
 According to this interpretation, Virgil’s meaning
 would be, that Apollo did only offer, or intend, to
 inſtruct Iapis in the three mentioned arts, Augury,
 Muſic, and Darting; or, as others will have,
 Apollo proſered him, or gave him the choice, of
 any

quarto pages, occurs in p. 341; and, after all, though not the common reading, is authorized by a sufficient number of valuable copies to justify the use made of it by the Bishop.

For the following note in p. 356. l. 15. I am entirely indebted to the 4to publication, not finding it either in the 8vo. or in the essay as printed in Dr. Warton's *Virgil* (which has likewise been collated) or in the MS. lent me by Dr. Morice.

“*Auditum est—Capras in Creta feras, cum essent confixæ venenatis sagittis, herbam quaerere, quæ Dictamnus vocatur; quam cum gustavissent, sagittas excidere dicunt è corpore. Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. ii. I sup-*

any one of the four arts, *Phyfic* included, which he chose preferably to the rest, on consideration of his father's sickly life: so that, by this explication, *Apollo* did not give him those three arts; that is to say, *Iapis* had not at all been instructed, and consequently was ignorant of them: whereas, on the contrary, admitting, with our author, the reading *dedit*, and the interpretation he gives to it, then the sense would be, that *Apollo* effectually gave him those arts; that is to say, *Iapis* had been instructed, and had skill in them; though, for the sake of his father's life, putting them aside, he preferred *Phyfic* to be his peculiar application and profession.” Dr. FERRARI.

pose Virgil to have had this passage of Cicero in his eye, because I find, that both he and Horace were very well versed in Cicero's writings, and made use sometimes of his very words; though they were too good courtiers to venture the displeasure of Augustus, by mentioning him with respect (as they must have done, if they had mentioned him at-all) in their poems. And yet both had proper occasions of doing honour to his memory (as I could shew) but avoided them."



ADDITIONS and CORRECTIONS

In VOLUME I.

P. 5. l. 3. *r.* "Smalridge."—note, l. 5. "Socinian."

P. 9. note, l. 2. *r.* "Buckinghamshire."

P. 11. l. 2. *r.* "Dr. Lewis Atterbury."

P. 17. I am the less sorry for having placed an absurd query in this page, as it gives me an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Kynaston; for the following very ingenious elucidation: "Bishop Atterbury's Letters have entertained me much. The *fourth* (to his father) and the *fifth* (the father's in answer) are great curiosities: highly expressive of a superior genius, impatient of the shackles of an humble college life; and of the anxiety, together with a mixture of the *severity*, of the paternal character, offended by the querulousness of the son, and his dissatisfaction. The words, 'For was you willing to take those pupils the house afforded you when *MASTER*,' in the father's letter, seem to have led you into a mistake, so as to occasion the query in page 17. note, 'Qu. Whether Moderator or Master?' as though the latter were the title of 'some office in the house.' All that is meant is this: It is not *usual* to suffer any person to take *pupils* before he is *Master of Arts*. Atterbury seems to me to have applied to the college for *permission* to take pupils whilst he was *Bachelor of Arts only*; and to have been refused. After passing two or three years more in the college, he *THEN* seems to have thought too *highly* of himself, when *now* become *Master of Arts*, to take any at all, and to

'be pinned down,' as he says it is his '*hard luck*' 'to be,' to 'THIS scene.' His restlessness is what appears to have offended his father.

The 'office in the house,' therefore, in the seventh letter (which you very justly, in all probability, attribute to Smalridge) was either that of *Moderator*, or, what I rather conjecture, *Censor*. This latter is an office *peculiar* to Christ Church. The *Censor* presides over all the Classical Exercises; and from his correspondent saying, 'I suppose you expect to do little good but *upon the Westminsters*,' I have scarcely a doubt but this was the office alluded to, in which Atterbury had said 'he was resolved to *BESTIR* himself.' The mention of the 'Rhetorical part' (of the duty of it) in the conclusion of Smalridge's letter, seems to confirm me in this opinion.

As to your query about the 'Master,' it can possibly mean nothing but the degree of M. A.

The Lecturer's place, about which Smalridge gives direction [for the proper books to be consulted, in order to render him duly qualified for the discharge of it] must be that of the catechetical lecture founded by Dr. Busby; as is evident from the mention of the authors who have written on the Catechism, *Nicholson*, &c. &c."

P. 20. See more of Mrs. Astell, vol. II. p. 33.

P. 23. l. penult. Strike out "posthumously."

P. 39. Mr. Pope's father, it now appears, was a Hatter in the Strand.

P. 73. note, l. 3. r. "son most dear."

P. 74. note, l. 23. r. "said college."

P. 86. note, Q. Whether Curll's Markland was the same with Jeremiah? or was there another J. Markland of Peterhouse, Cambridge?"

fb. l. penult, r. "soft bosom."

P. 91. note, l. ult. r. "April 26."

P. 98. l. 1. The pamphlet was called, "A Letter to Robert Moss and Thomas Gooch, 1722."

P. 118. Bishop Atterbury's son (of whom see p. 61.) was elected from Westminster to Christ Church, in 1722, and continued a student of that college till 1725. His sister was married to Mr. Morice about 1715. Their mother, the Bishop's lady, was an Osborn, a distant relation to the Duke of Leeds; a great beauty, of little or no fortune, and lived at or in the neighbourhood of Oxford. She was no way related to Mrs. Smalridge (as she is by some supposed to have been). Mr. Osborn Atterbury left a widow and five children behind him, two sons and three daughters: Francis the eldest son (now D. D.) was educated on the foundation of Westminster, elected student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1755; in 1768 was appointed by the present Archbishop of Cashel (then Bishop of Cloyne) his Domestic Chaplain; in 1770 was collated by him to the dignity of Præcentor in the cathedral of Cloyne; and in 1776 was presented to the valuable living of Clonmel, or the Great Islands, in the same diocese.

P. 119. l. 21. r. "as far as it deserves."

P. 120. Since letters XLIX. L. and LI. were printed, I have been favoured with the perusal of a volume of "Treasonable Letters," once belonging to the late Earl of Macclesfield, and now to Thomas Astle, Esq. which serves to shew what pains were taken by Government to unriddle the mysteries of the plot in which Bishop Atterbury was supposed to have engaged. The volume consists of a considerable number of letters, in disguised characters, supposed to be the correspondence of Bishop Atterbury with the Pretender, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lansdowne, the Earl of Mar, the Chevalier Wogan, General Dillon,

Jackfon, Carte, Kelly, and others; and in the margin is a key to the various characters: but as the then Ministers of State judged it proper to fix on no more than the three letters exhibited in the House of Peers, I do not think myself justified in copying any others. They are accompanied with several letters of advice, to the Lords Townshend and Carteret, from Sir Luke Schaub, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Crawford, and other residents at foreign courts. Prefixed to the whole is the following remarkable examination:

“At the Cabinet Council, May 23, 1722.

Present,

The Archbishop of Canterbury,

Lord Chancellor,

Lord President,

Lord Privy Seal,

Lord Chamberlain,

Duke of Grafton,

Duke of Devonshire.

Earl of Berkeley,

Lord Viscount Townshend,

Lord Carteret,

Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mrs. Barnes, being interrogated whether she knew of a little dog that was brought from France, answered, that a little dog, whose leg was broken, was left with her to be cured, by Mr. Kelly; and that the said little dog was not designed for her, but for the Bishop of Rochester: That the dog was called Harlequin, a very fine spotted dog: That Kelly promised her, the said Barnes, to get the dog for her from the Bishop of Rochester, in case it did not recover its lameness.

Taken and signed JANE BARNES.
in the Cabinet Council.”

* Dennis Kelly died in July, 1749, at his country seat at Connaught, in the kingdom of Ireland.

I will

I will now barely (add from the MS. volume) a key to the three letters I have printed, and supply in them a few lacunæ in the "State Trials."

P. 120. This letter, directed "To Mr. Chivers," was intended either for Lord Lansdowne or General Dillon.

P. 121. l. 2. *Hatfield* is interpreted to be Kelly.

P. 125. l. 14. The "former mismanagement" is supposed to refer to Gillenborg's negotiation.

P. 127. l. 6, 7. *Mansfield* and *Jacob* were Ormond and the Pretender. The blank in l. 8. should be "the general declarations."

P. 128. l. 19. supply "the concert proposed."

P. 129. l. 1. supply "declarations."

Ibid. l. 4. This *person*, in other places called *Hacket*, was a man of consequence, much confided in by the Pretender.

P. 130. l. 1. r. "guessed"—l. 6. *This opportunity* is supposed to mean the time of the elections; and *the other that may offer before the end of the summer*, is probably the time of the King's going to Hanover.

Ibid. l. 11. supply "declarations," and l. 19. "these declarations."

P. 131. "*me'ancholy circumstances*," his wife's illness.

P. 170. l. 6. r. "Parenthesis."

P. 182. note, r. "Mr. Blackwall."

P. 259. Letter CL. should have *no date*.

P. 278. Of Bishop Atterbury's "Vindication" (which was first printed at Paris in 1721, and produced two notable performances, one in "The Free Briton, Dec. 9, 1731," and the other a pamphlet by Oldmixon, improperly called a "Reply.") Dr. Burton says, "it is a performance which must please every judicious reader. A paper," he adds, "coming from such an hand, written with such a spirit of superiority and force of reason, with the good manners of a gentleman, as well as the charity of a Christian, must of course provoke the censures and cavils of

“ of some people, who seem resolved to be dis-
 “ pleased with every evidence brought to support
 “ the credit of Lord Clarendon’s History.”

P. 294. l. 15. This “ Charles Ratcliffe,” or
 Radcliffe, was afterwards taken, and executed on
 Tower-hill in 1746.

P. 303. “ Exquisite as Atterbury’s Latin com-
 “ positions really are,” says a valuable correspon-
 dent, “ I do really think them surpassed, both in
 “ *delicacy* and *strength* of sentiment, and in *purity*
 “ of style and diction, *truly Roman*, by his friend
 “ Smalridge’s.” Bishop Newton thus sums up the
 character of his predecessor in the see of Bristol :

“ Bishop Smalridge died of an apoplexy, at Christ
 “ Church, on the 27th of September, 1719. This
 “ was truly a worthy prelate, an excellent scholar,
 “ a sound divine, an eloquent preacher, a good
 “ writer, both in Latin and English, of great gra-
 “ vity and dignity in his whole deportment, and at
 “ the same time, of as great complacency and
 “ sweetness of manners; a character at once both
 “ amiable and venerable, *Nemo illum amabilem,*
 “ *qui non simul venerabilem, diceret.* SEN. Epist.
 “ cxv. He was so noted for his good temper,
 “ that succeeding Dr. Atterbury in the Deanries
 “ of Carlisle and Christ-Church, he was said to
 “ carry the bucket wherewith to extinguish the
 “ fires which the other had kindled. But notwith-
 “ standing his merits, he never attained to any very
 “ great or lucrative preferments. He had Bristol,
 “ the poorest Bishopric in the kingdom, and Christ
 “ Church, the most expensive Deanry, foreigners
 “ and persons of quality, who visit the university
 “ of Oxford, being usually recommended to the
 “ Dean of Christ-Church. He was also the Preacher
 “ at the New Chapel in the Broad-Way, Westmin-
 “ ster,

"fter, which at that time was frequented by one
 "of the best and politest congregations in town,
 "several families of fashion and distinction living
 "then in those parts. He was besides appointed
 "Lord Almoner to Queen Anne, but was removed
 "by the ministers of George I. on account of
 "party; though surely no man ever exercised
 "greater candor and moderation than he did to-
 "wards all parties and persons, and is particularly
 "commended for it by Sir Richard Steele and
 "Mr. Addison, in the *Tatler* *, the latter of whom
 "likewise makes very honourable mention of him
 "in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated from Bristol,
 "Oct. 1, 1718. 'The greatest pleasure I have
 "met with for some months is the conversation of
 "my old friend Dr. Smalridge, who, since the
 "death of the excellent man you mention, is to
 "me the most candid and agreeable of all Bishops,
 "I would say clergymen, were not deans com-
 "prehended under that title. We have often
 "talked of you; and when I assure you he has an
 "exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you
 "how he talks on such a subject.' The authors
 "of the *Biographia Britannica*, from the pretend-
 "ed information of a gentleman well known to

* "Favonius, in the midst of a thousand impertinent assailants
 of the Divine Truths, is an undisturbed defender of them. He
 protects all under his care, by the clearness of his understanding,
 and the example of his life: he visits dying men with the air of a
 man who hopes for his own dissolution; and enforces in others
 contempt of this life, by his own expectation of the next. His
 voice and behaviour are the lively images of a composed and well-
 governed zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous jargon ut-
 tered by the ordinary teachers among the dissenters, but such who
 cannot distinguish vociferation from eloquence, and argument from
 railing. He is so great a judge of mankind, and touches our pas-
 sions with so superior a command, that he who deserts his con-
 gregation must be a stranger to the dictates of Nature, as well as
 those of Grace. He abounds with that sort of virtue and know-
 ledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conver-
 sation into the violence and rage of party disputes."

* *Tatler*, No 73 and 114,

"the

" the family, say, that the Bishop left a widow
 " and two children, a son and a daughter; the
 " son named Henry. But the truth is, he left a
 " widow and three children; a son named Philip,
 " and two daughters, both sensible clever women.
 " Considering the nature of the Bishop's prefer-
 " ments, his hospitable manner of living, and his
 " extensive charities, he cannot be supposed to
 " have made sufficient provision for his widow and
 " family: but it was happy for him and for them
 " too that some time before his death he grew
 " much into the favour of Caroline princess of
 " Wales, who generously procured a pension of
 " £. 300. a year for the widow, and a prebend
 " of Worcester for the son. The son was also
 " presented to the living of Christleton, near
 " Chester, by Sir Roger Mostyn, and had the
 " Chancellorship of Worcester conferred upon him
 " by Bishop Hough, out of regard to his father's
 " memory. A subscription too was opened, and
 " nobly promoted, for the publication of sixty of
 " the Bishop's Sermons; some of which, it must
 " be confessed, are unequal to the press, having
 " never been designed for the press; but others
 " are truly excellent, and worthy of him or any
 " author. The widow very properly took the
 " opportunity of addressing the dedication to the
 " Princess of Wales, with an humble acknow-
 " ledgement of the many and great obligations
 " which she and her family had received from her
 " Royal Highness."

P. 307. l. 2. r. " cogendarum."

P. 310. l. 4. r. " frequenter."

P. 329. 332. 333. 335. r. " lapis."

END OF VOL. I.



* * * The Fac Simile Plate is to face p. 167,

